

An Cúirt An Lá an Luain

Woman of the Piercing Wail:

The Monday Court of Macha, Banríon of the Ulster Banshees

Ollamh Mhacha



STONE AT GLENCOLUMBKILL (P. 80).

*Tiocfaidh an fhírinne ina háit féin agus
saoirse mhuintir na hÉireann i mo chroí.*

Dedicated to

Frank Gallagher [1973-1996] agus

Gerard Gallagher [1975-1996].

We miss yous.

The Ulidian First Nation's Poetics of Regenerative Cultural Hermetic, Hermeneutic
Memetics towards a New Aesthetics of Gaelic Prophetic, Genetic Homiletics agus
Empathetic, Sympathetic Synergetics agus Asymmetric Peace-Birthing Obstetric Metrics.

AN ISLAND OF FAME. A translation of Aoghán Ó Rathaille version of St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century.

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ;

It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ;

The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ;

The Island of divines and of nobles, the bulwark of sovereignty.

Amhergin asked her of what race she was descended.

"I am," said she, "of the sons of Adam."

"Which of the sons of Noah are you descended from?" inquired Amhergin.

"I am older than Noah," answered Banba, "and I have resided on this mountain during the deluge, and even to this period, since the deluge."

From CAHIR CONRI. By JOHN WINDELE, CORK.

"My world, my Earth is a ruin. A planet spoiled by the human species. We multiplied and fought and gobbled until there was nothing left, and then we died. We controlled neither appetite nor violence; we did not adapt. We destroyed ourselves. But we destroyed the world first." — Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Dispossessed*

Song of the Sea (2014)

Macha: You look wet and tired, human child.

Ben: Macha.

Macha: I am she.

Ben: Really - the old [Cailleach] from the stories.

Macha: (Laughter) Well, no, those stories always paint me as the bad one, but I'm not so terrible. You know, I'm just trying to help everyone.

Badb 7 Macha 7 Anand . . . tri ingena Ernbaís na bantuathige.

Dil.ie

Opening Argument

...We declare the right ... to be sovereign... The long usurpation of that right...has not extinguished that right...In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national...sovereignty...

Proclamation of 1916

Most venerable Banshee Banríon of Tír Chonaill, Macha daughter of Aodh Ruadh, we beseech thee in this Monday Court, to hear the proceedings of the Filíocht or Poetic Brehon law testimony gathered from the Faithful of the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill, Éire:

It must be understood that to our [ancestors], knowledge was a sacred thing. Knowledge was a trust given by [God], a trust which must be passed from generation to generation. There are Triads which speak of the importance of knowledge, and for imparting knowledge.

The Triads even go so far as to say that if one does not share their knowledge, that is, teach what they know, then they are accursed by divinity, however divinity might be described.

Stáir na hÉireann blog

Since you, Macha, our ancestor, are just a twee and insubstantial Fairy Tale as is the Brehon Law, we know that no one can take offense at this Law Satire.

" I am," answered the stranger, " Ironbones, the King of Thessaly; and so far as I nave travelled on this globe, since the day that I left my own land, I have laid every country, peninsula, and island, under contribution to my sword and my arm: this I have done even to the present hour; and my desire is to obtain the crown and tribute of this country in like manner: for if I obtain them not, I purpose to bring slaughter of men and deficiency of heroes and youthful warriors on the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenian host....
THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan
translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

Continuing then, Dearest Macha, An Cúirt an Luain, our client is Nuala Ó Donnell, the Woman of the Piercing Wail, Nuala claims that the sovereignty of her land Tír Chonaill

was illegally usurped in what qualifies by any reasonable definition as more than 1400 years of genocidal usurpation by allied enemies of various kinds, a little more each time.

Fenian Proclamation 5 Márta 1867

Is iomaí athrú a chuireann lá Márta dhe

"We have suffered centuries of outrage, enforced poverty, and bitter misery. Our rights and liberties have been trampled on by an alien aristocracy, who treating us as foes, usurped our lands, and drew away from our unfortunate country all material riches. The real owners of the soil were removed to make room for cattle...

But we never lost the memory and hope of a national existence. We appealed in vain to the reason and sense of justice of the dominant powers.

Our mildest remonstrance's were met with sneers and contempt. Our appeals to arms were always unsuccessful....

We appeal to the Highest Tribunal for evidence of the justness of our cause. History bears testimony to the integrity of our sufferings...

Macha, exhibit A is this song by U2, from the singer Hewson, Hewson being Cromwell's Dublin executioner. This Hewson here among our Irish Bards here poses a Question Nuala Ó Donnells people were already long asking when his Hewsons arrived.

I can't believe the news today
Oh, I can't close my eyes and make it go away
How long, how long must we sing this song?
How long? How long?

Faoi chuan caoin, éirigí.

First, this band of bards U2 spread this message to every nation, Mo Mhacha. There is no one on earth can say it never happened. Everyone knows Bonovox Hewson is referring to the suffering in Ireland which the Catholic Martyrs have long affirmed

applies to every family group eventually in the story, including the Hewsons apparently, Cromwell's Dublin Executioner.

Exhibit B, your Mightyness, from Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla, Dublin 1923 a wee zinger thrown into a song called Caisleán Uí Néill:

They are all only deceivers, And it can't be but my love will return.

The love returning, Macha, this is the Aisling dream when the chief returns and marries the Woman of the Piercing Wail and our fetters are riven. I will refer you to the Jacobite poetics in this sense as well as Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day in Britton. It is reasonable for us to assume these messages refer to Ríocht hÉireann in an Cúirt An Lá.

By Blarney Kings blindfold the nations,
By Blarney statesmen buy and sell the [saoirse] of the people,
By Blarney politicians degrade and use the people,
By Blarney pretended patriots delude their followers,
By Blarney preachers, poets, divines, liberators are enabled to delude the human
race on their own vile and mercenary purposes and sordid vile ends
As told by Nora Buckley to Catherine White Ballyveerane, Co. Cork
found at duchas.ie

Our next exhibit, comes from the African Diaspora slave daughters. The Cailleachs messages in our Brehon Legal Tradition, from Ní Niall as well, so she also counts as a Woman of the Piercing Wail:

"If you are silent about your pain, they'll kill you and say you enjoyed it." Zora Neale Hurston

Your Mightyness Macha, is it not true that they tried to hide the Illegal Usurpation of Sovereignty of the People of St. Patrick all over Ireland, Scotland, and Britton?

Macha Mong Ruadh, the daughter of Aed Ruadh, is credited with establishing the first hospital in Ulster. It was called Broin Bhearg (House of Sorrow) and was used by the Red Branch Knights. It also served as a royal residence until its destruction

in 322 A.D.

Irish Herbal Medicine: Medicinal Herbalist Rosari Kingston, By Jonathan Self, Irish America, August / September 2013

And will we not go to prove in our Cúirt today that Ms. Neale Hurston is correct in saying we have to correct the record for the Fine Kinel Conaill? Is that not the duty of the Ollamh Bhreithiúináis?

Bíonn an fhírinne searbh. Truth is often bitter.

A bitter pill to swallow, understanding ones own family has been deceived, thieved, and bereaved.

Fionn McCool

at the meridian hour of this very day the great Ironbones, the son of the King of Thessaly, landed at the harbour of Bineadar, with the view of taking the crown and sovereignty of Ireland into his own hands; and if he does not obtain them with the free and goodwill of the Irish, he threatens to distribute death and destruction impartially among the young and old of our heroes

An Bodach

never mind, Finn Mac Cumhaill, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it on myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

Fionn

" What is your name?" demanded Finn. "

An Bodach

Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtna (the Churl with the Grey Coat) is my name," the giant answered.

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

One of our other great conquerors is called Bloody Balfour. He is known for the battering rams which destroyed our Aboriginal Stone Houses of Tír Chonaill, a

guaranteed right in Brehon Law under most conditions. Here is one of his kin, Mary Balfour, translating a nice Gaelic amhrán about rising against this bitter tide of woe and wailing.

Arise from they slumbers translated from the Gaelic by Mary Balfour, Moffat
Minstrely

A - rise from thy . slum - bers, oh, fair -est of maids!
With me thou wilt wander to Truighas green shades,
Where sorrel and bright rowan berries abound
And nuts in rich clusters the branches have crowned
A bed of fresh ivy to rest thee I will bring
The blackbirds and thrushes around us shall sing
And there with unceasing devotion I will prove
How soothing the cares of affection and love.

Your Mighty Mightyness, Macha of Ess Aodh Ruadh, did they not destroy your famous salmon leap. Have they not cut down all the trees and do they no longer provide us with the nine hazel nuts of wisdom from the well of Segais?

In lovely Tír Chonaill of the wild tribes is the place called the Poisoned Glen. This is where Lú our Samildánach, omniscient chief, kills his own grandfather, Balor of the One Eye That Poisons Everything for being an oppressor. Dún Lewy, named after Lú is right next to the Poisoned Glen. Here, your Honourliness, is Marie Heaney, An File, providing us with some generalities from the same story cycle, about the kinds of things that go wrong with being a tyrant. These two guys are really on the same side and Balor is just being a hypocrite tyrant.

Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves: A Book of Irish Legends, Faber and Faber,
London

Balor of the Evil Eye: You were [chief] in Ireland and had great power. What happened to bring you down?

Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the people they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame

for what has happened.

Balor of the Evil Eye: This is bad. The prosperity of your people should have been more important to you than your own position. Their blessing would have been better than their curses...What you lost through injustice you shouldn't regain through injustice!"

Now, if we just take Balor of the Evil Eye at his word there, it seems pretty self explanatory what the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill kinda take for granted about justice, having encountered a lot of injustice, as we will go on to prove in our argument before your Augustness.

So, lets say as the late Hebrew Diaspora Poet Leonard Cohen said, that, Everybody Knows. There is injustice. The Woman of the Piercing Wail Bean Feasa Vandana Shiva has taken the time to study the matter and is seen as an expert by the United Nations, also called Rule Britannia, UN, UK, just joking of course, Macha. Just having a laugh as British Ricky Gervais might say, so it is all fair play.

Vandana Shiva has alerted us to a future technocracy with no farms at all. There are market indicators, increased AI and robotics, self driving tractors and drones, soil and water table poisoning with fertilisers, transgenic human milk for mass market startups, the recolonising of Africa.

FOODTECH: Numi secures €3M Seed funding to advance cultivated breast milk. The company is working to recreate in vivo breast milk in vitro, through cell cultivation.

Today French milktech startup Numi, formerly MUMilk, raised €3 million in Seed funding. Founded by Eden Banon-Lagrange and Eugénie Pez -Heidsieck, the company is working to recreate in vivo breast milk in vitro, through cell cultivation, offering parents a natural choice when breastfeeding isn't an option.

"Thanks to cell culture, we can get as close as possible to the benefits of natural breast milk" cofounder Eden Banon-Lagrange told BFM Business this week. To produce the milk, human breast cells are isolated, cultured, and grown in

laboratory conditions. The company sources mammary cells through partnerships with hospitals and lactariums....

...This is a growing area of interest in bioscience with numerous startups in the space, including US companies BioMilq (Bill Gates backed), Helaina, and TurtleTree in Singapore. <https://tech.eu/2023/11/09/numi-secures-funding-to-advance-cell-cultivated-breastmilk/#:~:text=Today%20French%20milktech%20startup%20Numi,breastfeeding%20isn't%20an%20option>

If you look at investment futures it looks like Frankenfood and Stem Cell genetically modified RNA-based Medtech forever.

Bill Gates and the Epidemic of White Saviorism A Growing Culture, Medium

Today, we see a lot of prominent people in the Global North pitching solutions to the world's problems. They claim that their business savvy, resources, and influence are exactly what's missing in the quest to save humanity from poverty, hunger, and illness. They believe they've "earned" their wealth through "hard work" and "determination." As a result, they sell the idea that they can solve complex social problems. This is "white saviorism": the idea that wealthy white people can save "underprivileged," "underdeveloped," "Third World" countries. ...

...when white saviors have enough wealth and influence, their "solutions" can change entire political and social systems. At this level, white saviorism becomes neocolonialism.

As Kwame Nkrumah defined it, "The essence of neo-colonialism is that the State which is subject to it is, in theory, independent... In reality its economic system and thus its political policy is directed from outside...

The result of neo-colonialism is that foreign capital is used for the exploitation rather than for the development of the less developed parts of the world. Investment under neo-colonialism increases rather than decreases the gap between the rich and the poor countries of the world."

Powerful Global North governments, corporations, and individuals today don't

need to resort to explicit violence — invasion, seizure, genocide, and enslavement — in order to control other countries. Instead, they can use structural violence — leveraging aid, market access, and philanthropic interventions in order to force lower-income countries to do what they want.

Typically, what they want is more control over markets. The initial interventions end up creating debt for lower-income countries (because they give more power to Global North corporations). That debt ultimately becomes the most deadly form of leverage, giving Global North governments the justification for more interventions and allowing them to shape economic and trade policy in the way they see fit.

In short, colonialism never ended. It just changed form.

...In fact, the differences between this situation — powerful individuals and institutions deciding to mess with the social, political, and economic realities of countries — and the earlier form of colonialism are thin.

It's still advertised as "good intent" and the desire to "civilize" an "uncivilized" people. The only difference is that neocolonialism is quieter and more covert. By design, it provokes less outrage. But the essential power structures remain the same.

...African farmers don't need a white savior to show them how to farm; they need the Global North to stop plundering their resources.

<https://agrowingculture.medium.com/bill-gates-and-the-epidemic-of-white-saviorism61d145a088f3>

The Precautionary Principle: Fragility and Black Swans from Policy Actions Nassim Nicholas Taleb et al.

The precautionary principle (PP) states that if an action or policy has a suspected risk of causing severe harm to the public domain (affecting general health or the environment globally), the action should not be taken in the absence of scientific near-certainty about its safety. Under these conditions, the burden of proof about

absence of harm falls on those proposing an action, not those opposing it. ...

So as a traditional agriculture region Tír Chonaill will have choices to make. These forces are already in motion.

“We can and must respond creatively to the triple crisis and simultaneously overcome dehumanization, economic inequality, and, ecological catastrophe.” —
Vandana Shiva

You will find in our exhibits ample proof of the dehumanisation of the Aboriginal Gaels of Donegal all throughout our arguments, your honourableship. Think global act local. The economic inequality picture for the usurpation of Tír Chonaill will be not be as much in evidence so much as obvious when we prove racism was invented to stop us Race-mixing Irish people in 1367 Statutes of Kilkenny.

Currently, the Industrialists are in fact destroying planet earth of which Tír Chonaill is simply one small indicative part. So we will add Mother Earth, Mór Mumhan, to our client list here, and all that dwell therein.

“The abuse of the Earth is the ecological crisis.” — Vandana Shiva

The Conquerors are saying Human Activity is the ecological crisis, by which they mean their Late Capitalist Operating System and its predecessors. Capitalism and its infrastructure are the ecological crisis. Such things were never known in the Days of Éibhear Mór.

“We are either going to have a future where women lead the way to make peace with the Earth or we are not going to have a human future at all.” — Vandana Shiva

Late Capitalism is the Legacy of slavery, colonialism and patriarchal domination. Unless we address these structural elements that make up Law and Culture, the rest will remain unrepairable. The Brehon Law is Reparative Justice, is it not? Reparations means fixing what you broke, not giving us hush money.

"In nature's economy the currency is not money, it is life." — Vandana Shiva

Our Lord and Saviour Íosa Críost says you cannot serve two masters, you cannot serve the God of All Nature and Money at the same time.

"Whenever we engage in consumption or production patterns which take more than we need, we are engaging in violence." — Vandana Shiva

The whole system, as we shall demonstrate, your Bansheeness, is about taking without replacing, extracting capital is incompatible with Sovereignty. Someone has to look out for our Father Noahs deal with the God.

The birds are bitterly weeping that no one is their chief any more, the chiefs are all out for their money game. The Lord God Almighty is not amused, you Bansheejudgeness. Prajapati, God the Father, will not be mocked.

"Nature shrinks as capital grows. The growth of the market cannot solve the very crisis it creates." — Vandana Shiva, Soil Not Oil: Environmental Justice in an Age of Climate Crisis

Nature shrinking is the ecological crisis. Nobody thought this through on behalf of life on earth, Macha. Vandana Shiva shows us how traditional cultures view these technological encroachments:

I remember one meeting of 200 villagers who had been involved in seed saving and seed sharing with Navdanya, the trust that I founded to save seeds and promote organic agriculture. These 200 villagers gathered on World Environment Day in 1998 and declared sovereignty over their biodiversity—not sovereignty to rape and destroy, sovereignty to conserve.

These 200 villagers, gathered in a high mountain village near a tributary of the Ganges, said, "We've received our medicinal plants, our seeds, our forests from nature through our ancestors; we owe it to them to conserve it for the future. We pledge we will never allow their erosion or their theft. We pledge we will never accept patenting, genetic modification, or allow our biodiversity to be polluted in any form, and we pledge that we will act as the peoples of this biodiversity."

These discussions in villages all over India, in many different languages, led to amazing actions. Some wrote letters to Mike Moore, director-general of the WTO saying, "We noticed you have passed a law called 'Trade-Related Intellectual Property Rights.' We also notice that under this law you want to monopolize life forms. Unfortunately, these are resources over which you have no jurisdiction, and you have overstepped your boundaries."

Similar letters went to the prime minister of India: "You are the prime minister of this country, but we are the keepers of biodiversity. This is not your jurisdiction. You cannot sign away these rights. They were not given to you. We never delegated them to you."

But the ones that were the most beautiful were crafted literally under the village trees and addressed to Ricetec, Inc., which patented Basmati rice, and to the Grace Corporation, which patented the name. The letters said, "We've used Basmati for centuries. ... Now we hear you've got a patent number for this, and you claim to have invented it. This kind of piracy and theft we know happens. There are people who steal in our village, and we treat them with understanding. We call them and ask them to explain what is the compulsion that led them to steal. So we invite you to come to our village and explain to us the compulsion that made you steal from us." ...

If you think of the fact that corporate globalization is really about an aggressive privatization of the water, biodiversity, and food systems of the Earth, when these communities declare sovereignty and act on that sovereignty, they have developed a powerful response to globalization. Living [sovereignty] then is the [sovereignty] that is custodian of the living wealth on which people depend."

<http://www.yesmagazine.org/issues/what-would-democracy-look-like/earth-democracy-an-interview-with-vandana-shiva>

Here is Angela Davis framing the whole problem from the traditional lands of the Lenape Algonquins and their cousins, called Washington District of Columbia by the Colonisers.

Angela Davis Women's March, Algonquin Land 2016

"We recognize that we are collective agents of history and that history cannot be

deleted like web pages. We know that we gather this afternoon on [Algonquin] land and we follow the lead of the first peoples who despite massive genocidal violence have never relinquished the struggle for land, water, culture, their people... The struggle to save the planet, to stop climate change, to guarantee the accessibility of water... The struggle to save our flora and fauna, to save the air—this is ground zero of the struggle for...justice...

This is just the beginning and in the words of the inimitable Ella Baker, 'We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes.' Thank you."

So Sister Angela sets the agenda like so for the women of the planet.

1. Save the Green and Blue living planet, as created.
2. Stop climate change
3. Clean Energetic Water is Life, not for sale
4. The struggle to save our wild plants and wild animals
5. to save the air, oxygen shrinks as carbon grows by combustion
6. Establish justice.

Its all connected, because it is all reflective of Market Dynamics and Money-Lending. Money-Lending is considered a sin to Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill and to the Church Parents St. Basil, St. Xenia, and others and to Jesus Christ himself.

'Anywhere I see suffering, that is where I want to be, doing what I can.' Diana Roche-Spenser

Jocelyn Wabano-Iahtail, Attawapiskat First Nation, dag- orcitlid good f teacher 29 Meitheamh 2017, National Press Gallery, Ottawa Ontatio, from CBC "Recognize me as a human being, because that is the fundamental problem, a crisis situation that we're facing here on Oileán an Turtair, that the settlers don't view us as human beings...

"You're a guest here, and you don't even know how to speak to us. You don't even recognize the tone in your voice, in your delivery...

...Where is everybody else to come step up for us?

I have a right for my voice, I'm still fighting for my voice and my visibility
...I am telling you, right now, there has been 524 years of holistic genocide on
Oileán an Turtair. We are the ones that are dying. It's not you that is dying. " ...
[W]e are asking the UN to help us at charges of genocide, a war against
humanity, war crimes and a crime of aggression, be laid...

....None of your governments have clean hands. All of your governments have
blood on their hands. None of you are different. You haven't changed! Because
you haven't started your healing journeys.

So if we put Angela Davis with Bean Feasa Jocelyn, we have a slightly enhanced list.

1. Save the Green and Blue living planet, as Created.
2. Stop climate change
3. Clean Energetic Water is Life, not for sale
4. The struggle to save our wild plants and wild animals and biomes
5. to save the air, oxygen shrinks as carbon grows by combustion
6. Establish restorative, reparative justice.
7. Acknowledge and repair the Wholistic Genocides
8. Drop the attitude, Settlers
9. Set the captives free

Is any of that incompatible with properly measured Brehon Law? No. The answer, Ard
Bhreitheamh na Sí, is Brehon Law accounts for all those issues, but English-based
government systems do not, because they are anthropocentric, a fancy word for man-
concerned.

The Brehon Law accounts for biomes and habitats and trees sequestering carbon along
with wildlife. Even Charlie Two Face and his house of Lords know why rewilding the
planet is the only way to save Mór Mumhan.

Ní chonaítear an tobar go dtrá sé.

Trí adcoillet gáis: anfis, doas, díchuimne.

Three things that ruin wisdom: ignorance, inaccurate knowledge, forgetfulness.

Ignorance, fake news, short attention spans fostered by media programming. The

Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill have cultural expectations that wisdom will run the show. Instead it will be made clear in our arguments, that the whole system is set up to foster unwisdom, for lack of a better term as Béarla Shasanaigh.

[E]ach generation should pay to its successors the debt it owes to its forerunners; that thus, by spending itself for the benefit of its children, the human race ensures the progressive development of all. St. James Ó Connolly

Pay it forward, they call that in Hollywood, in the occupied land of the Tongva Nation. In spite of offering compelling evidence from the past, our father among the saints, the Holy and Righteous Martyr James Connolly says the angle of our argument is future-focused. Here we will present what was broken for the consideration of all.

Your Worthiness Macha, we will also endeavour to show that the Brehon Law cannot be removed simply by Harrowing the Poet-Lawyers until none remain nor can the Brehon Law be removed by sending the Ó Neills and Ó Donnells away to Europe. All the Brehon Law requires is a Brehon, like the Book of Judges in the Bible. This is just a hilarious book about why that is ridiculous though.

One curious consideration is brought to our Attention by the Famous Kerry Philosopher from the Fine Eóghannachta Locha Léin, John Moriarty. Might we also consider in our arguments the first step in healing all this pain for the Aboriginal Gaelic Catholics of Tír Chonaill?

'The lesser shaman heals individuals. The great shaman heals [their] people as a whole. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting charter myths. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting intuitions, orientations and practices. —John Moriarty, What the Curlew Said

Some would say that acknowledging a problem is the first step to healing it. The wound of the colonial domination seems to stem from the erasure of the Aboriginal Gaelic point of view from everywhere except texts in the Aboriginal Gaelic Irish Language set.

This is called in their legal terms a Minor Language and their judges have brought attention to the issues that arise with such minor languages comprising the voices of

the conquered in each place on Planet Earth. Some local examples of Minor Languages, all of which have experienced an uphill battle to survive as languages. All of these are considered to be Indigenous languages in Tír Chonaill, but there is very little awareness of the existence of these indigenous minor languages for some reason:

- Yola: Ch'am a stouk, an a donel; wou'll leigh out ee dey.
- Shelta: Let's turry to the norch where your jeel cradgies, And let your jeel shans get greydied nosher same as it is where you cradgie.
- Cymraeg: Goreu heddychyd — gwir
- Gàidhlig: Bainne nan gobhar fo chobhar 's e blàth, 's e chuireadh an spionnadh sna daoine a bha.
- Gaelainn: Rob fír fírthar, rob bríg bríghther
- Gaelg: Cha lhisagh dooinney erbee ve nearagh dy ghoaill-rish e oill tra t'eh er ve camm; cre te agh gra ayns goan elley dy vel eh ny s'creeney jiu na v'eh jea.
- Ulster Scots: Mine thon burn fur the kye haes shat the hale lenth o it!
- Norman French: Le Roy le veult
- Scots: Here's tae the heath, the hill and the heather,
The bonnet, the plaid, the kilt and the feather.
- Hiberno-Latin Altus prosator, vetustus dierum et ingenitus erat absque origine primordii et *crepidine
- And Gaeilge of course, called Irish, the language of the United Island of Ireland, and of the lived experience of the Gaelic families.
- Ogham – as a written Native Alphabet of Irish

The International Law Community would find if they looked into it, a fair amount of agreement between almost all the different Minor Languages around the world about the nature of the sufferings, one might suggest.

In the case of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, it is very clear that there is a case of very different mindsets. One mindset contains all the traditions and information in this Banshee Court Fairy Tale Legal Case: The mindset of the Aboriginal Irish Gallagher family of Tír Chonaill, the Standard Bearers for the local tribes.

We will argue that the Aboriginal Mindset of the Tír Chonaill Catholics is not only different, but precisely contrary to all the ills of the world. Seán Ó Faoláin writes in the

book The Great O'Neill about the vast differences in mindsets at play in Tír Chonaill at the time of the Flight of the Earls, early 1600s and prior meaning the Plantations of Cúige Laigin, Cúige Mumhan, Cúige Mí, agus Cúige Connacht.

The 16th C. wars of conquest there mingled what was by nature immiscible [not mixable]. It is the same forced juncture of modernity and antiquity that comes with every imperial conquest, whether it is the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, or the colonization of India by the Hanoverians, or the plantation of Ireland by the Tudors.

For out of it emerges a kind of ... duality of mind just as indissoluble, and just as incoherent, producing at first, on the side of the conquistadors, extremes of idealism, loyalty, persistence, stubbornness, folly, by which all first puzzlements or strings of conscience are smothered up or brushed aside; and then, on both sides, when the confusion rises, mountains of treachery, an otherwise unimaginable brutality, indescribably savageries, recantations, selfishness, contempt, every known weapon of human ingenuity and bestiality to obliterate the enemy and justify his obliteration.

In such a clash there is no simple story because there is no clear mind. In the final stage of all nothing remains but the oversimplified story of the victor and the oversimplified memories of the defeated, both of them unfaithful to the always confused and occasionally troubled split-mindedness of the time.

The truth is that Englishmen were fantastically ignorant about those countries which they assailed so blithely in the flush of their passion for adventurous conquest, and that the assailed were just as ignorant as to the nature of the forces and the order of life that assailed them.

For English contemporaries the entry into 16th C. Ireland was an entry into a world as strange as the Indies were to Columbus, ninetenths of it an uncharted Thibet, and the O'Neills and O'Donnells and all its chief princes as remote and unimaginable as the Great Khan.

The Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill are not English, never were English, never

got treated equally. It gets worse, your honourliness, but we will let the evidence speak for itself as we end our opening arguments in your lovely Banshee Court. Is Aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh.

Trí ái nad eplet fail: ái dochuind, dochraite, anfis.

Three causes that do not die with neglect: the causes of the incompetent, and of oppression, and of ignorance.

—Trecheng Breth Féne

Bíonn ciúin ciontach. Quiet are guilty.

Ailiu iath nErend. Buaidh nó Bás

In the words of NeverNeverNeverBanFracking Joe Bidens favorite poem, your honour, we submit our case to your Banshee Court.

from The Cure at Troy by Seamus Heaney

So hope for a great sea-change

On the far side of revenge...

Believe in miracles

And cures and healing wells.

Call miracle self-healing:

The utter, self-revealing

Double-take of feeling...

That means someone is hearing

The outcry and the birth-cry

Of new life at its term.

It means once in a lifetime

The longed-for tidal wave

Of justice can rise up,

And hope and history rhyme.

Argument 1

The Woes of Ireland

In a February 2024 Belfast Telegraph telegraph, the telegraphers retelegraph a story about some camp sites apologising to certain Irish Traveller, Minker [sp], families. In the Belfast Telegraph they list all the names of the blacklisted Irish families, among them Gallagher and Ó Brien.

Now, the campsites are apologising for racism against these families, but the information amounts to a racist list of which Irish families are too Irish for doing business with when it is Telegraphed from Belfast. Mighty Banríon of the Ulster Banshees, surely, this is compelling information regarding the current state of affairs. Damien Dempsey the Dublin fellow has summed up our state of affairs in fine Poetics here:

Canaim amhrán na coilíneachta.

I sing the song of the colony.

Cé mhéad bliain is muid fós faoi smacht?

How many years and we're still not free?

Is do mháthair faoi scáth. And your mother cries.

Iarrann tú ar Dhia, 'Cén fáth?'

You ask God, 'Why?'

[Damien Dempsey. Translated by Aoife Scott]

Since the Almighty is attending to the Universe at the moment, we have decided to press the case in this Banshee Court, which only makes sense.

Damien Dempsey makes it sound like the Aboriginal Irish Catholics have been colonised. Before we all agree that never happened and blame potatoes or whatever, it turns out researchers from the Lakota agree with Damien Dempsey. Mni Wiconi, All of the Ways that Water is life says Christie Moores kinfolk Luka Bloom. The Mighty Lakota Nation think Damien Dempsey is correct.

Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux): Cultural Identity and Practices as Healing for Multigenerational Trauma The Irish and the Lakota have been compared conceptually due to similar histories of colonization ...The Irish historian, Kevin Whelen [Ó Faoláin] described indigenous Irish before 1850 in terms similar to rural Indian villages in [Oileán an Turtair] "in this intimate face-to-face world... a rich oral culture was encouraged... Singing, dancing, and story telling emerged as the prized art forms. All this life was intricately interwoven...

Damien Dempsey says we had a civilisation, tribal in structure with our own arts, music way of life and culture. That seems to confirm the colonialism theory, your Banshee Majesty.

The Ireland of Old, Auld Ireland, Gaelic Ireland as Damien Dempsey calls it, the Poets of Auld Ireland, John Lennon and Yoko Ono sing. The Gaelic Irish Language and her Filíochta, Poetic Brehon Law. Listen to this Old Man in 1907 say it was already gone in 1907:

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry — Peter Galligan, Nobber, County Meath, as captured from a manuscript in Seanfhocla Uladh, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa, 1907

John Ó Lennon and Yoko Ono Uí Lennon, The Luck of the Irish. John was murdered for getting too Irish, they say, same as the Kennedy boys. But is there any Irish Poet better known in the world? Why isn't John Lennon taken seriously?

A thousand years of torture and hunger
Drove the people away from their land
A land full of beauty and wonder
Was raped by the British brigands!
...Blame it all on the kids and the IRA
As the bastards [Máthair says there is no such thing as a bastard] commit

genocide!

Aye! Aye! Genocide!

Certainly this testimony from the worlds most loved poet, who himself learned to stop mistreating women, for instance. Is John Lennon lying here, your Honour? Did the Vikings, Normans, Anglicans, Presbyterians and Baptists commit over 1400 years of holistic genocide on Tír Chonaill?

A Working Class Hero, John Lennon, has stated the case that in Liverpool, the Irish told him the story of how the English divided Ireland. Tír Chonaill is located in the Northernmost part of Ireland geographically, on the western side.

The Oral Tradition says that Tír Chonaill kept Magdalene Asylums through 2004 contrary to the official story saying they were closed by 1998. The Roman Catholic Church didnt start the Magdalenes, and the Magdalenes were not as the British BAFTA award winning film the Magdalene Sisters portrays, saucy jezebels.

Joni Mitchell

Branded as a jezebel I knew

I was not bound for Heaven

I'd be cast in shame

Into the Magdalene laundries

We will be looking at Dr. James Smiths expert witness testimony later regarding child sexual abuse in Ireland 1930s, but his research indicates the first Magdalenes were in Operation in 1760s.

The Roman Catholic Church isnt in charge of anything in Ireland from 1601-1829 at earliest, the period referred to as Catholic Emancipation. That would be the orphans of the Bliain an Air Potato genocide of 1741. We can assert from the Lord Grey Scheme 1848 that trafficking Irish children in convict architecture was quite normal at the time. So we will be joining the dots on a number of historic crimes against children in Ireland.

Here is some anecdotal evidence from Benjamin Disraeli on the topic:

Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of

the Exchequer in January 28, 1836.

'The occasion of this letter was a speech made by Mr. Spring Rice at Cambridge, at a dinner to celebrate the return of Mr. Thomas Hovell, the first Mayor of Cambridge under the Municipal Reform Act, the chief effect of which, as far as Cambridge itself was concerned, was, in Mr. Spring Rice's own words, 'to establish a Liberal domination in the place of a Tory domination.'

Author Richard Cumberland, who, in spite of the courtly compliments of his polished Memoirs, could be racy and significant enough in his conversation, once characterised in my presence a countryman of yours as 'a talking potato.' The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.' ...

Spare us, good sir; be content with your last achievements of law reform; be content with having, by your corporation magistrates, made for the first time in England since the days of Charles II, the administration of justice a matter of party. Will not even this satisfy the Whig lechery for mischief?

Then, 'Ireland must be tranquillised.' So I think. Feed the poor, hang the agitators. That will do it.

...As for the polished Palmerston and the pious Grant, and the other trading statesmen of easy virtue—for them it would be advisable, I think, at once to ***erect a political Magdalen Hospital***. Solitude and spare diet, and some salutary treatises on the English constitution, may, after a considerable interval, capacitate them for reentering public life, and even filling with an approximation to obscure respectability some of the lower offices of the State.

For a sense of what someone faces trying to say anything about those matters, we look to Catherine Corless who blew the whistle on an underground storage unit for dead babies in Tuam.

BBC

The Commission of Investigation is investigating claims - first raised by local historian Catherine Corless that nearly 800 babies and young children died in the Tuam home and were buried in unmarked graves. It was one of 10 Irish

institutions run by religious orders, to which about 35,000 unmarried pregnant women are thought to have been sent. A child died there nearly every two weeks between the mid-1920s and 1960s

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-39192744>

"Local people had long known that there had been some kind of graveyard for children from the home, which was officially known as St Mary's, but was known locally as The Home. The institution, which was run by the Bon Secours nuns, was open from 1925 until 1961. Unmarried women in the area who became pregnant were sent there to give birth away from their families, as at the time, having a so-called 'illegitimate' child was regarded as shameful. The babies were then left in the institution to be raised by the nuns. Some of them were put up for adoption – in some cases, without the consent of the mothers – while some remained in the care of the nuns. Some of the poorer women who gave birth were forced to work for the nuns in the institution after they had their child as a way to pay for the service which had been provided to them. The Home was one of many of its type in Ireland at the time: a social service run by a Catholic religious order which imposed the harsh cultural mores of the time and focused on imposing penance and punishment for what the women had done."

She was right: How Catherine Corless uncovered what happened in Tuam, The Journal, 3 Mar 2017, <http://www.thejournal.ie/catherine-corless-tuam-mother-and-baby-home-3268501-Mar2017/>

The Oral Tradition suggests Ireland is full of various kinds of Mass Graves as well, your Honour. Anyone looking for information about certain matters, be they genealogists, Magdalene researchers, or Potato Genocide researchers, all report missing records, just in a keeping an ear out sense, your Honour.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame!

More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man,
whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

Here is Catherine Corless correlating the blas that lack of transparency and

accountability in her testimony:

This has been my experience with those that I sought help from, when I asked for records from their archives, that is Galway County Council, the Bon Secours sisters, our archbishop, our local representatives, the gardaí, the Health Service Executive West. Nobody wanted to know, doors were shut, files had disappeared. Catherine Corless, Time for people of Tuam to break silence on 'home babies' Catherine Corless: Town's redemption lies in opening up about notorious home, Irish Times, 23 Aibreán 2019

Lets consider that culture of silence a moment, that people like Edna Ó Brien and Nuala Ó Faoláin and many others tried in vain to expose in their own ways. What were they hiding? The recent growth of Pimpdaddy Gangculture for instance is hiding that they are all in on child trafficking and modern slavery. What has Ireland been hiding?

Well first, as promised, James Smith of Boston College, has been analysing the various Magdalene testimonies and making summations for the other researchers and activists. He has coined his own term to explain the phenomenon, Containment Culture, which seems roughly Equal to what the British themselves called Permanent Coercion Against Insurrection, your Honour, which a qualified lawyer could tell you was made permanently a part of English-Language law.

Since we have been allowed a comparison to the Lakota, the Magdalenes seem to be roughly cognate with the Residential School genocides in their native community which was characterised by "Kill the Indian[horrible], Save the Child [horrible]". The Magdalenes are consistent with this view of "salvation".

There was a preponderance of young children working in the Magdalenes and from Oral Tradition being born in them. The Garda worked as slave catchers to return those who escaped, according to official depositions from the Justice for Magdalenes Research team.

We think Smith is correct in asserting the systemic nature of the problem, though we would note, these institutions seem to be in all the colonies, and there is trafficking between them. So the problem likely forms the basis of the entire healthcare and

adoption systems worldwide, which would be consistent with Oral Traditions in Cambodia, Vietnam, etc. compared to the Film Propaganda versions.

James Smith calls our second witness after Ms. Corless, our second witness is Fascist Blueshirt General Eóin Ó Duffy, one of the founders of An Garda Síochána. This testimony will speak to the state of affairs at the time of the Magdalene Schemes as well as Ms. Ó Connors testimony about the state of affairs during the symphisotomy torture victims.

Mr. Ó Duffy and Mr. Smith will present an Ireland overrun with child abuse in 1931. Smith then shows that the Carrigan Report in 1931 tries to sweep it all under the rug and whitewash it. Smith calls our attention to this duplicity: outwardly sanctimonious, secretly aiding and abetting colonial child abuse, just like in India, Canada, Australia. Well known to be at the same time as the abuse in Ireland by the same Brittannia and her frenemies.

...In contrast to the clerics' focus on extramarital sexual practice, another witness, Gen. Eoin O'Duffy, commissioner of the Garda Síochána (the state's police force), focused his testimony on... sexual offenses, addressing the modern nation's ... immorality, particularly rape, incest, and pedophilia.... ...O'Duffy also submitted a twenty-eight-page analysis of these statistics in which he provided significant detail about the nature and quantity of sexual crime in Ireland.

...Despite graphic anecdotal and irrefutable statistical evidence suggesting widespread sexual crime in Free State Ireland, the Carrigan Report attempted to rein in this damaging portrait of Irish society....

...The state's institutional response to "sexual immorality" masked a further elision at the heart of Ireland's containment culture, namely, the concealment of child sexual abuse. In the hierarchy of compromising realities, the unmarried mother and the juvenile prostitute represented that which the discourse of "sexual immorality" could acknowledge.

Conversely, incest and pedophilia were doubly obscured—initially inadmissible by the discursive distortion initiated by Church and state and latterly obfuscated

within an institutional infrastructure legislatively inscribed as the solution to "sexual immorality."

The state's institutional impulse revictimized the victims of child sexual abuse, it criminalized child sexual abuse [victims] through court hearings to determine "improper guardianship," and ultimately it punitively incarcerated [victims] children... ..the state ...abdicated responsibility for the most vulnerable of the nation's citizenry. Disposing of [victims] women and children in religious institutions rendered the compromising reality [the abuse] of their existence invisible...

The Politics of Sexual Knowledge: The Origins of Ireland's Containment Culture and the Carrigan Report (1931) JAMES M. SMITH Boston College

Now, again, your Honour, in the words of William Jefferson Clinton to the New York Post regarding Epstein photos, "I think the evidence is clear." If we take even a summary look at the exploits of English King John in Ireland, whilst he was yet a prince, one can see this rapacity is part and parcel for the occupation of Ireland for that full thousand years John Lennon references, and more.

The Oral Tradition records a lot of sexual violence by border guards in the Partition Era along the same timeline as the 26 counties apparently kept the party in their pants going.

The Blueshirt Irish Mussolini Ó Duffy said it in the 1930s. Catherine Corless affirms the same Containment Culture in spite of overwhelming evidence of grievous harm.

If that was the Normal then, what is the Normal now? Slick Willy Clinton said, "The Evidence is Clear". Stand Down, Margaret.

Revealed: Jimmy Savile's close friendship with Margaret Thatcher Civil servants redact secret Downing Street file following sexual-assault revelations Cahal Milmo, Friday 28 December 2012, Independent Correspondence showing the depth of the friendship between Sir Jimmy Savile and former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is unveiled today in a secret Downing Street file that has been heavily redacted by civil servants following revelations about sexual abuse by the

late entertainer ...

While Maggie is getting her posthumous communications with Sir Jimmy Savile, the King of Children Entertainment, redacted, Irish heroines like Ms. Ó Connor are advocating for the victims of pubiotomy and symphysiotomy.

Because they could, they sawed Irish womens birthgiving bones with tiny hacksaws right after they gave birth, because that isnt painful enough. Forget their reasons for doing it, it was torture. Ó Connor reports sometimes they have eighteen or so watching in the room as they saw up the womens pube bones, including clergy in the room. Your Majesty Macha, refer to Black Women being sawed up by the Ivy League universities like Upenn. Look at the history of British colonial institutions around the world. This was happening in Ireland into the 1980s and possibly later. Marie O'Connor says her report "is dedicated to survivors of symphysiotomy in Ireland, Africa, India, Papua New Guinea and other far flung places".

Marie O'Connor, Symphysiotomy was seen as a gateway to childbearing without limits, thejournal.ie, 2012 "Symphysiotomy is a cruel and dangerous childbirth operation that unhinges the pelvis, severing the symphysis joint or, in the case of pubiotomy, sundering the pubic bones. Ireland was the only country in the developed world to practise this discarded surgery in the mid to late 20th century. Caesarean section had been the standard treatment for difficult births in Ireland since the end of the 1930s.

However, doctors' preference for symphysiotomy saw 1,500 of these 18th century operations being performed from 1944 onwards, mostly in Catholic private hospitals. Around 150 women survive today, many of them permanently disabled, incontinent and in pain. One baby in ten died during the process and a number were brain damaged.

Bodily Harm Symphysiotomy and Pubiotomy in Ireland 1944-92

Marie O'Connor

The widespread failure to give appropriate post operative care ensured the worst possible outcomes for patients. In severing the pelvis and neglecting to give post surgical care, consultant obstetricians were...maiming women.

The same inexplicable failure to give appropriate care could be seen in the community among general practitioners and public health nurses.

Failed by their hospitals, their obstetricians, their midwives, their family doctors, and their public health nurses, survivors were let down by an entire health system.

Survivor, Vera Kennedy points out that no one has ever taken responsibility for these operations. ...The failure to admit wrongdoing has meant that no process of any kind has ever been initiated against those who carried out, condoned or facilitated these debilitating operations...

The state's moral failure to take responsibility for these abuses by holding those responsible to account is equalled only by that of the Catholic Church in relation to clerical sexual abuse. The resignations by Irish bishops set a new standard for those in high positions, however. [O]bstetricians who performed or were in any other way responsible for symphysiotomies, or who concealed or misrepresented these operations in recent years, should be relieved of all responsibility, direct and indirect, for patient safety....

...

Some have concluded that inertia has been chosen as the final solution; that the authorities, having stalled them since 2003, are waiting for them to die. Justice cries out against such a policy.

Bodily Harm Symphysiotomy and Pubiotomy in Ireland 1944-92

Marie O'Connor, 2011

As we build our case, we hope the Banshee Court will consider this information as indicative of larger problems arising from the illegal usurpation of the sovereignty of Tír Chonaill.

Dara Ó Briain

'There are three states of legality in Irish law.

There is all this stuff here under "That's grand";

then it moves into "Ah, now, don't push it";

and finally to "Right! You're taking the piss."

Our children have not been safe for many centuries. Our women are medically tortured, etc. Please consider the largest possible interpretation of these exhibits. They are not isolated cases, in other words. It goes to establish the real harms done to Tír Chonaill, as we shall continue to demonstrate.

"The ordinary response to atrocities is to banish them from consciousness. Certain violations of the social compact are too terrible to utter aloud: this is the meaning of the word unspeakable. Atrocities, however, refuse to be buried. Equally as powerful as the desire to deny atrocities is the conviction that denial does not work... Survivors challenge us to reconnect fragments, to reconstruct history, to make meaning of their symptoms in the light of past events." —Judith Lewis Herman, *Trauma and Recovery*

Fast forward to 2005 and look at solicitor Michael Corry's experience with trying to advocate for the victims of this system, and it sounds like more of the same as Smith mentions in 1931.

Michael Corry's letter to the Irish Times 19 Bealtaine 2005

Madam,

The skewed view of evidence referred to by Mary Raftery at the Commission to Inquire into Child Abuse (Irish Times, 12 May) pales in significance compared to the activities of the Residential Institutions Redress Board.

A place of secrecy, exclusion and bewilderment. I have given evidence to the board on three occasions on behalf of three patients, all victims of layers of abuse, in particular sexual. Two of these have been under my care for over 10 years.

All will bring their pain and suffering to the grave.

I was not allowed to be present when [the victims] gave their evidence, nor indeed were their partners, a friend, an advocate, no one of personal significance.

They were alone.

One [victim] was left alone, on the verge of a panic attack due to the intensity of his fear, to tell the board of a past littered with criminal behaviour, prison records, substance misuse, dysfunctional relationships, mistrust of authority, and family breakdown.

I found the discomfort of waiting in a side room to give evidence, aware of my patients' fears and worries, unbearable.

They dreaded getting a panic attack, a flashback to an incident of abuse, a rush of uncontrollable anger that would alienate the chairman and jeopardise the outcome. In giving my sworn evidence I felt under time pressure, and worse, that I was an unwelcome irritation slowing down the proceedings. An atmosphere of minimisation prevailed. It was impossible to present a complete picture....

...'By making secrecy a condition upon payment, the board is doing exactly what an abuser does to a child.'

The elements of restorative justice which are required for the restitution of balance and healing are transparency instead of secrecy, formal apologies, the punishment of the wrongdoers, and ... efforts to compensate for damage done.

The Redress Board embodies none of these. Its role makes a mockery of ... Right and Justice.

It is my firm belief that the Redress Board contravenes the most basic of human and civil rights. In short, it represents a crime against humanity ...

Jane Mulcahy has been preaching to Irish courts to become Trauma Responsive, like the Brehon Law is trauma responsive. Here she explains what Corry is on about:

What if Justice dispensed with the blindfold & acknowledged trauma & emotional dysregulation? Would judges prioritise safety, listening, connection & dignity more?? A paradigm shift occurs when front-line practitioners dare to ask a distressed person "what happened to you?" instead of "what's wrong with you?"

Working with trauma survivors in a neurodevelopmentally-aware, trauma-responsive way: Ending Sexual Violence and Harassment in Irish Higher Education Institutions, powerpoint 24/01/23 Jane Mulcahy

Specific traumatizing experiences for the Irish (per Lee and Moane) include systematically treated as an “inferior race” by the oppressing culture (British), subjection to starvation (the Irish Famine) even while vast quantities of foods were being exported, indiscriminate killings, land grabs, religious persecution, language and music censorship, and educational oppression. Indeed, many Irish today continue to reference their disdain of past British actions...

Exploring Irish Multigenerational Trauma and Its Healing: Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux) 12 Aibreán 2012. Coll et al

Jonathan Shay, *Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character*

“All who hear should understand that no person’s suffering can be measured against another person’s suffering. It can be extremely damaging if anyone makes comparisons. Combat veterans frequently doubt that they are worthy of treatment, knowing other vets who are worse off now or went through worse than they did. Many survivors of trauma obstruct their own healing by placing themselves in 'hierarchies of suffering', usually to their own disadvantage.”

Note again in Corry's testimony, the disregard for the victims.

I was an unwelcome irritation slowing down the proceedings. An atmosphere of minimisation prevailed. It was impossible to present a complete picture....

... 'By making secrecy a condition upon payment, the board is doing exactly what an abuser does to a child

It sure sounds like a criminal conspiracy to cover up child abuse and child trafficking. Yet that is who the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill have for redress of grievances, more grievances, more abuses.

“Colonialism hardly ever exploits the whole of a country. It contents itself with bringing to light the natural resources, which it extracts, and exports to meet the

needs of the mother country's industries, thereby allowing certain sectors of the colony to become relatively rich. But the rest of the colony follows its path of under-development and poverty, or at all events sinks into it more deeply."
Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (Les Damnés de la Terre)

"The one's doing the squeezing, never explicitly named of course, but then we all know who it is squeezing your middle. No class system just a middle class in waiting and an underclass when it suits the narrative." — Dara Quigley, *They Tried to Bury Us*

Your Banshee Ladyship, I don't want to pretend this is specific to this one small Island, indicators around the globe are showing this level of corruption.

The EU Judges know their judiciary is corrupt, the international judges all know it is completely broken. Can anyone but the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill say they remember a better system? A better world? As Michael Lewis summarises here, it doesn't look like there is any other help coming for the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill:

His experience with Household Finance had disabused him of any hope that the government would intercede to prevent rich corporations from doing bad things to poor people."

Michael Lewis, *The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine*

Ireland shows many of the signs of being held captive by money lenders with no scruples. The Case of Jonathan Sugarman, for instance, your Ladyness. His job was to point out to the bank he worked for when they were operating properly.

The banks appear to have been lending outside of their liquidity, which, seems to mean they were lending money they themselves didn't have. Sugarman reported it all the way to the Irish Central Bank and was subsequently blacklisted and not taken seriously. Why else did the banks need a bailout if they weren't lending more than they had?

That type of behavior by the so called legitimate banks is probably less than half the story of the Irish Economy. Between the Ansbacher shadow banks and the Corporate tax games, Ireland is full of shady bankers and shady banks.

If there were a lot of money in child trafficking, for instance, those organisations would need to store or launder their money. Do those organisations also build things? Is there any historic connection between construction and Mafia?

Its a "trick" question, like Terrence Howards song Whoop that Trick. Is a trick not a sex slave, your honour? No one wants to acknowledge that all of hip-hop is about child trafficking, PeePee Diddlers, Snooping up on Nipseys with their Dogg Bones.

From zeros to heros in under 50 years, but arent they all glorifying human trafficking? What else do a Hustler or Pimpdaddy do, your honour? Seán Perp Daddy Combs says that his child trafficking clients make him untouchable in his Perp Daddy rap[e] music. Isnt that understood? All open admissions in plain view and no one will say so, certainly not Adele Rolling Deep with her Big Hit and her homies. She has a long history of working negative publicity cover with Sean Perp Daddy Combs.

All the rap[e] game is about Bitches and Hoes, that is sex slaves for sale. Do not believe the hype, your honour.

But who let the Doggs out to slam and trap children in traphouses? School to prison pipeline? "Dont drop the soap"? Whose businesses are flourishing now? Who replaced John Ó Lennon and Curt Ó Cobain?

Historically Ireland has been plagued most by Absentee Landlords and their agents. This is clearly very different from Modern Ireland, where ninety percent of export revenues, give or take, are owned by foreign corporations. That is vastly different from Absentee Landlords, is it not?

Almost 90 percent of Irish exports derive from foreign-owned firms....

Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008

Absentee Landlords would run large agriculture plantations. In modern Ireland, there are instead, Large Agro-Forestry Plantations. The Gaelic Aboriginal Irish Catholics have always been against such schemes and always been against industrial capital.

A forestry boom is turning Ireland into an ecological dead zone, Mary Colwell, The Guardian, 10 Oct 2018 There are only around 150 pairs of breeding hen harriers left and they require a mosaic of habitats to survive, ranging from grassland, moorland and bog to open forest. But now their home is hemmed in on all sides by Sitka plantations, which form impenetrable boundaries. To stand in one of the few remaining nesting sites is to feel like a character in a Hollywood movie where someone is trapped in a room as the walls slowly move inwards. No light penetrates to the floor and no flowers grow.

So, Banshee Banríon of Ulster, it really does look like they are killing Ireland, but its no different than how they are killing everywhere else. Such people would have to have no hearts. People with no hearts can look the other way about anything.

Dr. Garrett Ó Connor in his essay Recognising and Healing Malignant shame gives words to explain how all this hurts the Children of Ulster:

Could a similar process exist at the cultural level whereby prolonged political or governmental abuse of an entire population might be internalised as malignant shame by the institutions of society, and transmitted ... to subsequent generations in the policies and conduct of government, church, school and family?

There is reason to believe that such a cultural process has been endemic in Ireland for many centuries... Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame.
O'Connor

Dr. Jane Mulcahy of the University of Limerick states quite clearly what happens when that is the case, your honour:

..the thing is, you can't live through the attempted genocide of your people and be the same. There's a ruptured trust in other human beings. You carry that with you and, whether you talk about it or not, it is there. People who go through experiences like this can live in fight or flight. Their nervous system never really settles and it's very unlikely that it will return to its baseline. ...

As Irish people, we have our own historical trauma caused by colonialism and [An Gorta Mór].

I used to roll my eyes when I heard people go on about '800 years of oppression' but it actually does leave a legacy on people.

The loss of our language left a huge mark and it has imprinted generationally, whether we realise it or not.

'Trauma is transmitted across generations — we even have our own historical trauma caused by [An Gorta Mór]'

Jane Mulcahy Interviewed by Katie Byrne, The Irish Independent · April 2024

Compare that to what the Lakota say to see the empathy gap, your honour:

Multigenerational Trauma as an Accepted Construct

The phenomenon of multigenerational trauma is largely accepted in the American Indian communities in general and the Lakota communities in particular as a key concept, and it is often understood to be a root cause of the suffering of American Indian families (Brave Heart, 1999; Manson, 2000; Whitbeck et al., 2004).

Stone (2003) writes that "tribal communities are impacted by a historical trend perpetuated by the dominant or affluent Euro-American culture.

This has included numerous systemic influences across history:

- 1) Dispossession
- 2) Biological warfare
- 3) Disruption of culture
- 4) Indian wars
- 5) The federal and religious boarding schools (disruption of family and language)
- 6) Termination
- 7) Relocation
- 8) Modern influences (gangs and drugs)

Your honour, the Oxford Companion to Irish History states that there were thirty An Gorta Mór events between 1300 and 1900. At least five million in the one An Gorta Mór according to all the evidence, your honour.

This process, of course, is not limited to Ireland and the Lakota. Cymraeg therapist Dilis Davies explains how this plays out in Wales Cymru:

From Within and Without (The Story of the Cymraeg) The Impact of Cultural Factors on Mental Health in the Present Day in Cymru
Dilys R. Davies

Psychotherapists may allieve some painful consequences of distress and the descriptions given by therapists can sometimes be helpful, but as writers Davies (1994), Richards (1994) and Pilgrim (1994) point out, this is of limited relevance without an understanding of the individual's cultural and social context. Outlining how the wider society exerts its power and influence over our lives, Smail (1993) describes how our world is structured by powers at varying degrees of distance from us. Those closest to us, which he terms 'proximal powers', are the ones which we are most aware of and which preoccupy us the most. However, it is those furthest from us (which Smail terms 'distal powers'), which reflect the wider political and economic influences which we are barely aware of (and whose origin we do not even know) that exert the strongest influence on our lives...

An adequate account of human experience must take into account these distal influences. Smail (1987) states: "The explanation of our conduct is not to be sought in a psychological analysis of individuals, but in a socio-economic, historical analysis of relations between people, and of the ways these have shaped the world we live in.

As you will remember better than us, Macha, Ireland was full of Carbon-rich oak rainforests before. The English themselves say so in 1583. They needed more ships to defeat the Spanish in their wars to control the slave market.

re:1583 Carew Manuscripts: "The want in England of timber for the navy may be abundantly supplied in Ireland."

They saw it as an extraction of resources. Unfortunately in the Brehon Law, each of those trees is a Regicide, and for obvious reasons given the climate science. Each one of those trees deserves the justice as if a Chief were murdered.

When we consider a crime like wholistic genocide as in Tír Chonaill, the question of intent arises. Thankfully, Banríon Victoria provided a categorical admission of the genocide in Ireland relating to the period just prior to the Flight of the Earls.

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868) "Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found repeated and fruitless enactments for obliterating from the face of Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of Irish characteristics.

The land was in all respects to be remodelled, volens nolens [willing or unwilling], upon an English platform, so far at least as it was possible in a conquered province — so far as a humble and distant dependant can be made to assume the dress, manners, deportment, religion, and policy of its superior....

Its Deputy was to be the alter idem [second self] of English royalty; its council board the counterpart in its constitution and its authority of the council board in England..

It should be no surprise to the Banshee Banríon of Ulster that all of these enforcements is still in play through what Critical Race Theory calls socialisation. But that isnt the extent to which these forces are still in play.

Those deputies are today called the British Peerage of Ireland. There are still 135 active titles in that Peerage, including all throughout the 26 counties, which apparently has more than one government. Those councils still emanate from that British peerage. Find anyone in Ireland could say different.

When we speak of socialisation the lack of Aboriginal Gaelic clothing is a fine enough example of how these pressures continue. If you picture someone in Lakota ancestral

clothing or in Yankee clothing you get a sense of what this means.

In the same Carew paper, same passage:

.. According to the ordinances proclaimed at Limerick by Sir John Perrot in 1571, no maid or single woman was allowed " to wear or put on any great roll or kercher of linen cloth upon their heads, neither any great smock with great sleeves, but to put on hats, caps, French hoods, tippets, or some other civil attire upon their heads, upon pain of forfeiting the said Irish garments so worn ; the same forfeiture to be to such person or persons as shall happen to seize the same." Carew Papers, I. 411.

That means the British Soldiers were required to remove the Aboriginal Clothing from the Irish maids or single womans. Sure sounds like the origins of Rape Culture, your honour. If there is any doubt, here is gaelicattire.com describing our Léine, characterised by great sleeves, large sleeves that hang down:

Ancestral Gaelic Clothing from gaelicattire.com 'From the earliest times, the two predominant garments worn in Ireland, were the Léine (pronounced Layna) and the Brat (pronounced Brat/Brot).

The Léine was an ankle length linen tunic nearly always of a yellowish colour, hence the term 'saffron shirt', much used by various late medieval English commentators. A most ancient of garment, the Léine is recorded in our earliest texts (8th century, but believed to have been copied from even earlier sources), down to the early 1600's...

...There can be no doubt that the Léine and the Brat have formed the core elements of Gaelic attire, for men, women and children. The Léine should always be of a yellowish colour or various shades from white, buff, oatmeal, cream and brownish yellows. Although many of these colours/shades can be attractive, the aim was to achieve, if possible, a pure bright yellow.

...For hundreds of years the English sought to rid Ireland of these

'barbarous fashions' by bringing in many laws against them. The English hatred of all things Irish finally won when the Léine was slowly squeezed of its life in the early 1600's and replaced by English attire.'

And now a reminder of what life was like in the subsequent centuries for the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill:

Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Atá mo chóraid gan fuithin 's mo chuingir gan féar, gan fás,
Atá anshógh ar mo mhuirear, Is a n-uillinn gan éadach slán; Atá an tóir ar mo
mhullach, Go minic o Thighearna an stáit, Atá mo bhróga-sa briste, Is gan pinginn
dá bhfiacha im láimh.

My cattle are shelterless, My team, unfed, thrive ill, In misery my people dwell,
Their elbows through their clothes, A price is on my head At the landlord's will;
My shoes are tattered, And no wherewithal to make them good

At this point, someone in the mix starts saying, "You're living in the past."

Or something like that. How are they doing in West Papua right now? But let's suppose it is in the past, regardless of how many different ways the evidence shows otherwise.

Mary McCarthy has an answer for us:

Mary McCarthy

"To care for the quarrels of the past, to identify oneself passionately with a cause that became, politically speaking, a losing cause with the birth of the modern world, is to experience a kind of straining against reality, a rebellious nonconformity that, again, is rare in [the Colonies], where one is instructed in the virtues of the system they live under, as though history had achieved a happy ending in [Colonial] civics."

History did not achieve a happy ending anywhere, in the sense of a story with a happy ending. Some people are just doing better than others. Michael D. Higgins sums it up perfectly here. If we are going to have to a future, we have to change to systems.

"As a society and as individuals, we need to move on from the obsession with accumulating wealth and trinkets we can show off, and instead begin to create together the kind of genuine sense of community – both locally and globally – which might allow us to forge a safer, better, more egalitarian and more

sustainable future. That challenge is now. There is no time to waste.” — Michael D. Higgins, President of Ireland, 4 Iúil 2017, Hot Press

The Higgins family had a large role in establishing the police in India, along with the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Here is how an anti-colonialist Indian author explains the situation.

“Because the British keep India in subjection by the sword. Those who talk of winning India’s independence by peaceful means do not know the British, I am sure.....” — Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

Here is a recent study from Dr. Sindy Joyce, explaining the way the Indigenous Irish Travellers, or Mincéir, are treated by the Irish Settlers. Lets suggest certain people in India would not be surprised by it.

Paddy (late-teens) “...he was told he deserved the beating just because he is a [Mincéir], like that was the only reason, that’s pure evil, it’s a sin...” ...The young [Mincéir] described experiences of responding physically to being spat at, pushed or bumped into intentionally... Joyce, S. (2018) ‘Mincéirs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers’ experiences of racism in an Irish city’, available: <https://hdl.handle.net/10344/7535>

Louis Riel -most likely descended of Ó Reilly out of 1691 of Siege Limerick Brigades sold to the French. Louis Riel is sometimes called the Father of Manitoba. He was Métis, meaning mixed-race Red River Nation, who contain other Irish names as well as class crios belts “métis sashes” and a form of step dance among other related cultural traits to the Irish. Big John McNeill is one of their fiddle tunes, for instance.

“They tried to forget about us. Geographically isolated from each other and even further from wider society which let us know with every encounter just how uncomfortable our presence made the dominant culture.’ — Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us

Louis Riel was executed by John A. Macdonald for Britain after the Orange in Canada insisted on his execution, though according to Canadian sources Riel was an American citizen when killed by British Canada, also. Riel was a Catholic who had a dream of a mixed Aboriginal First Nations world. Before his death he wrote to THE IRISH

WORLD trying to explain what was going on in Red River Valley.

LOUIS RIEL'S LETTER TO THE "IRISH WORLD." AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

1886? ...the behavior of the English is not singular. Follow those pirates the world over and you will find that everywhere and at all times they adopt the same tactics and operate on the same thievish lines. Ireland, India, the Highlands of Scotland, Australia, and the isles of the Indian Ocean—all these countries are the sad evidences and their native populations are the witnesses of England's land robberies.

To understand that it isn't different in Ireland, we have to go to the six counties, where the wounds remain open, to really try to understand.

Ruaidri Ua Conchobair, Ireland: ethnic cleansing and racism by supremacist British Colonialists, 27 May 2017

"Today, as a deflection tactic, some British Unionists in the Northern Ireland colony statelet mockingly dismiss the native Irish nation's litany of legitimate 'ethnic cleansing' grievances and absurdly claim ownership of this victimhood issue[Nativism USA 1850s]. Ethnic cleansing of the native Irish nation by foreign British occurred over a period of centuries and was extensive, brutal, and had lasting consequences.

O'Connor Believes:

Though the British state long ago ended these evil practices, alas, varying degrees of similar tactics continued to be perpetrated by certain elected British Unionist/Colonialist politicians and British terrorist gangs...

However David "Packie" Hamilton of the UVF reports the Ulster Volunteer Forces were trained with live ammo and in bomb making at Long Kesh prison. So the British State is those terrorist gangs, your honour, the right wing thug element. This is from Packie Hamilton's book, he likes to smoke cigarettes with Bible Paper:

[Her Majesty's] Long Kesh was run as a training school for Terrorists! On parade we even wore our uniforms!

Each morning we all gathered in the exercise yard, and we had to do parade drill.

After breakfast we would have weapon training classes! Sounds incredible

but it's the truth; we even had bomb making lessons! All our teachers were experienced in these matters. I learned more from them inside about terrorism than I did outside.

A cause worth living for : the journey of David "Packie" Hamilton from terrorist to evangelist by UVF evangelist Hamilton, David, 1956-

Unfortunately, your honour, because although Packies book says " from terrorist to evangelist" Packies son Johnny Wee Wee Johnny Adair Hamilton continues to pass on his fathers terrorist dogwhistles in his own rap[e] music, Called 'IRISH DRILL' one of many among other DRILL rap(e) music. Derives from trap music meaning they keep women and children trapped?

David "Packie" Hamilton, The Solution, 86 Gang INK X Juntzu [David's son Johnny] also featuring machine guns, half naked women as props:

David "Packie" Hamilton

You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works.,

The song then describes what that solution looks like as Juntzu Hamilton threatens genocide:

JUNTZU

Cooked like a sunday dinner....You're not ready for the Pillage...burn your guinness, burn your bridges, and I'll burn your village, just bring up the [?] and I'll kill them, this is real ... you're all weirdos ... just give the the gat...I'll empty the building walk through like a hitman sent in to kill them..I'll end every man in sight..

86 Gang INK

Whipping out murder.. Ripping them burners...All ya gang there ...Mercedes Benzes, BMWs, 86 Gang, Keys and coke, dump him in the ocean, my gang there get the show in motion then it repeats..

Packie Hamilton

You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution

to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works.

I learned more from them inside [Her Majestys Long Kesh prison] about terrorism than I did outside.

That seems to be the solution the British and Orange Colonisers have settled on, and there is no way the British government didnt foster it.

"This is how social exclusion policies are supposed to be internalised, a near 24/7 hyper awareness broken by whatever inevitable acting out of the rage and injustice expression of the oppression felt by all but never given name." — Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us

So Ruaidri Ua Conchobair seems a bit innocent when he politely removes the gangs from the British State. The British State trained the UVF Terrorists in prison, similar to the school to prison pipeline mentioned above that Michelle Alexander is on about elsewhere.

Ruaidri Ua Conchobair, Ireland: ethnic cleansing and racism by supremacist British Colonialists, 27 May 2017

...Flash forward to the unfolding year of 2017, the old anti-Irish ethnic cleansing mentality of our supremacist British Colonialists still prevails.

Does attacking children with disabilities sound like the old anti-Irish ethnic cleansing mentality, your Bansheeness?

from irishnews.com By Connla Young, July 1 2024

Loyalists linked to 'heartless' sectarian attack on new home of nine year-old disabled boy in shared housing development in County Antrim, July 2024 Two properties were attacked in mixed estate in Antrim before families moved in

July 01, 2024 An Antrim woman has branded a loyalist gang that carried out a sectarian attack on the new home of her disabled nine-year-old great-grandson as "cowards" and "thugs".

Pauline O'Loan spoke out after two properties were targeted - including a specially built bungalow for disabled Jessy Clark - in what police have described as a sectarian-motivated hate crime.

Windows were smashed and paint bombs thrown at two properties at Reford Grove in Antrim at around 3am.... One of the properties was specially built for Jessy, who has a range of complex medical needs. Ms O'Loan told The Irish News on Sunday that the following day the PSNI contacted the child's mother by phone warning her not to move into the property "because they would be harmed".

She said the family was now living in fear.

There was controversy last week after it emerged that Union and 'Ulster' flags had been put at the new mixed development where the houses targeted at the weekend are located, and that kerb stones had been painted red, white and blue.

Sure does not sound like anything has been made better.

from THE REFORMATION. Written before 1652, by Samuel Butler. From his Posthumous Works.

...Men of souls so base and low,
Meer bigots of the nation ;
Whose designs are power and wealth,
At which by rapine, power, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye ;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.
Crimes are not punish' d 'cause they're crimes,
But cause they're low and little :
Mean men for mean faults in these times ...
While those in office and in power
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em ;
They sell for many a thousand crown

Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown,
'Cause those do judge who sold em.

... merciless Grendel struck again with more gruesome murders. Malignant
by nature, he never showed remorse.

Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

History may show that the six counties Aboriginal Catholics are proof, the partition was aimed at the 26 counties more than the six. It is much easier to deal with people who forgot something than with people who are not allowed to forget. Again this has to do with structural violence, which enters in after the savages are subdued and civilised, the socialisation referred to by Critical Race Theory and by Pope Francis here:

"Even in the developed world, the effects of unjust structures and actions are all too apparent. Our efforts must aim at restoring hope, righting wrongs, maintaining commitments, and thus promoting the well-being of individuals and of peoples." Pope Francis

Like the Aboriginal Catholics of the Six County NI Statelet, the Mincéir are at a different phase in the "civilising process", which we might also compare to the rural Aboriginal Catholics of Donegal, The "Forgotten County", and also to certain segments of ghettoed city displaced Aboriginal Irish culchies -which the Oral Tradition still distinguishes strongly from townies, with all due respect to the culchies stuck in ghettos.

Now concerning this matter, the Indigenous Mincéir cousins who also contain the names Gallagher and Ó Brien according to the Belfast Telegraph, were awarded a judgment in 2016 by the European Committee of Social Rights according to Dr. Sindy Joyce. Is the money that good, other members of the family?

...In 2016 "the European Committee of Social Rights in a first ever [Mincéir] Collective Complaint has found the Irish government to be in violation of Article 16 of the European Social Charter on five grounds... Joyce, S. (2018) 'Mincéirs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers' experiences of racism in an Irish city', available: <https://hdl.handle.net/10344/7535>

Since people have trouble understanding racism, Fannie LeFlore in her series, the Sociopathic Roots of Racism, tries to explain it in simple family dynamics:

If a parent shows a pattern of favoritism to one child while being unrelentingly harsh with the other – unloving, neglectful and even violent — the children will have different perceptions and experiences, and view life from contrasting perspectives. The child made to feel special may come to believe she is inherently “better than” her scorned sibling. She does not yet have maturity to question, assess and judge why the parent is unfair, unkind and unreasonable to extremes.

Lets return now to our poetic testimony by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726. Has anything changed, once we properly orient who the Aboriginal and Indigenous Irish who suffered all this are?

from Tír Do Doirteach (A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet of Miscreants) by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726 Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná clérigh! Tír le mioscais, noch d'itheadar faolchoin! Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach, traochta Fá smacht namhad is amhas is méirleach! A land without a meek church or clergy! A land which wolves have spitefully devoured! A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and mercenaries and robbers!

From THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA Aoghán Ó Rathaille as translated by Fr. Patrick Dineen and published in London in 1900. Bitter woe to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla, Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ; The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter Have their branches lopped off and their roots withered and decayed. Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle- mannered Erin, A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge ; Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every withered band, While every foreign churl shall have sucked thy breasts... ..We have lost the root-stock of Niall...

The Rootstock of Niall, is that not Conall Gulben, father of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonail? Ó Donnell, of Tír Chonail. It sounds almost like the Irish poets understood a lot more than history has generally shown, you know, if you are a madman like that, totally insane.

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES OF ERIN.

And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English. Of O'Rourke there is no mention — my sharp wounding ! Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin ; ...

...

...I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy, To banish this sorrow from them altogether — From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear — And to restore the Gaels to their estates. O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ; Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint, And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

“You can't cure trauma when violence is ongoing, so the primary effort must be working for peace. You can't negotiate a lasting peace without bringing women into the effort, but women can't become peacemakers without releasing the pain that keeps them from feeling their own strength.” — Leymah Gbowee, *Mighty Be Our Powers*

Argument 2:

Gallagher family origins

We turn now, Macha, to a point of contrast. In this argument we will show the standard bearers of the Cenel Conal tribes, the Gallaghers, in their Aboriginal Irish Catholic light, so we can begin to show what the Woman of the Piercing Wail, Nuala Ó Donnells case against the invaders is all about.

First we want to loosely define the territory we are discussing, Tír Chonaill.

Tír- Chonaill, i. e. the country of Conall. This was nearly co-extensive with the present county of Donegal. It derived its name from Conall Gulban, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.

Note in Lebor na gCert translation

As Gaeilge an focal na dúchas.ie:

Mar a Fuair Tír Chonaill A hAinm

Bhí rí in Éireinn abhfad ó shoin darb ainm Conall Gulban agus ba leis an tír seo uilig. Bí beirt mhac aige Conaill agus Eoghan. Bhí na mic seo iontach tugtha de chleasaidheacht. Bhíodh siad amuigh ag seilg agus gach cathamh aimsire eile Lá amhain da rabh siad amuigh ag cleasaidheacht dubhairt a n-athair leo cibé aca is fuide siad a chaitheadh an chloch gurb eisean a gheobahd an ceanntar seo a bhfuilimid ann. Chaith Eoghan an chloch ar tús agus thainig sí anuas ar Árd Aoibhinn- tá sí le feiceal annsin go fóil. Chaith Conall annsin agus chuir seisean a chloch san níos fuide siar - tá sí le

feiceal ar bhruach Locha lascaigh. Mar sin de bhain Conall an geall agus fuair sé an Chríoch seo agus sin an fath go bhfuil an tainim "Tír Chonaill" ar an Chondae seo agus Cineal Conall" ar an Scoil seo. Seo an Ceanntar in ar shocruigh "Cineal" no "muintir" Conaill ar tús. Le cruthú ar seo tá "Cruach Conallach" ar an taoibh thuaidh de Bearnus Mór agus "Cruach Eoghan ach" ar an taoibh theas de. Tógadh Conall Gulban suas in aice Beann Bulbán agus sin fáth go bhfuair sé an t ainim "Gulban".

Máire Ní Mháirtín a scríob síos, a dearbhrathair. Sean O'Mháirtín, Garbach,
18 bliadhna a d'innis. 18 Iúl, 1935
duchas.ie

So the Gallaghers represent an aboriginal Tribe roughly in what the English Term County Donegal, perhaps down to Ben Gulben in modern Sligo, still home to many Gallaghers. Gulben is a family name so Ben Bulben is particularly offensive by the British Ordinance Survey as a rename.

The Barnes Mór represents the divide between the two sons of Niall Noígíallach, one mountain for the Cenell Conall one for the Cenel hEogain. The original place names and names for bodies of water, all come from that group of families and their cousins.

These families as a whole are called the Uí Néill, though there have been centuries of disagreements from time to time. There are other families with related claims, but we are trying to distinguish the Aboriginal-related claims from the Conqueror claims. It is not as difficult to understand, once the Gaelic Ecclesiastical manuscripts are understood better.

We are speaking about the Gaelic Irish who received St. Patrick and Jesus. Unlike most contemporary interpretations, we don't contrast that with the so called Fairy Tales, or what we might call Banshee Lore or Folklore, because the folklore came from the Aboriginal Catholics. In short, Macha, the version written down of these Banshee Stories, inside the canonical histories and wonder tales of these related Aboriginal Irish people groups, seem to fit with the rest of the Gaelic literature as representative of Oral Tradition Law stories, primarily, not as Goddess Depictions as modern Paganists contend.

There are many ways to make this argument, your bansheeness, but let's stick to the matter at hand, the common genealogical account of Niall of the Nine Hostages. He didn't like how his mammy was treated. And even though she was an Irish Chieftain's Saxon wife number two Cumhal or slave woman, this half Saxon Chieftain of Ulster liberates his mammy before trying to Unite all the tribes.

wikipedia: Niall Noígíallach (Irish pronunciation: ['ni:əl noi'ɣi:ələx], Old Irish

"having nine hostages"),[1] or in English, Niall of the Nine Hostages, was an Irish chief, the ancestor of the Uí Néill dynasties that dominated the northern half of Ireland [Leath Cuinn] from the 6th to the 10th century...

...A legendary account of Niall's birth and early life is given in the possibly-11th century tale *Echtra mac nEchach Muimedóin* ("The adventure of the sons of Eochaid Mugmedón"). In it, Eochaid Mugmedón, the High chief of Ireland, has five sons, four, Brión, Ailill, Fiachrae and Fergus, by his first wife Mongfind, sister of the chief of Munster, Crimthann mac Fidaig, and a fifth, Niall, by his second wife Cairenn Chasdub, daughter of Sachell Balb, chief of the Saxons. While Cairenn is pregnant with Niall, the jealous Mongfind forces her to do heavy work, hoping to make her miscarry. She gives birth as she is drawing water, but out of fear of Mongfind, she leaves the child on the ground, exposed to the birds. The baby is rescued and brought up by a poet called Torna. When Niall grows up he returns to Tara and rescues his mother from her labour... ...There are various versions of how Niall gained his epithet Noígíallach.

The saga "The Death of Niall of the Nine Hostages" says that he received five hostages from the five provinces of Ireland (Ulster, Connacht, Leinster, Munster and Meath), and one each from Scotland, the Saxons, the Britons and the Franks...

So, just to make it known to the Banshee Court, the Norman Old English while not ruining the Gaelic Order entirely, certainly never achieved sovereignty in the Gaelic sense, except in some rare examples such as Gearóid Iarla Fitzgerald who could only be stopped, apparently, by the English inventing Modern Racism with the Statutes of Kilkenny 1367.

O Kelleher and Schoepperle give us some of this context in their edition of Manus Ó Donnells version of the Life of Colmcille by St. Eunan [Admnáin].

Betha Colaim chille, Compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532, Edited and translated A. O'Kelleher, G. Schoepperle, 1918.

The establishment of the vast possessions of the [Norman Old English Conquerors] Butlers, Geraldines, and Burkes, and the rise of some clans and

decline of others had greatly altered the physiognomy of Ireland from what it was at the time of the Norman Conquest, but in Ulster the country presented in the reign of Henry VIII much the same aspect as before Strongbow. The two great lords of the North were the O'Neill and the O'Donnell. Both were descended from the famous Niall of the Nine Hostages, who ruled all Ireland at the beginning of the fifth century.

"The O'Neills or Cenel-Owen traced their pedigree to Owen (Eoghan), and the O'Donnells or Kinel-Connell, to Conall Gulban, both sons of Niall. The O'Donnells held sway over Tirconnell, including the modern county of Donegal, and the territories of Inishowen, Kinel Moen, and Fermanagh...

This same book establishes quite firmly that St. Colmcille is also descended from Conall Gulban and Niall of the Nine Hostages, being one of the Fine Cenel Conall, himself.

We shall speak first of the noble lineage and blood of Columcille, son of Fedlimid son of Fergus Cennfada son of Conall Gulban son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. *Betha Colaímh Chille*, Compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532, Edited and translated A. O'Kelleher, G. Schoepperle, 1918.

So, the Ó Donnells and Ó Gallchóir families are definitely related to St. Colmcille or Columba, one of the three patron saints of Ireland, just as surely as they are related to you Macha nic Aodh Ruadh. It seems they have been trying to separate these different types of ancestors into separate cultures, Catholics and pagans, but they are the same culture. The values of that culture form one stream, not two streams. There is no point trying to explain that to people that don't want to hear it though.

Main Branches of Kinel Conaill

Wikipedia:

The *Cenél Luighdeach* (more commonly known as *Sil Lugdach*) descend from Lugaid mac Sétnai, the great-grandson of Conall Gulban. Their tribal territory extended from *Dobhar* (Gweedore) to the river *Suilidhe* (Swilly) in County Donegal. The O'Donnells and O'Dohertys who descend from this branch, were the two principal and most powerful septs of the Cenél Conaill. The most famous

descendant of the Cenél Conaill is Saint Columba, who founded the monastery at Derry, and is ... the grandson of Conall Gulban.

Cenél Luighdech

Ó Domhnaill, O'Donnell

Ó Dochartaigh, O'Doherty

Mac Meanman, MacMenamin

Mac Daibhéid, MacDevitt

Mac Giolla Bhríghde, MacBride

Mac Eachmharcaigh, MacCafferty

Ó Baoighill, O'Boyle

The *Cenél Aedha* ("kindred of Aed") are descended from Aedha mac Ainmirech, great-great grandson of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. His father, Ainmirech mac Sétnai was the brother of Lugaid mac Sétnai, founder of the Cenél Luighdech. The Cenél Aedha are said to have given their name to the barony of Tirhugh (*Tír Aedha*). Gallchobar was the principal descendant of Conall Gulban, allowing the Gallaghers to claim to be the most senior and prestigious branch of the entire Cenél Conaill.

Cenél Aedha

Ó Gallchobhair, O'Gallagher

Ó Canannain, Cannon

Ó Connalláin, O'Conlon

Ó Maeldoraidh, O'Muldorey

The *Cenél Eanna* or *Enda*, or "kindred of Enda", descend from Eanna, the sixth son of Conall Gulban. They are listed as chiefs of Magh Ith, Tír Eanna, and Fanad in present-day County Donegal, a territory around the southern tip of Inishowen.

Cenél Eanna

Ó Lapáin, O'Lappin

Ó hEicnechan, O'Heneghan

Ó Breasláin, O'Breslin

Another way to understand these family groups is that all of them are the Aboriginal Irish Catholics Tribes of Tír Chonaill. They are all cousins. Generally they are mostly also cousins with their oppressors families. Generally though the oppressors narrative gets to describe the family situation. Here, your Bansheeness, we are trying to correct the record on behalf of our client, the Woman of the Piercing Wail.

[adapted from www.gallagherclan.org]

"The [Gall-chóir] O'Gallaghers are the senior and most noble family of all the Kinel-Connell"... The O'Gallaghers...were belonging to the Cinéal Aínmhireach. According to folklore Aínmhire was the first from Cineal Conaill to become High Chief [Ard Rí] of Ireland, and his son Hugh (d. 598) was the second – he was the man who gave his name to Tir Hugh in the south of Donegal. ["O'Cleary Genealogies" (editor S. Pender). *Analocta Hibernica*, 18, (1951) p.2-3; AU; See Niall O'Donnell "Talra Thir Chonaill" (The Lands of Donegal...trans) in the Donegal Annual (1950) p.244-251.]

So, this is no minor family in Irish history. In the Celtic Christian era, just like their Cousin saints, they are working to establish a fair and just world. The manuscripts dont leave much room for thinking otherwise.

Here the family shows up in the famous Gaelic manuscript the Battle of Magh Rath.

A New Version of the Battle of Mag Rath Author: Carl Marstrander THE BATTLE OF MAG RATH THE feast of Tara is celebrated by Domnall son of Aed son of Aínmire, and these are the three feasts of Ireland: The feast of Emain, the feast of Tara and the feast of Cruachain.

Corpus of Electronic Texts Edition

The Gallagher clan website also places the family as high chief of Ireland when the Law of Innocents was ratified in St. Eunan's era. St. Eunan is still venerated in Tír Chonaill churches in spite of Irish saints being considered somewhat "irregular" by Roman Canonists.

From this line came three more High Chiefs – Loingseach (696 – 703), the son of Aongus, who fell that day at Dún Creamhanain and Congal Chinn Mhaghair (705 – 710), descendant of Donall himself, and Flaitheartach (728 – 734), son of the above Loingseach, the last of the High Chiefs from the Cineall Conaill line....

In 1022, the Four Masters tell us of the death of Maelcobha Ó'Gallagher, Abbot of Skreen of Eunan – an old church in the parish of Skreen, Co. Sligo today. 21 And this Skreen had a connection with the Kineal Conaill from the time of St. Colmcille and St. Eunan.

...It was the daughter of O'Gallagher who was the mother of the first Niall Garbh O'Donnell, Lord of Tir Conaill. (1342 – 48). www.gallagherclan.org

So, at key moments in the history of Tír Chonaill the Gallagher family has played major roles.

One major role of this sort at the time the Flight of the Earls, seems to be played by Bishop and Martyr-saint Réamonn Ó Gallchóir.

The Raphoe-born bishop, a confidant and counsellor to Red Hugh O'Donnell and 'The Great' Hugh O'Neill

The bishop famously harboured several Spaniards who had been shipwrecked with the Armada in 1588, a few years before the Nine Years' War erupted. Francisco de Cuéllar, a sea captain, who ran aground off Sligo, identified O'Gallagher as an 'honourable man' in his autobiographical, 'Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connacht and Ulster,' written in Antwerp, in 1589.

That calls to mind the poem about Brian O'Ruairc 1591 by T.D. Sullivan, your honour.

We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when

They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning men

We took them to our hearths and homes and bade them there remain

Till they might leave with hope to reach their native land again. This is the 'treason' you have charged!

Well, treason let it be,

One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.

I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,

Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done the same.

Your Banshee Judge Ladyship, we will now recount the tale of St. Réamonn Gallagher for the court, a sickening and twisted story, indeed.

Our Father Among the Saints Episcopal Martyr Naomh Réamonn Ó
Gallchóir Derry Journal

'They fell upon the Bishop and they mangled him with many a wound' - 420 years ago Bishop Réamonn O'Gallagher was murdered by Henry Docwra's men outside Derry

Four hundred and twenty years ago, as the Nine Years' War raged, Réamonn O'Gallagher, was murdered by English soldiers outside Derry. The Raphoe-born bishop, a confidant and counsellor to Red Hugh O'Donnell and 'The Great' Hugh O'Neill, was a notable scalp for Elizabeth I and her henchmen. His murder, on Ash Wednesday, 1601, deprived Gaelic society in the territories of Inis Eógain, Tír Chonail, Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, Cianacht and Tír Eoghain, of a temporal, as well as a spiritual, leader. Derry was left without a Catholic bishop for 119 years after his death. ... Lynch explains that everyone in the house fled apart from O'Gallagher who was too old and tried to hide among sheaves of corn. "The enemy having got up to the house, and having laid hold on a woman and boy, slaughtered them both, and went away. The people of the place then went into the house and asked was there anyone there still alive. The bishop from his hiding-place answered that he was still alive. "One of the army servants of the enemy, who was lurking close by, overhearing the voice, hurries off to his party with his utmost speed, urges them to come back, which they do without delay, fall upon the Bishop, thus taken by surprise, mangle him with many a wound and leave him lifeless." A harried figure the bishop was eventually run down by the English outside Derry on March 7, 1601. The Ó Cléirigh scribes who wrote the AFM in Donegal in the 1600s, record it thus: "Réamonn O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, was

killed by the English in Oireacht-Ui-Chathain." He was reputedly 80 years old.

Derry Journal then describes how they had a massacre at his funeral.

England's persecution of O'Gallagher persisted beyond his death on March 7, 1601. The Lord Deputy Mountjoy received correspondence from Derry about what Devlin believes may have been the desecration of O'Gallagher's Funeral Mass. "Lord Deputy Mountjoy wrote to Cecil at the end of March 1601 from Drogheda enclosing an extract from a letter that had just come from Derry with the news that the 'garrisons of Derry hath slain (at a Mass, as is said) the Prior of Derry and twenty of the principal priests of Ulster in a church'. The only possible explanation for such an assembly at such a time, surely, is that they had gathered to bury the leading churchman of the country, and that, aware of this, Bolles or some such had returned to ambush the funeral," Devlin muses. There followed a very dark period as the English colonial project was turbocharged in Ulster which had hitherto been one of the last major reboobts of Gaelic civilisation in Ireland. Little over a year later O'Donnell was buried in Valladolid, after either being poisoned by the English agent James Blake or succumbing to illness in Simancas castle. In 1603 the insurgency was over and by 1607 the leaders, including O'Neill left Rathmullan for Europe.

[from Derry Journal]

When we say the Aboriginal Irish Catholic stream and the so-called pagan stream are one stream this is even reflected in the memory around the stones, which have legal functions well into the era after St. Patrick.

The Crowns ok the chiefs of Ireland. Doon Rock, to the westward of Kilmacrenan, is said to have been the place where the ancient chiefs of the country were crowned. It may well have been such a place, standing isolated in a small plain ; while on top of it is a level surface with rude seats at one side, facing the south — the place being like what we may suppose was in old times a primitive forum. In this flat there is a large flag, having in it a rude squarish space. Under this flag all the crowns of the chiefs of the country are said to be buried ; but no one can get at them but the lawful

heir, as no one else will be able to cut away the cement that fastens the square or " door " in the flag, which leads to their hiding-place. Different

persons have tried ; but either their tools failed, or they were driven away by supernatural means. DONEGAL FOLK-LORE. By G. H. Kinahan. Folklore journal 1885.

And these same families we are representing are shown to be the families connected to the rocks according to the Oral Tradition of the area in 1885, same source:

Here, too, at a short distance from the town, on the rock of Doon, the O'Donnell's were inaugurated chieftains of Tirconnell... well informed author called Lynch... says "that when the investiture of the O'Donnell took place at Cil-mhac Crenain, he was attended by O'Ferghail, successor to Columb kille, and O'Gallachius, his marshal, and surrounded by all the estates of the country. The Abbot O'Ferghail put a pure white, straight, unknotted rod into his hand, and said, 'Receive, sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknot tiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption or tie of friend ship be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour, take the govern ment of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security.'"

DONEGAL FOLK-LORE. By G. H. Kinahan. Folklore journal 1885.

Apparently one of the jobs of the marshall or standard-bearer was keeping an eye on the place when the chief left for a while.

1602 O'Gallagher, i.e. Eoghan son of Sean was keeping safe Ballymote Castle for O'Donnell as long as he was in Munster. When Ruraí returned to him, he gave up the castle to him. ARE, vi, 2326 gallagher clanwebsite

This knowledge while common knowledge to some is merely written off by others. Lets sum the family up for the sake of our argument:

Wikipedia

The Ó Gallchobhair sept claims to be the most senior family of the Cenél Conaill as Gallchobar was descended from Conall Gulban. The sept's territory was spread across the areas within the modern baronies of Raphoe and Tirhugh in County Donegal...the sept's chiefs were marshals of the O'Donnell cavalry in the O'Donnell Lucht Tighe...

...In the Annals of the Four Masters, on 14 September 1607, mention by Tadhg Ó Cianáin is made of five Gallaghers named Cathaoir (mac Toimlin), Cathaoir (mac Airt), Toirleach Corrach, Tuathal and Aodh Og, who accompanied the O'Donnell 'Earls', as they fled Ireland. They stayed in Belgium and joined the O'Neill regiment in the Spanish Army of Flanders. The regiment fought against the Dutch during the Eighty Years' War. Aodh Ó Gallchobhair and his wife (mentor and nursemaid of O'Donnell sons) chose to travel with the O'Donnells to Rome

So Aodh Ó Gallchobhair along with Bishop Redmond is right in the heart of the politics also at the time, fleeing with the Earls. The introduction to the sermons in Irish Gaelic by Bishop James Gallagher, who lived in the following century, gives a well considered summation via Rev. Canon Ulick J Bourke in 1877:

Introduction to Sermons in Irish-Gaelic by the Most Reverend James Ó Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe by the Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRIA, president of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.

[A]....powerful element, at once of enterprise and hostility, was excited anew in the breast of every Briton, namely, love of [sordid] gain—love of acquiring new lands and increased territorial possessions, together with an ill-regulated desire for power, for plunder, and self-indulgence. Ireland, so long, secure from the attacks of the legions of Imperial Rome...now quite near to Britain, was no longer secure from aggression. This island was a territory in which at that time religious hate, love of land and uncontrolled power could be satisfied to the fullest extent by those who sought a field to exercise these favorite failings.

Under the influence of a hostile spirit, rendered delirious by religious mania, and insensible to every emotion that ennobles human nature, the Penal Laws, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Charles, Cromwell, and Anne, were enacted. In the same demonic spirit, as Mr. Froude shows (History of England vol.

c., p 509) were carried on the wars which devastated [Deas Mhumhain] and the principalities of Ó Neill and Ó Donnell, the territories of Ó Rourke, MacGuire, MacMahon, and Ó Dogherty.

The...Penal Laws uprooted and almost complete destroyed Catholicism in England ; it ruined, exiled or destroyed the Catholics of the Pale—the English settlement in [Occupied] Ireland [see 'The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves,' edited by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus—London, Burns, and Oates. 'Sufferings of the Irish Catholics', by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory]...

[After the Flight of the Earls] The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics. The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water.

As the early christians fled from Jerusalem to Pella before the armies of Vespasian and his son Titus, so the Catholics of Donegal fled from the towns and took refuge in the mountains and in the remote glenns of the hallowed country of Tyrconnell.

At the hands of an infuriate and bigoted soldiery, wild with lawless desire of plunder and lucre, and maddened with a religious fanaticism [protestant dominionist fundamentalist zeal, Ideology, Nativism], the Catholic Kelts of the North received no quarter and obtained no mercy ...

...The men who composed the Anglo-Irish Parliament at Dublin were animated with a kindred spirit. It is painful to present such a picture as this of the state of [Occupied] Ireland at the time but it is true.

If to see it, and contemplate its horrors is painful, it must have been, in its reality, one of intense horror to those who endured its galling weight of woe. Facts must be recorded no matter how painful must be their recital.'

We will end this argument with some wise words from Bishop James Gallaghers sermon:

Gaelic Sermons of Bp Gallagher, 1877. p 173

— He gives him up, so to speak—He allows him to harden in iniquities—he permits the passions to have their way, so, as St. Gregory remarks, “ the man is rolling from one iniquity to another ;—one sacrilege prepares the way for another ;” and at length the sinner falls into despair, which brings him at last to the lowest pit of hell.

This is evident from the final state of the traitor Judas. God had patience with all his other wickedness—his covetousness, his murmurs, and his fraudulence ; but as soon as he received the Body of Christ in an unworthy state, Christ forsook him immediately and left him to the wiles of Satan.

Argument 4:

Our Traditions at our Center

Macha, Banríon of the Uladh Mná Sí, today, having compared the contemporary state of affairs with the classical Gaelic culture of the Aboriginal Gaelic Catholics of Tír Chonaill, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we present now a sense of the unique traditions and viewpoints of these particular genocide victims, with all due respect and a moment of silence for all the other genocide victims.

Unofficial Healing in Ulster by ANTHONY D. BUCKLEY From Ulster Folklife 1980
vol 26 pp 15-34

All of the healers discussed regard health as something which cannot be paid for. All of the divine healers, and most of those who have the cure, though in different ways, regard their procedures as merely the instrument through which God heals the sick. It is widely felt that it is immoral to accept payments for practising divine healing or the cure.

Tradition has long been invoked in Irish political thought. Here, for example, is the Proclamation of 1916, where Aboriginal Nations like Tír Chonaill rose to try and unseat the occupying forces of their colonisers. We are of course, not representing republicanism in this matter but rather the Woman of the Piercing Wail in the matter.

Proclamation of 1916: "IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom
...

...We declare the right ... to be sovereign... The long usurpation of that right...has not extinguished that right...In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national...sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms...

gov.ie, Department of the Taoiseach, 2018

The dead generations are by and large the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Ireland being discussed along with their allies. The Old Tradition of Nationhood is also the Aboriginal

Irish Catholics discussed in this Banshee Court Legal Proceeding.

So it must be said, we are presenting thereby, the traditions of nationhood to which the Proclamation of 1916 calls our attention, though lets clarify it is imaginary so there is nothing to be concerned about.

Assessing the traditions of the past is like this wee poem here from the Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908.

"We shall tread the dust of ages,
Musing dream-like on the past,
Seeking on the broad earth's pages
For the shadows time hath cast ;
Waking up some ancient story,
From each prostrate shrine or hall,
Old traditions of a glory
Earth may never more recall."

John Montagues poem, A Lost Tradition also in some obscure way refers also to the traditions of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of places like Tír Chonaill

from A Lost Tradition By John Montague
All around, shards of a lost tradition...
The whole landscape a manuscript
We had lost the skill to read,
A part of our past disinherited; But fumbled,
Along the fingertips of instinct....
...The last [Irish] speaker in the parish ...

Brian Ó Friels play Translations picks up on the themes of this cultural loss, though in his Dreamtime, there is some way to decode the Aboriginal Irish Catholics. Sarah E. Wheaton in the Colby Quarterly presents Friels case.

BRIAN FRIEL'S "language of theater" has been said to address "deepening ironies and contradictions of our age". Clearly, ironies of language are evident in his play

Translations...

...

The British had long sought to prevent the Gaelicization of English settlers and to facilitate colonial rule of the "primitive" Irish by requiring use of English. In 1367 the Statutes of Kilkenney barred Gaelic speech from "the Pale" and courts of law. When in 1800 the empire officially subsumed Ireland into its "United Kingdom," as Dean identifies, the "long disputed colony" became "integral to the imperial power. and yet remained a problematic element within it. The inauguration of an Irish national school system in 1833, the year in which Translations is set, can therefore be seen to perpetuate a longstanding tradition of cultural suppression in Ireland.

Sarah E. Wheaton Colby Quarterly, Volume 37, no.3, September 2001, p.236-246

We will now turn our attention to gaining some understanding of the traditions. As a group, the traditions [oidhreacht] are seen by the Aboriginal Irish Catholics as part of a larger set called dúchas, which is like the sum of all traditions. For example, the British stole the Dúchas of the Aboriginal Australians.

teanglann.ie

dúchas: Hereditary right or claim; birthright, heritage; ancestral estate, patrimony, birthright, Native place or country, ancestral home; traditional connexion, Kindred affection, natural affinity. Heredity, innate quality, natural bent. Natural, wild, state; wildness, madness. Inherited, inherent, innate, native. Tá ceart dúchais agam air, I have a hereditary right to it.

This dúchas was replaced by Governments, The Market, the Churches, and banks. Everything that exists in Tír Chonaill today came by way of the usurpation or theft of the dúchas. In Gaelic, it is so obvious to Native Speakers, they don't often need to have a long conversation about it. To other Irish speakers, dúchas means practically nothing more than "trad". But as we will demonstrate, a lot was taken away.

Here the Ó Keeffe Tribe of Munster sums it all up:

The power of the chiefs was broken...and the clan lands were settled by foreigners. The old Gaelic customs and traditions which had been in use from 'time out of mind' had been pushed aside, and the persecution of the [Aboriginal

Irish Catholic] population was unremitting...

<http://okeeffeclans.com/okeeffefamilies.html>

Is this dúchas not also the Gaelic Tradition that St. James Connolly refers to in his book The ReConquest of Ireland:

The apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class, arising as it does upon the rupture with Gaelic tradition, will, of course, reject this conception, and saturated with foreignism themselves, they will continue to hurl the epithet of 'foreign ideas' against the militant Irish...." —James Connolly, 1915, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

So, even St. James Connolly sees that there is a difference between Gaelic Tradition and everything else. We want to establish that firmly your honour. There are Aboriginal Irish Catholic Gaelic Traditions, and there is everything else.

Gearóid Ó Cruaíaoich defines this Gaelic traditional mindset for the Monday Court :

...how the world and human existence have appeared meaningful to its adherents —the bearers and transmitters of Irish tradition—in narrative and in ritual."

Gearóid Ó Cruaíaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

Just to show how much the Cailleach plays into the Irish tradition, we will show you a small number of places named after her in Irish:

Oileán na gCailleach/Illannagalliagh

county: Dún na nGall/Donnegal [Tír Chonaill]

Baile na gCailleach/Collinstown

county: Westmeath

Baile na gCailleach

county: Wexford

Baile na gCailleach

county: Meath

Baile na gCailleach
county: Derry

Baile na gCailleach/Ballynagally
county: Limerick

Baile na gCailleach/Callystown
county: Louth

Baile na gCailleach/Calliaghstown
county: Dublin

Baile na gCailleach/Holycross
county: Limerick

Baile na gCailleach
county: Sligo

Baile na gCailleach/Mayfield
county: Kildare

Baile na gCailleach Uachtarach/Calliaghstown
county: South Dublin

Cailleach dhearg , Papaver rhoeas, "Poppy, common"

You will find a similar situation with the Cailleachs counterpart, An Bodach in the landscape. Just to remind the Monday Court that there is nothing unfair about bringing up these traditional Aboriginal Irish Catholic perspectives, because all the politicians have invited it in one way or another for instance:

At the launch of the 1916 Commemorations, Taoiseach Enda Kenny proclaimed that the programme of events would be 'measured and reflective' and would be 'informed by a full acknowledgement of the complexity of historical events and their leg_____acy, of the multiple readings of history, and of the multiple identities

and traditions which are part of the Irish historical experience’.

Claire McGettrick, co-founder of Justice for Magdalene Research, and the co-founder of the Adoption Rights Alliance, Spare a thought for those who suffered most for the sake of an idyllic image of Ireland, National Women's Council of Ireland blog, 5 Meitheamh 2016

On behalf of my Client the Woman of the Piercing Wail, I wish to emphasise that what happened during the course of the 1400 plus year Wholistic Genocide on the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill, the full extent has never been allowed to be aired as a grievance. Many politicians have used it to drum up their own kind of support.

Gaelic Traditions form the basis of Gaelic Brehon law as well.

[Gaelic] judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decision. It is important to realise that Irish ... scholars considered their own language and traditions to have [at least] an equal ... status with those of ancient Greece and Rome.. '

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century

Maurice Lenihan defines this law system for us:

Brehon Law Early Gaelic Law. Civil rather than criminal. Concerned with the payment of compensation for harm done and the regulation of property, inheritance, contracts. Guided by an oral tradition. Druids and judges.

Limerick, its history and antiquities,, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin.

In Gaelic, Brehon Law [Judge Law] is called Féineachas, the law of our selves.

FÉNECHAS: The traditional customs and regulations of the Féni taken as a whole, including the body of the ancient law and somet. the ` bér-la Féne ' ; `native customary law ' , traditional justice, fair dealing. Dil.ie

In some families, this law is also remembered as batareachta shillelagh law:

'But while the shillelagh was practically a pejorative projected upon the brutish Irish by their English neighbors, inside the country, the shillelagh symbolized their ancient warrior traditions, something that the Irish were proud of retaining in their modern lives. In fact, the shillelagh was emblematic of the toughness of

Irish, and evolved, as a symbol, into the formation of what would be known as "Shillelagh Law," an ... representation of Irish patriotism and strength. Shillelagh Law was a code of conduct that revealed the Irish system of morality and ethics, steeped in a love for fighting tradition, but not necessarily, as the English would have put it, a love of violence for the sake of violence.

Real Irish Fighting: A History of Shillelagh Law and Hob-Nailed Boot Stomping
Irish stick-fighting was not only an ancient martial tradition; it became a symbol for Irish culture. L.A. Jennings Oct 13 2016 Vice Sports

What no one seems to understand, your highness, is that all the Gaelic Traditions are the law, the culture and law form one whole family system. In English systems, everything is for sale. In the Féineachas, almost nothing is for sale, if anything at all, and certainly not people, not after St. Eunan at least.

The Gaelic Poetic traditions make it real clear who the offenders are in every story, even when they are relatives, not even our story characters are above the Law of God. So now that we have considered what tradition means to Aboriginal Irish Catholics. Lets see what some of those traditions reveal.

First, the Oral Tradition is quite clear that Ireland was full of trees, tree foods, and wildlife. One Example:

Local traditions often boldly declare that their districts were once so well wooded that the graceful little habitant of groves, the cat cruinn, or martin, could leap from bough to bough for many a mile....

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 WOODS AND FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F. HORE, ESQ

A second example:

There is a local tradition that at that time you could walk on the tops of trees from the site of St. Fanachan's Well to Kilbehenny, and though this may involve a certain flight of fancy, it is, probably, not an exaggerated statement.

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The White Knight. By REV. CANON COURTENAY MOORE, M.A., Mitchelstown. Council Member.

The Gaelic proverbs form the heart of the traditions, since they would have been used in all parts of life. This description from 1882 seems to say it well:

In ...Gaelic proverbs, there is plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution, in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peaceableness, love of kindred, patience...providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning...or any other form of vice or meanness. Alexander Nicolson, 1882

Beatha teanga í a labhairt.

So lets consider what the legal tradition along with these other examples as well as we did previously as a foundation for them:

Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and the Brehon Law

...a native legal system was in place for centuries in Ireland, which differed in almost every way from the common law. This is known as Brehon Law, from the Old Irish word brithemain, meaning 'judge' or 'jurist'. This system was implemented throughout the island of Ireland, from Celtic times...

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century
Ghadraigh Mac Aodhagáin ... 'as a good chief-judge is bound to expound the statements of each party, correct false information, and maintain justice in its rightful place...'

Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the young law student: The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud— for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks. — Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

The legislative branch of the Gaelic Law seems to have been called a Dáil, though the modern Irish government also uses the term for its Home Rule Parliament. A dáil is basically the local married older men sorting out the issues of the day. When paired with a weekly dance, and conversations at home with their wives, it isn't so difficult to see how that would be enough to run a Nation under most circumstances, like board meetings do now, one might suppose:

"The personalities of the 'village' participated variously, different groups met more or less regularly at specific houses... [buachaillíní] know the 'Dáil' [defined here] as the [séan] [fir]'s house; they -stay away-. One of the [buachaill] in Rynamona put the matter most clearly, when he described the [séan] [fir]'s gathering from its members' point of view: 'It wouldn't suit [for the young men to participate], he said. They gather at Jack Roche's and they laugh and joke and play cards; they talk about the next -gamble- and the next -dance-, and that is all they know. It is a lot of codology. It is only the old men, the men with families and a responsibility on them, they are the ones that [participate]. And in our own way we learn a great deal. 'If you advance any argument you must be prepared to defend it from all attack, and John Roche, the public prosecutor, will ask you questions till he is sure it is right or wrong. Then some evenings we have real discussions in which we settle problems. Other times we discuss farming. It wouldn't [be appropriate] for the young men to [participate], but when we get old and they get married, then they will gather just as we do and -talk about this and that-. That is the way it has always been and that is the way it always will be. There is never any bad blood between any of the village, and one reason is because we talk things over.' Arensberg, Conrad, *The Irish Countryman: An Anthropological Study*, The Natural History Press, Garden City, NY, 1937. American Museum Science Books Edition, 1968

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach.

Three tribal vetos, full stop!: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal.

You can only deny the truth for a while

The head of the legal profession is the Ollamh of Law.

'We are told the ideal ollamh or master of the legal profession should be expert in every art,⁴ that is in all branches of vernacular Irish learning: customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history (including genealogy)... The [Gaels use] two words interchangeably for these arts or professions: dán which meant primarily a talent, a gift from God, and cerd which meant rather a craft, an acquired skill, used particularly of ornamental metal-workers, but also of poets ... We should ask ourselves then, why it [is] so important for Irish lawyers to be expert in every art, and especially in poetry? — Katherine Simms, *The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland*

As you can see, the Legal Precedents like Lú reinforce the social values required of a heroic culture to produce Ollamhs. Note how Lú sounds exactly the same as a wise Ollamh as described by Katherine Simms above:

Lúgh's distinctiveness, however, is that he is master of all crafts: he is the Samildánach, the "Many Gifted One". ...and becomes the ideal defender of the Tribe against the chaotic powers of the Land.

-Alexei Kondratiev *Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord*

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh explains this concept even better. Lú is like a nurturing grandfather not like an angry bossman.

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. Lug is the paragon of [leadership]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture.

As cited in [Chieftdom] in *Early Irish Literature* Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: chief and warrior, god and man, in *Studia Celtica* XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44

This cultural value of wisdom in leadership, is summed up in practical terms by this Gaelic proverb:

An té nach bhfuil láidir ní folair dó a bheith glic. Whoever doesn't have might/resources must be clever.

So the traditional Gaelic

...the Old Irish law tracts cite the opinion of ancient judges on past disputes. However the disputes in question are almost always taken from mythology rather than recent history, and the judges named are mythological personages, such as Brg Ambue, or Brg the propertyless, the female expert of the men of Ireland in wisdom and prudence.

Another very important mythical judge was Morann of the Magic Collar, whose collar was used as a lie-detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the ... cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas...

Katherine Simms' The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

Since Ms. Simms mentioned Morann, lets show an example of the legal precedent of Morann called Audacht Morainn. So that Ms. Simms point is not missed:

translated by Fergus Kelly: "Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging."7 — Audacht Morainn, written down in 700s

So, when we add up all these perspectives only then can we begin to understand what the Aboriginal Irish Catholic traditions are about:

"Both the wren [Dreoilín] and the raven [Morrígú] have ties to Lúgh, the leader of the Danann side; and he here fulfills his usual role by restoring the rightful ruler and pairing him off with the woman who is the fertility of the Land.

The wren serves to remind us of an aspect of Lúgh that is too often eclipsed by

his heroic appearance in so many of the Irish literary tales: that he is lú, "little" [beag], easily dismissed before his powers have been revealed. The wren, too, despite his tiny size, is a "chief", the chief of all birds: in a folktale known throughout Eurasia (including the Celtic lands) he gains that title through [cleverness], stowing away on the eagle's back during a contest of which bird can fly the highest, and then flying up when the eagle has exhausted himself and can go no higher.

-Alexei Kondratiev Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord

Trí gráda coillte túath inna ngói: góí rí, góí shenchada, góí bretheman.

Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a leader, of a historian, of a judge.

Tréde conaittig fírinne: mess, tomus, cubus.

Trí rud a éilíonn cóir: breithiúnas, tomhais, consias.

Three things which justice demands: judgment, measure, conscience

Corrghuineacht Lugha

Ár a thraí cath co-mhart ann.

Isin cath iar ngall ro bhris comhlonna for sléacht slúagh.

Silster ria slúaghaibh

Síabraí, íath fir fomnaí, cuifí ciathaí, fir gan rogain.

Léantar gala.

Fordám aisid, fordám cloisid, forandíchráighid. fir duibh.

Béic finn nointam!

Fó Fó Fé Fé

Clé a m'áinsí!

Noífit mann iar néalscoth trí a treanncheardtaibh druag

Ním' chreadhbhadh catha fri críocha

Nísitmeata m'itge for neamairches for lúachair loisces. mart alt shuides, mart orainn trogais.

An comair sídh fri gach nae go comair

Ogma sáchu go comair neamh agus talamh agus muir go comair grian agus gealach agus réaltaí. Dreim niadh mo dhream-se dóoibh

Mo slúagh-sa slúagh mór muireach mochtsáileach bruite neartóireach ro gheanaius
agus tocraí atá for róe cath.
Co-mhart a thraí. ár a thraí.

Cé gur beag díol dreoilín caithfidh sé a sholáthar.
Little as a wren needs, it must gather it

Argument 5: Being Colonised

Your Honourliness, we continue our argument by discussing the state of being colonised that the Lakota and the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill are experiencing, like so many others around the world.

The Dublin Rhymer Costello brings our attention to what is being dismissed:

Throughout our history
there's horrors that the tyrants inflicted,
But the books will never detail Ireland's description,

See things from the angle I'm exploring,
Here since the 1169 invasion of the Anglo-Normans,

We bore witness to the declaration of their evil,
Seen through the cruelty and degradation of our people,

Suffered all the way through to the Age of the Tudors,
Our homeland enslaved to the claim of the rulers...

Costello, Page of History

Our Miqmaq cousin from the Tribes of Leinster, Willie Dunn, gives a similar account from his historical Ballad of Crowfoot regarding these other cousins:

See the settlers in more numbers
He takes whatever he encounters

You've seen the Sioux all battered, beaten
They're all in rags, they haven't eaten

The Nez Perce were much the same
It seems like such a heartless game

And it's eighteen hundred seventysix

And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Dunn

What ties those two phenomena together seems to be a man called Thomas Francis Meagher, the first Colonial Governor of Montana, known also for leading blue coat Irish Brigades in a colonial war on foreign soil, and for giving the Irish their modern tri-colour flag.

The Ireland Irish embrace their tricolour flag introduced mid-potato-genocide 1848 by a later US Civil War Brigadier General named Thomas Francis Meagher, enamored of colonizing France, who would go on to help colonize the Siksikaitsitapi, Assiniboine, Tsétsêhéstâhese, Só'taeo'o, Apsáalooke, A'aninin, Ktunaxa, Séliš, Očhéthi Šakówinj, Newe, Ojibwe, and Nêhinaw nations as Governor of the Montana Territory.

Meagher himself was the son of wealthy merchant who had returned to Ireland after making his money colonising in the Maritimes against Willie Dunns cousins the Beothuk and Miqmaq Algonquins.

Stephen Maher: Not genocide? Ask the Beothuks

The Iroquois Confederacy had a centuries-old constitution that was more democratic and egalitarian than the system of government under which Cartier lived.

After Conrad Black wrote in these pages last week that "even the First Nations should be grateful that the Europeans came here," aboriginal people across Canada angrily denounced him for rejecting the idea that they were the victims of attempted cultural genocide ('Shameful, but not genocide,' June 6).

However, there was a notable exception. No Beothuks complained. That's because Shanawdithit, the last of the Beothuks, died of tuberculosis in Botwood, N.L., on June 6, 1829.

She was likely not grateful to the Europeans. They drove her people away from

the coast, into the forests and barrens, where the ones who did not starve to death were hunted like animals...

...But when we think of pre-Columbian Canada, we don't think of farming societies. We think of the "noble savage" living on fish and game in the virgin forest: terra nullius.

We ought to have known better all along, though, and should reflect on why the dominant image is a false one. On Oct. 3, 1535, when French explorer Jacques Cartier first arrived in what is now Montreal, he walked up from the narrows, likely to the foothills where McGill now stands, through corn fields.

"It was fine land with large fields covered with the corn of that country, which resembles Brazil millet, and is about as large or larger than a pea," Cartier wrote in a report to King Francis I.

"They live on this as we do on wheat. And in the middle of these fields is situated and stands the village of Hochelaga, near and adjacent to a mountain, the slopes of which are fertile and are cultivated, and from the top of which one can see a long distance.

We named this mountain Mount Royal. The village is circular and is completely enclosed by a wooden palisade in three tiers like a pyramid."

Cartier was describing a typical eastern Canadian First Nations community: corn fields surrounding a log palisade, with 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants living in 50 to 150 communal longhouses. The Iroquoian cultures of the St. Lawrence River and eastern Great Lakes — including the big Iroquois and Huron confederacies — were densely populated farming communities, with orchards and fields of corn, beans, squash and tobacco.

They did hunt, but they did so in an organized way, driving game into pens. The Iroquois Confederacy had a centuries-old constitution that was more democratic and egalitarian than the system of government under which Cartier lived. It inspired the authors of the American constitution and influenced the thinking of

Karl Marx....

Stephen Maher, 11 Meitheamh 2015, National Post

Sir Humphrey Gilbert

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was Sir Walter Raleigh's half brother...

Gilbert was accused of genocide for his role in the English persecution of the Irish in Munster during the Desmond Rebellions. He placed the severed heads of his victims on each side of a path leading to the entrance to his tent, claiming that it brought "great terror to the people when they saw the heads of their dead fathers, brothers, children, kinsfolk, and friends..." walking to meet him. He was knighted for his role in Ireland ...

In 1578, Gilbert received royal approval to start a colony in [Boethuk Land]. After an abortive first trip he eventually reached Newfoundland in 1583, claiming St John's for England and securing his patent on August 5 that same year. He proceeded to tax the fisherman from several countries who worked this popular area near the Grand Banks ...

Educated at Eton and at Oxford, Humphrey Gilbert also spent time in the household of Princess Elizabeth, who later became Queen Elizabeth ...

Gilbert also served in Munster, Ireland, where in 1570 he was knighted by the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney...

In 1578, at the age of 40, he received Letters Patent authorizing the planting of an English colony in America. He assembled a large fleet which sailed from Dartmouth on September 26, 1578; however, storms forced the ships to seek refuge in Plymouth until November 19. Although this attempt failed, it got his brothers Walter and Carew Raleigh involved in American Exploration. ..

<http://www.carolana.com/Carolina/Explorers/sirhumphreygilbert.html>

Nic Meloney, Wolastoqew video journalist raised on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia/Mi'kma'ki CBC.com

"Back when Cornwallis made the scalp proclamation, a scalp was worth 35 pounds sterling," she said. "A friend of mine did the math with inflation and it would be worth almost \$13,000 Cdn today."

The scalp of Edward Cornwallis' to be sold online by Mi'kmaq group...

There seem to be many unanswered questions about these connections.

These types of questions will require Ethical Remembering in the terminology Uachtarán Michael D. Higgins:

Michael D. Higgins, president of Ireland

This journey of ethical remembering [allows] us to examine the nature of commemoration itself and how it might unburden us of history's capacity to create obstacles to a better, shared future. It has entailed uncomfortable interrogations of the events and forces that shaped the Ireland of a century ago and the country we know today. Class, gender, religion, democracy, language, culture and violence all played important roles, and all were intertwined with British imperialist rule in Ireland.

....As I reflect on the topic, I am struck by a disinclination in both academic and journalistic accounts to critique empire and imperialism... has a significance far beyond British/Irish relations.

..At its core, imperialism involves the making of a number of claims that are invoked to justify its assumptions and practices – including its inherent violence. One of those claims is the assumption of superiority of culture and it is always present in the imperialising project. Forcing an acceptance on those subjugated of the inferiority of their culture as a dominated Other is the reverse side of the coin. Injustices perpetrated in the name of imperialism, and in resistance to it, often had a brutalising effect, leaving a bitter residue of pain and resentment, sometimes passed down through generations and left available to those willing to reignite inherited grievances...

...From the perspective of the British imperialist mind...attitudes to the Irish for example, were never, and could never be, about a people who were equal, had a different culture, or could be trusted in a civilised discourse of equals. From the perspective of the Irish, who had their own ancient language, social and legal systems and a rich monastic contribution to the world, this view had to be resisted.

<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-presentbritain-history>

This Brutalising Effect endemic for many centuries in Ireland. So, lets look now to the attitudes that went with it in the first place. We certainly cant record all of them, but some real indicative examples have emerged over the years.

Here is a somewhat sympathetic voice from 1839, explaining the plight of 1839 Ireland, so we can set our expectations before reading the English sources.

In all countries, more or less, paupers may be discovered; but an entire nation of paupers is what was never seen until it was shown in Ireland. To explain the social condition of such a country, it would be only necessary to recount its miseries and its sufferings; the history of the poor is the history of Ireland.

Gustave de Beaumont, French visitor, 1839

This Arthur Chichester was English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland:

I have often said, and written, it is [Forced Starvation] which must consume [the Irish]; our swords and other endeavours work not that speedy effect which is expected for their overthrow.

English Viceroy Arthur Chichester writing to Elizabeth I's chief advisor, November 1601

Fury as British TV station commissions family sitcom based on [An Gorta Mór]
Jilly Beattie Irish Mirror 2 Eanáir 2015

Margaret Welling from New Windsor, New York, wrote: "I do not think that any form of genocide is a topic of a comedy show. Especially done by a country that ordered the genocide! Are you nuts? Really???"

GENERAL JEFFERY AMHERST PONDERES THE BEST GENOCIDE METHODS TO USE
Mi'kmaq Elder, Dr. Daniel N. Paul, C.M. , O.N.S.

In July 1763, two years after the "Burying of the Hatchet Ceremony," General Jeffery Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief of all British forces in North America asked this question in a memo he wrote to Colonel Henry Bouquet, a Huguenot in the service of England: "Could it not be contrived to send the Smallpox among

the disaffected Tribes of Indians?"

Bouquet replied: "I will try to inoculate the [the word is illegible but probably says "Indians" with some blankets that may fall into their hands, and take care not to get the disease myself."

Amherst answered: "You will do well to try to inoculate the Indians by means of blankets." ...

As a Saxon, [Irony] I abhor all dynasties, monarchies and bayonet governments [/irony], but this latter seems to be the only one suitable for the Celtic man. Robert Knox, anatomist, describing his views on the "Celtic character", 1850

Ireland is like a half-starved rat that crosses the path of an elephant. What must the elephant do? Squelch it - by heavens - squelch it. Thomas Carlyle, British essayist, 1840s

Wednesday August 23, 2017 CBC Radio

Ontario teacher explains why Sir John A. Macdonald's name should be stripped from public schools Felipe Pareja wants the name of Canada's first prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, removed from all public schools in Ontario. Now, the teacher and member of The Elementary Teachers' Federation of Ontario (ETFO), is one step closer to seeing that happen.

At a meeting last week, the ETFO approved a motion introduced by Pareja calling on school boards across the province to consider stripping the name of the man considered the father of Confederation from public schools and buildings. The motion describes Macdonald "as the architect of genocide against Indigenous Peoples."

Pareja says that although he is willing to acknowledge Macdonald's role in creating Canada, the first prime minister, "presided over and directed some pretty awful things to happen to Indigenous people of this land. Mainly the creation of the Indian residential school system."

...Really, it's a conversation, Jim, that's being had across the country. In this age, in these times of truth and reconciliation, this is part of a broader conversation about what kinds of things we can do as a society to truly reconcile ourselves as settlers to this land with our Indigenous peoples...

With the Indigenous peoples of Turtle Island. And so as a federation, as an elementary teacher's federation, as the federation of Ontario, we've made the decision, we've passed a resolution at our annual meeting last week to urge school boards to consider changing the names of school buildings or other buildings possibly that are named after John A. Macdonald in recognition of his central role as the architect of really what was genocide of Indigenous peoples on Turtle Island.

Giraldus Cambrensis shows that the Aboriginal Irish Catholics around the Norman Invasion were hated specifically for not abusing Nature, among other terrible traits:

"[The Aboriginal Irish Catholics] use their fields mostly for pasture. Little is cultivated and even less is sown. The problem here is not the quality of the soil... different types of minerals with which hidden veins of the earth are full are neither mined nor exploited in any way. They do not devote themselves to the manufacture of flax or wool, nor to the practice of any mechanical or mercantile act. Cambro-Norman Propagandist Gerald of Wales, Topography of [Occupied] Ireland, circa 1188. He is related to FitzGerald, FitzMaurice, De Barry and Keating, 8 Giraldus Cambrensis publishes Topographia Hibernica Giraldus Cambrensis.

Malachy takes over in Armagh before the Norman Invasion 1169, but is squarely on their Norman side. This seems to be pertaining to the O Briens who stole Munster and sacked Ailleach gave away the Celtic Church to Norman Rome in 1101. The Normans took Rome in 1084, England in 1066. 1124 Remember that Scotland was lost to the Normans, David I, discussed in our arguments below.

1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Roman Catholic bishop of Armagh to the formation of the modern Irish branch of Rome,

DUBLIN, WILLIAM CURRY, 1846 pp 463- " About the thirtieth year of his age, Malachy having been consecrated bishop, is introduced to Connor, for this was the name of the town. But as soon as he had commenced acting in his new office,

then it was that this man of God knew that it was not men, but beasts, he had to deal with. No where yet had he met with the like in the most savage place ; no where had he found people so profligate in their morals, so ungodly in their faith, barbarous as to their laws, stiffnecked against discipline, filthy in their lives...according to St. Bernard's account, he found " all" his flock to be " wolves, and no sheep among them," he did not despair, but set himself to work and use every possible endeavour to turn the wolves into sheep.... ...in Bernard's way of describing matters, is thus related :— Malachy introduces Roman, customs at Connor.

"The barbarian [Aboriginal Irish Catholic] laws are abolished, those of [Feudal Neither Holy nor Roman] Rome are introduced; the customs of the [Roman] Church are adopted every where, and the opposite rejected ; the temples are rebuilt and the [Roman] clergy ordained in them...

We hope the inclusion of the sacred texts of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Saints of Tír Chonaill in these arguments will demonstrate that the historical smears are simply propaganda and character assassination based on nothing except the 1054 Great Schism in the Church. Rome does not commemorate the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Saints of Tír Chonaill, but Constantinople and Moscow and Serbia have no trouble commemorating these saints and have published many works concerning them, particularly the Greeks or Constantinople.

"We get wise by asking questions, and even if these are not answered we get wise, for a well-packed question carries its answer on its back as a snail carries its shell." — James Stephens, Irish Fairy Tales

So now that we have called to attention some historical Hibernophobic smears, Hibernophobia means racism toward the Aboriginal Irish Catholics, lets look at a contemporary dogwhistle which when paired with other statements by Australian Tony Abbott, who once considered being an Anglican priest, constitute a transcolonial racism that has not been thoroughly assessed.

First: this proves that Tony Abbott hates the Aboriginal Irish people, a long standing Australian British point of view. The Monday Court can deny this claim, but the Irish know it is true, your Honour:

PM Tony Abbott calls OL Bill Shorten the "Irish political philosopher"...always the low road. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6vWSTvkbjh8>

This shows Abbott hates Aboriginal First Nations.

Tom McCarthy in New York The Guardian Wed 29 Apr 2015 Tony Abbott's Indigenous 'lifestyle choices' remark smacks of racism, says UN rapporteur

Up to 150 remote Indigenous communities in Western Australia are threatened with closure after an announcement last November that federal funding for them would be allowed to lapse. "What we can't do is endlessly subsidise lifestyle choices," Abbott said in March in support of the decision, "if those lifestyle choices are not conducive to the kind of full participation in Australian society that everyone should have."

This shows Abbott hates the planet, and the God who Created her.

Helena Horton Environment reporter The Guardian Wed 8 Feb 2023 UK urged to sack Tony Abbott as trade adviser for joining climate sceptic group

Abbott is of course most famous for Julia Girards just response to his Tory sexism. One of the most famous videos of all time on the Feminist Internet, Your Banshee Queenity, Ní sia gob an ghé na gob an ghandail.

So, since all these Tory fellows are aiming in some way to make it all great again, let us remind the Monday Court what the Great Before time was like for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics:

Society of United Irishmen member Myles Byrne described pitchcapping in his memoirs: "Flogging, half hanging, picketing, were mild tortures in comparison of the pitch caps that were applied to the heads of those who happened to wear their hair short, called croppies; the head being completely singed, a cap made of strong linen well imbued with boiling pitch was so closely put on that it could not be taken off without bringing off a part of the skin and flesh from the head : in many instances the tortured victim had one of his ears cut off ..." wikipedia

May we remind the Monday Court that calling Irish Croppies and Croppy Boys extended

to the New York City Orange riot of 1871, thanks to Eóghan Ó Baoighill Ó Rathaille in his reporting.

The Orange riots of 1870 and 1871 New York City killed nearly 70 people, and were fought out between [Anglo-]Irish Protestant [colonizers] and [Gaelic] Catholic immigrants[exiles] ...the matter of the Orange riots in New York [1870]...On the 12 of July, the Orangemen of that city ... paraded the streets with insulting flags and music, to which they added, on entering the Irish quarter, delicate shouts of, 'To hell with the Pope', 'Croppies lie down,' etc.... In the Pilot of July 23, John Boyle Ó Reilly wrote: 'On the 12h of July the 'American Protestant Association',--in other words, the Orange Lodges of New York [New Amsterdam]...paraded to the number of 3000...This resulted in a general banding of the laborers...who set upon the Orangemen with sticks and stones, which were answered by ...pistol bullets..... Life, Poems and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly, by James Jeffrey Roche, Introduction by James Cardinal Gibbon, Archbishop of Baltimore, MD.Cassell, NY, 1891

The Orange riots of 1870 and 1871 killed nearly 70 people [mostly Catholics and reportedly 3 Police officers], and were fought out between [Anglo-]Irish Protestant and [Gaelic] Catholic immigrants[exiles]. After this the activities of the Orange Order were banned for a time, the Order dissolved, and most members joined Masonic lodges. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orange_Order

1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F., beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone
Thaddus O'Boyle, guardian of Donegal, slain, April 13, by soldiers. 1590:
fr. Gerald Fitzgerald, O.P. - priest in Killmallock, hanged in 1648
Cormac MacEgan, O.P. - laybrother, hanged in 1642
fr. John Collins, O.P. – priest in Limerick, hanged in 1614
fr. David Roche, O.P. - Prior of Glentworth, deported to Barbados and died in 1653

CORK HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Concobair τὰὐτὶς ἢ ἄ τ-εαρροῖς Βαοῖαλαῖ,
Φο σποῖαὐ ἄ' ε-εριοῖς ἢ ε-ενοῖαν ἡα ε-εαορῶς;
Ceann U) Choncobairi a)ri an rpeice
Τρανσπλαντ τρανσπορτ 30 Jamaica.

Who would not mourn the soul of generosity,
Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite,
Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan
Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill (Fair hill).
Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

Father Peter O'Higgins OP, Prior of the Dominican monastery of Naas, hanged under orders from Sir Charles Coote, despite O'Higgins' welldocumented efforts to protect local Protestant civilians from sectarian violence during the English Parliamentary rebellion of 1641, at Dublin on 23 March 1642. Wikip
1579 The martyrdom of the holy Bishop of Mayo, Patrick Hely, and his companion, Father O'Rourke...both martyrs were of the Franciscan order. They were hanged upon a tree, and their bodies remained suspended for fourteen days, to be used as targets by the soldiery.

If the Monday Court wanted to understand the mindset of the time, the Plantation of Leinster seems to hold the secret. Vincent P. Carey in Irish Historical Studies Beltaine 1999:

...[It] was not until 1563 that a comprehensive settlement of [Laois and Offaly] took place. ...all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system or to maintain

Gaelic military men... ..the majority of the English grantees were in fact the very soldiers who had been serving in the area, and who had already acquired a reputation for brutality and greed amongst the native population. This brutality and greed was officially sanctioned, as Lord Deputy Sussex increasingly resorted to the use of martial law. This form of régime was cost-effective because the commissioners were licensed to collect the profits of their work.

Commissions of martial law 'legally' entitled the bearer to a third of the moveable goods and possessions of the dead 'traitors.' According to David Edwards¹¹, "this acted as an incentive to slaughter: the more 'suspected traitors' the commissioners killed, the more traitors' goods they and their followers received... John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

Here is the Dominican Order describing the situation less than one hundred years after that:

THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory
Tallaght

There is hardly any need to remind the Irish people of the campaign of the redoubtable Oliver. A religious zealot, a scourge from God like Attila of old, he stalked the land with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. His deeds of bloodshed at Drogheda and Wexford have passed into world history. Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers were no less brutal and unmerciful than he was. One has only to remember Clonmel, Limerick and Galway.

The accounts of their exploits, conducted in Russian style, are sickening to read. Cromwell's well-known principle of relegating the Irish to Connaught did not extend to leaving them there in peace. For his henchmen pursued their enemies, the priests and religious, to the extreme limits of that province.

When they grew tired of killing them, they put the remainder into concentration-

camps on the Aran and Clare Islands. But some did escape, mindful of the divine words: "If they pursue you in one city flee to another."

Only a quarter of them ever got to the continent. The names and number of the Cromwellian victims will never be fully known. Some have come down to us, and in particular we record the public hanging in Galway of the Roscommon laybrother Bernard O'Kelly in 1653.

After long confinement in a squalid prison, held down by chains and starved, clad only in his tunic (the only garment left him) the chronicle says: "He manfully gave his life for the cause of religion."

So, while these facts have been published, there has been no one to speak for these Aboriginal Irish Catholics for a very long time as to the full nature of the grievances. Lets consider what such conditions feel like to one family member then and simply imagine a whole world of harms:

Sinéad O'Connor

"If a child is being abused it will react in any number of different ways. What I did was I went into myself. I couldn't communicate with anybody, I couldn't study. I could read and write but I had no interest in it, I couldn't get out of my own head... I grew up in a state of terror, constantly. I'm one of millions of people who grew up in the same situation, who grew up terrified constantly."

To situate the Ó Connors in this story, we remember how the Táin Bó Cooley showing how one Connor mac Nessa stole the sovereignty of one Fergus Mac Roích, dispensing of the Brehon Law and stealing the rest of Ulster with unlawful behavior. We cant say for certain this is the same Conchobar in the name Conchobar, but it does remain curious to the descendants of Fergus who fled to Munster such as Mogh Ruith in the Sagas of the Siege of Knocklong. If it is, lets say, it is also prophesied that Connors name will be legendary until Doomsday:

Compert Conchobair or Conception of Conchobar 'Neissi daughter of Echu Yellow-heel was on her throne outside before Emain, and her royal maidens around her. Cathbad the druid went past. He was from the Tratraige of Mag Inis.

Said the maiden to him : ' What is this present hour good . for ? ' saith she. ' It is good' saith he, ' to beget a [chief] upon a Banríon.' The Banríon asked whether it were true. The druid swore by the gods, it was true ; the son that would be made at that hour (his name) would live in Ireland till Doom. Then the maiden invited him to her, as she saw no (other) male hear her. The woman became pregnant.

Dr. Garrett Ó Connor brought our attention to the affects of this genocide, in less bold terms, when he wrote about Malignant Shame. We present to the Monday Court that Malignant Shame is better called Historical Trauma.

Dr. Bessel A. van der Kolk is one of the top researchers and clinicians in the field of trauma, and here is what he says about what trauma is in his book, The Body Keeps the Score:

"Traumatized people chronically feel unsafe inside their bodies: The past is alive in the form of gnawing interior discomfort. Their bodies are constantly bombarded by visceral warning signs, and, in an attempt to control these processes, they often become expert at ignoring their gut feelings and in numbing awareness of what is played out inside. They learn to hide from their selves."

Dr. Peter Levine

"Trauma is not what happens to us, but what we hold inside in the absence of an empathetic witness."

Dr. Jane Mulcahy of Limerick seems to understand the legal and emotional challenges of trauma:

Every few years there are new revelations about mother and baby homes and that can be highly activating for people who were adopted themselves or who know their parent had a baby out of wedlock. Every time it's reported, those feelings, and that sense of being devalued by society, flares up again.

The rest of us might not think it's directly relevant to us but we don't know that for sure because there is so much trauma there.

Just because it's not spoken about doesn't mean it isn't being transmitted ...

Jane Mulcahy, The Independent, Byrne Interview

"From Cork harbor on one day in 1847/961 the AJAX steamed for England with 1,514 firkins of butter, 102 casks of pork, 44 hogsheads of whiskey, 844 sacks of oats, 247 sacks of wheat, 106 bales of bacon, 13 casks of hams, 145 casks of porter, 12 sacks of fodder, 28 bales of feathers, 8 sacks of lard, 296 boxes of eggs, 30 head of cattle, 90 pigs, 220 lambs, 34 calves and 69 miscellaneous packages."

Chris Fogarty, <http://www.irishholocaust.org/thefoodremoval>

So Garrett Ó Connor echoes what Sinéad Ó Connor says in her songs There Was No Famine, Fire on Babylon, and her excellent cover of War by Bob Ó Méarlaigh, presumably of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill Ó Méarlaighs, the whole family would want to know. War is of course a partial transcription of the speech His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie made to the United Nations. Sinéad was pointing out the child abuse part of colonialism which is echoed by many Indigenous women around the world including the Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls awareness movement, your honour.

The speech came from the Aboriginal Catholic Emperor concerning the colonialism and its effects. Dr. Garrett Ó Connor, said to have been a man concerned with doing things right and doing the right things by his colleague, describes the effects in Ireland here:

Could a similar process exist at the cultural level whereby prolonged political or governmental abuse of an entire population might be internalised as malignant shame by the institutions of society, and transmitted unwittingly to subsequent generations in the policies and conduct of government, church, school and family? There is reason to believe that such a cultural process has been endemic in Ireland for many centuries... Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame.

Garrett O'Connor

Sinéad Ó Connor affirms that it is true:

"We lost our history,
and this is what I think is still hurting we.
See we're like a child that's been battered
Has to drive itself out of it's head because it's frightened

Still feels all the painful feelings
But they lose contact with the memory
This leads to [bad stuff].
That's what's wrong with us.
We're suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

From historical trauma, we add for the court. This historical Trauma is picked up on by Damien Dempsey, another Dubliner:

The negativity, yeah pushed onto young Paddy, yeah
Is a Shame Who is to Blame
And when the baby cries, yeah
She has been criticised yeah
Been put down It's passed down

Damien Dempsey

So, your honour, it, the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Historical Trauma is real, and it is passed on. James Connolly calls its passed on "woe to the vanquished" the old Roman maxim. The original wound passed on is clear from this passage from the Nipmuc Algonquin Elders.

'There are many ways in which the English colonists took advantage of Native People already occupying these lands. The taking of land was the most prominent means of subduing Native populations. The English believed in ownership of land while Native Peoples belief relied on relationship with and responsibility for the land.

When English landed on our shores, they reveled in the thought of gaining what they couldn't have in England – Land. It was an instant clash of cultures. The English thought that owning land was perfectly normal. The People indigenous to the land did not.

Realizing this, the colonists used this misunderstanding to manipulate the Native Peoples into giving away something that in our ancestors' perceptions was impossible to give. Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at

Great Falls, Chaubunagungamaug Nipmuck First Nation Historic Preservation
Office

The Aboriginal Irish Catholic memory concurs with the Nipmuck Elders, your Honour:

The feudal system of land tenure prevailed for several centuries over England, Scotland, and a large portion of the continent of Europe, and it is still distinctly traceable in the laws of those countries; so much so that a thorough knowledge of real property law at the present day cannot be acquired until one has first made [oneself] acquainted with the leading features of the feudal system.

Those features do not exist in the Irish system.... Feudalism never prevailed in Ireland, never existed there, and the system that did prevail was as unlike feudalism as could well be devised.

The relation between the flaith and the céile was not one of tenure at all in the proper meaning of that word. The nature of that relation is wholly misconceived by any one who looks for tenure in it. A tenure did exist, as we shall see; but it existed between the flaith and the non-free people, not between the flaith and the clansmen.

The land belonged neither to the king nor to a lord, but to the clan, including high and low. What the flaith held, what the céile held, and what neither held, belonged alike to the clan.

And even when a clansman sought and obtained more land than his status entitled him to, and a relation resembling tenure arose respecting this land, that relation was not with the flaith, except as the official through whose instrumentality it was contracted, but with the clan of which the céile and the flaith were alike members.

The feudal principle of primogeniture was not recognised by the law in regard to either rank or property. Instead of it, and in contrast with it, the law provided for election to every office, with the addition that the most worthy should be elected, and provided that property should descend to those who had the strongest natural claim, in shares which were in effect proportioned to the strength of that

claim.

It is surely a strange mistake to call such a system feudalism. As Professor O'Curry says, "Feudal land laws never prevailed in any form in ancient Erinn."

The Elizabethan Atrocities in their Relation to Land From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894

This is what Sean Ó Faolain above calls immiscible. You cant mix people who take care of land and nurture children with people who poison water and hurt children and expect it will work.

Nipmuck First Nation, same source

To gain allies, the colonists manipulated tribes to turn against each other by preying on old animosities, breaking apart alliances, and convincing Native Peoples that they needed the English to protect them.

During Metacomet's Rebellion, the English leadership managed to persuade the Praying Indians to spy and scout for the English, all the while convincing the colonists that all Indians -especially the Praying Indians that lived close by - were a threat to them. Eventually, the Praying Indians were imprisoned on Deer Island in Boston Harbor.

Without food, fresh water or shelter, the majority of the friendly Indians imprisoned died on the island. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was in fact a corporation with a charter to do business and to make money for the king of England (and themselves).

The relationship between the king and the colonists quickly deteriorated. The colonists didn't like being subject to a king so far away and creating riches for someone else. The crown did afford some protection to the land because the king declared that it belonged to either him or the Native population.

These protections interfered with what the colonists wanted most. Land greed led to the colonists denouncing the crown while still operating under the charter. This led to the loss of protection for the Native Peoples and even more seizures of land.

from Living in Two Worlds: Native American Experiences on the Boston Harbor Islands

- During the winter of 1675-76, the Massachusetts Bay Colony decreed that the inhabitants of the "praying towns," such as Natick, be relocated.

On October 30, 1675, a large body of Christian Indians was forced in shackles to the Charles River and transported in three vessels to islands in the harbor. The majority of those relocated were taken to Deer Island where they were incarcerated.

- Later some Native Americans were forced to other islands, probably Peddocks Island, Long Island, and one of the Brewster Islands. •

Accounts vary widely as to how many Native Americans were removed to the islands. ...Some Native Americans now believe that traditional (non-Christian) Native Americans were not counted by the Colonists ["We the People" in US Constitution] and so the numbers were much higher.

Historical records indicate that as many as one-half of Native Americans died of starvation, exposure, and lack of appropriate medicines in what has been called a concentration camp. The General Court of Massachusetts, referring to Native Americans on the islands, proclaimed "that none of the sayd indians shall presume to goe off the sayd islands voluntarily, uponn payne of death"

- After the war, those who survived the island internment continued to face dire relations with the colonies.

In the same period of time, your honour, we learn in Shawmut or Boston as the English call it, 1688 of an Irish Catholic who was burned as a witch for failing to renounce her Catholic Faith. That is, incidentally, the same Deer Island with a mass grave of nearly 1000 Irish from an internment camp during An Gorta Mór deportations. Algonquins speaking up on the island include an Algonquin Auntie named McGowan, a common name among the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill. Here is the Governor of Massachusetts at the time, the English colonisers complaining on Algonquin land about

Irish immigrants.

" In 1855, Henry Gardner the Know-Nothing governor of Massachusetts, called the Irish who were gathering in throngs [not a flattering word either], "a horde of foreign barbarians." The parade of bigots continued.

Men of Massachusetts: Bay State Contributors to American Society By August C. Bolino, professor emeritus, The Catholic University of America, p. 91

Hidetaka Hirota, The stories of Irish deportees from the US in 1800s, The Irish Times 24 Aibreán 2017

Some deportees experienced what might be called "double deportation." In late January 1855, Massachusetts officials deported to Liverpool eight female Irish paupers with mental illness. Upon finding the [traumatized] women among arriving passengers, Liverpool authorities put them on board a ship to Dublin under the British poor law, which allowed for the removal of Irish paupers in Britain to Ireland. Five of the deportees – Anne Arbuthnot, Mary Shiel, Hannah Irvine, Anne Taggart and Mary Sheeby – were found by a Dublin official "wandering about the quay, not knowing what to do or where to go," and taken to the North Union Dublin Workhouse. Being banished first from the United States and then from Britain, the Irish migrant poor were indeed stateless people....

Mary Williams gave birth to Bridget in Massachusetts, shortly after landing in New York in 1855. Becoming destitute, the mother and the daughter entered a public almshouse in Massachusetts. In May of the year, discovering Mary's Irish-born status, Massachusetts officials forcibly sent her to Liverpool with Bridget, who was a native-born US citizen. This deportation 180 was doubly illegal. While Massachusetts law limited overseas banishment to noncitizens, it required the officials to obtain a court warrant for removal. Massachusetts officials almost kidnapped Mary and Bridget Williams from the almshouse without such warrant and shipped them away.

Approximately 18,000-19,000 Irish ... arrived under some form of government

assistance to Melbourne and Sydney between 1839 and 1842. Of these about half were female. Gender balance was a defining characteristic of Irish migration to Australia throughout the nineteenth century. In 1855-56 over 4000 single Irish women arrived in Adelaide....

Early in 1848 the British Imperial Government in London, drawing on years of past experience, began its meticulously organised [trafficking] of young females from Irish workhouses. Irish Poor Law Commissioners circularised the Boards of Guardians of Irish Poor Law Unions asking if there were any [children] 'between the ages of fourteen and eighteen' in their workhouses willing and eligible for a passage to Australia...

<http://www.irishfaminememorial.org/history/earl-grey-scheme/>

Bath, Maine, USA anti-Catholic riot of 1854 From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The anti-Catholic riot that occurred in Bath on July 6, 1854 was one of a number that took place in coastal Maine in the 1850s, including the tarring and feathering of a Catholic priest, Father John Bapst in 1854 in the town of Ellsworth.

The first and most violent anti-Catholic riot in Maine took place in Bangor, Maine in 1834. The resurgence of violence in the 1850s was associated with the rise of the Know-Nothing Party...

The Bath mob was gathered and inflamed by a traveling street-preacher named John S. Orr, who called himself "The Angel Gabriel", dressed in white robes, and carried a trumpet.

Orr delivered an anti-Catholic sermon on a commercial street, the crowd of spectators eventually swelling to over a thousand and blocking carriage traffic ...

In the late afternoon the crowd marched to the church, began smashing up the pews, hoisted an American flag from the belfry, rang the bell, and set it on fire.

After the church was burned, a smaller crowd of at least a hundred roamed through the streets all night ...

A year after the riot, on Nov. 18, 1855, the Catholic Bishop of Portland attempted to lay the cornerstone for a new church on the same site, but the congregation was chased away and beaten.

The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Turtle Island] Civil War
28thmass.org

In the early 19th century, an organized "Protestant Crusade" of "No-Popery" began to take shape. The antebellum era was punctuated by fierce anti-Catholic riots, the notorious burning of a convent, and the founding of political parties dedicated to stemming the tide of Catholic immigration.

Dread of a Papal conspiracy to undermine America, together with economic fears of wage competition from impoverished workers, stirred powerful emotions against the massive Irish immigration of the potato famine years.

The 1850s saw the rise of a national political movement that evolved into a "war against the immigrant." The new American Party, whose members became better known as the "Know-Nothings" for their standard answer to questions about the party's secret rituals, very nearly became the dominant force in U.S. politics by their appeals to fear and mistrust.

Know-Nothings attacked the Irish for their poverty, [religion], ... politics, intemperance, "criminality", devotion to Ireland, and attempts to sow discord between the United States and Britain.

With a political tide rising for the abolition of slavery, the Know-Nothings eventually lost their clout, but never stopped distrusting and discriminating against the Irish... the Irish... rejection of the Republicans, who supplanted the Know-Nothings, rested on an even firmer foundation.

The Irish were well aware that most of the nativists and temperance reformers who made up the American Party had found a new political home among the Republicans [Trumpers and Proud Boys]...

In the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to which Maine was attached for a long time, they also

genocided the Algonquin tribe called the Massachusetts tribe. How is that any different than the Protestants claiming the red hand of Ó Lavery as their own?

Turtle Islander women complain of racist Halloween costumes, the Aboriginal Irish complain that Samhain was stolen and turned into a commercial holiday called Halloween. Its just one of our mummering nights on our traditional calendar. African Diaspora women just say "cultural appropriation". Jacques Derrida thought it was a bit worse than that, "exappropriation".

Every Child Matters says the Oral Tradition of the Aboriginal Turtle Island First Nations. We Are Still Here, they insist in song and on wall art. Is it any different for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill who have been attacked by these Vikings since at least 495 CE, if it please the court, common knowledge. Just like it is common knowledge that Muslim Raiders have taken Irish as slaves while shouting "Allah" before. Just as it is common knowledge that Muslim slave trade predates and postdates the Trans-Atlantic African Slave Trade, with many indicators that Arabs are still keeping African slaves. But do not forget the Anglo-American genocide in places like the Phillipines where they hide the modern manufacturing slavery behind labor contractors. It is also rumoured that they hide the child trafficking inside food references in the Phillipines, but no one says that out loud.

How can anyone deal with all this information, the Monday Court wonders. Well, Bruce Springsteen, of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Diaspora says:

"All I do know is as we age the weight of our unsorted baggage becomes heavier . . . much heavier. With each passing year, the price of our refusal to do that sorting rises higher and higher."

Bruce Springsteen, Born to Run

Even if we are just dancing in the dark, Macha Banshee Banríon of Ulster, is the so-called Boss lying there, or do Michael D. Higgins and Enda Kenny deserve to have their great ideas of Ethical Remembering also applied to their own people, or are they somehow better than the Aboriginal Irish Catholics. I doubt either would say they are better than the Irish Catholics.

Willie Dunn of Ó Dunn Golden Eagle Tribe Mullach abú up Laois says in his Aising:

I had a dream of my own accord
We laid to rest the gun and the sword
Buried the hatchet, buried the stake
Bowed to each other, peace to make
The Earth supplies and nature feeds
But we turn and quake for artificial needs
Come down to earth and stay a while
Willie Ó Dunn, Algonquin First Nations

In spite of all this overwhelming and corroborated testimony, this story has never been heard about the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill. Elie Wiesel, talking about the suffering of his human cousins, tells us what anyone who might speak out will have to consider. Elie says it well in this poem:

Elie Wiesel, Night (The Night Trilogy, ?1)
For the survivor who chooses to testify, it is clear:
his duty is to bear witness for the dead and for the living.
He has no right to deprive future generations of a past
that belongs to our collective memory.
To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive;
to forget the dead
would be akin to killing them a second time...

Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRJA, explains what the dead faced here:

So says Leland: 'The object of the Irish governors and of the English Parliament was the utter extinction of all the Catholics of Ireland.'

In the introduction to *The Ballads of Ireland* by Edward Hayes 1864 we get another summation quoting Edmund Burke:

when Milton's majestic muse produced the "Paradise Lost," Ireland was then, also, in an unfavourable condition for the cultivation of literature, exposed as she was to the tender mercies of Cromwell. But that total ignorance which the sword could never produce was achieved by the infamous penal laws, which disgrace the name ... of England.

This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, "had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency : well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Now compare that New English Law described by Old English Burkes above to the Brehon law, contained in this one triad:

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaighni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

Now consider the prayers of our Aboriginal Irish Catholics which were essentially outlawed by England and Rome, though certainly not by all the clergy:

"Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh; Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár; An tochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás Ag cumhdach an tí seo 's a mhuintir thabhairt slán.

I save this fire, as noble Christ saves; Mary on the top of the house and St. Brigid in its centre; the eight strongest angels in Heaven preserving this house and keeping its people safe.

Sean Phaidir Mhná Inis Bó Finne Beannacht na Maighdine Mhuire Réalt na Mara oraibh Agus ar mur mbád agus Go gcuirfidh Sí agus a Mac Slán na bhaile sibh arís.

So instead of those types of mentalities that go with prayer like that, still taught by Gallagher mothers and grandmothers today we all have to be reduced to what John Moriarty calls use and benefit?

"Use and benefit." Now, if one were to look back at the Earth from the moon, and we have seen pictures taken of the Earth this gorgeous blue jewel hanging down, like, and to say that's just for use and benefit in the same way that a toilet bowl is for use and benefit, that phrase "use and benefit"...

John Moriarty, Seeking to walk beautifully on the Earth

And isn't that difference in mindset, your honour what Moriarty describes here. Fódhla being one of our Banshee Ancestresses who welcomed noble warriors to her aid?

"Look not with a Medusa-mindset. Under Ireland's fields is Fódhla." — John Moriarty

Use and benefit reduces us all to numbers on a page. Thus transactional language rules the day. Mercantile New English are Math as Mother Tongue people, the Old English De Burcas are Myth as the mother tongue thinkers above.

... myth not math is mother tongue. —John Moriarty, Nostos

"A poem is a revelation, and it is by the brink of running water that poetry is revealed to the mind." — James Stephens, Irish Fairy Tales

The folktales everywhere contain what Tolkien would call the wisdom of Old Wives, meaning the grandmothers and aunties wisdom or Oral Tradition in families. We don't need neopagans appropriating our sacred places as if we didn't exist. We need to understand what our folktales mean as told, like good listeners, like good grandchildren.

As the folktale sees I see. As the folktale lives I live. And the path to my door, that too is folktale. Coming here you either undergo what people undergo in a folktale or you'll never lift my latch. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. — John Moriarty Invoking Ireland

This different mindset of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill has been tortured out of the people. But it is alluded to here by Brian Friel of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill:

Brian Friel's Translations

YOLLAND: The day I arrived in Ballybeg - no, Baile Beag - the moment you brought me in here, I had a curious sensation. It's difficult to describe. It was a momentary sense of discovery; no - not quite a sense of discovery - a sense of recognition, of confirmation of something I half knew instinctively; as if I had stepped...

Eógan: Back into ancient time?

Yolland: No, no. It wasn't an awareness of direction being changed but of experience being of a totally different order. I had moved into a consciousness that wasn't striving nor agitated, but at its ease and with its own conviction and assurance. And when I heard Jimmy Jack and your father swapping stories about Apollo and Cuchulainn and Paris and Ferdia - as if they lived down the road - it was then that I thought - I knew - perhaps I could live here... (now embarrassed) Where's the pot-teen?

John Moriarty describes how he tries to reverse the effect of the colonial Brainwashing in George Harrisons term.

"I eased my head into the wild form of the hare and I asked that primordial wild form to heal my head and to suck out my European education." — John Moriarty

Since John comes from the Ciarraí Luachra, lets here from Tommy Frank Ó Connor of Sliabh Luachra Aboriginal Irish Catholics about the traditional tribal response to these sorts of issues. No doubt the loss of language creates thousands of new fractures in the overall awareness of them in families until they are only a memory.

from Misneach Chiarraí Tommy Frank O'Connor, translated by Bertha McCullagh

A people honed in unyielding battle,

History's witness will persevere.

Refrain: Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our oidhreach,

In words and deeds our heritage lives

And thrives on the way to tomorrow. ...

... Legendary news, again and again.

May God look kindly on generations

Past and present and yet unborn,

Give fortitude, so we'll join together,

Always willing to share and learn.

Summation of the argument:

We are more than transformed groceries. John Moriarty

Argument 6:

The People of St. Patrick

Historically, may it please the court, historically there was no doubt about the fact that the Aboriginal Irish Catholics were Catholics. The Aboriginal Irish Catholics are the main victims of the Church and State abuse scandals for instance, yet all the Catholics get blamed in the popular discussion.

For our purposes we bring the courts attention what might be called Right Wing Catholics today or Ultramontanes in historical documents and is sometimes associated with groups like the Knights of Columbus, Order of Malta, and their friends in Big Business. Theodore Roosevelt's history on Cromwell makes it very clear that the Aboriginal Irish Catholics whom he terms Native Irish and Keltic Irish are not the same political machine as what we might call the Hapsburg Catholic Empires, who were always partners in the slavery with their cousins.

A good exploration for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill is reconsidering the Battle of Kinsale and the Flight of the Earls in light of this earlier distinction that many historians have made clear between the Church of Charlemagne and the Church of St. Columbanus. There is no comparing the two humans. The reconsideration recommended to the Banshee Court regards the Spanish of 1601.

It appears the Gaelic Earls, remembering Earl is not an Irish title, were aligned with the Spanish in 1601, especially because of Kinsale. But the Earls were not safe with their European hosts, so let's consider the case of Cuatémoc, Aztec or Nahuatl Ard Rí de Mexico, or Huey Tlatoani. The Spanish, rather than giving him an honourable death, melted his feet. The Spanish were deep into the transatlantic slave trade by 1601.

Is it possible the Spanish played the Ó Donnells? Well, Macha, if we were Tlatoani de Mehico, we would have to say, not someone to trust, the Spanish of that era. But also, a different type of "Catholic" the Spanish than the Nahuatl Catholics of Our Lady of Guadalupe, so again, an area worth exploring in the curiosities of history.

The Aboriginal Irish Catholics are emphatically the people of St. Patrick and St. Colmcille and St. Brigid. This is generally who have been called The Irish until fairly recent times,

and it seems unfair that erasure should be taken to such extremes, but, Your Ladyness.
That is how it goes.

Bishop Séamus Ó Gallagher said, 'St. Paul gave strict charge to his...disciple Timothy, to preach incessantly the word of God. Praedica verbum, insta opportune, importune.' 2 Timothy

Kathleen Gallagher Co Cavan
(This prayer is said when going to bed)
There are four corners on my bed,
There are four angels round my head
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
God bless the bed that I lie on
duchas.ie

The Land of Saints and Scholars of the People of St. Patrick have these basic values:

Three profitable labours in the day : praying, working, reading. —Regula
Choluimb Cille (Zeitschr., 111., p. 29)

The Cenell Chonaill were specifically blessed by St. Patrick. This is a remarkable erasure to grow up celebrating St. Patrick's day, wearing your yearly green, and yet no one told you that St. Patrick specifically blessed the Patriarch of the family Conall right before his death in the same Native land:

Book of Lismore, Lives of the Saints 616. Now when the hour of Patrick's decease arrived, Bishop Tassach gave him Christ's Body; and he sent his spirit to heaven in the hundred and thirty-second year of his age.

Howbeit heaven's angels came to meet Patrick's soul, and took it with them to heaven with great honour and reverence. And though great be his honour at present, greater will it be at the meeting of Doom, when the men of the world will arise; at Michael the archangel's command.

And the men of Ireland will go to meet Patrick to Down, and wend along with him to Mount Zion, where Christ will deal judgment to Adam's children on that

day ; when, moreover, Christ will sit on His throne in glory judging the three households, even the household of Heaven, and the household of Earth, and the household of Hell.

And the twelve apostles will sit along with Him on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And then will Patrick sit on his throne of judgment and judge the men of Ireland.

For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irish- men, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday.

And after the sentence of Doom, those who have fulfilled his command and his teaching, in fastings, in prayer, in alms, in compassion, in gentleness, in forgiveness, and in the other divine commands, will go along with him into the heavenly Chiefdom.

337. Then Patrick" went to Síd Aeda and blessed Conall and his son Fergus. Then he laid his hands on the son's head. That seemed strange to Conall. Said Patrick, 'A child will be born of his family, He will be a sage, he will be a prophet, he will be a poet, A loveable, clear, pure lamp, "Who will not utter falsehood.' That is Colomb cille, son of Fedlimid.

345. Then Patrick blessed Conall son of Niall and his kindred, and he left a blessing on their people and on their estuaries and on their churches.

That is from documents buried away by the McCarthy Riabhach in the walls of an English castle at Lismore from the Eóghannachta Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Munster who contested the claims of the Ó Briens and the Normans both, in an unbroken line of contestants to this day. So, the People of St. Patrick meet in silence at Mass Rocks and await the Judgment it seems.

As they say in Tír Chonaill

It is not the same thing to go to the big town and to come home again.

Seanfhocla Uladh 1907

Once the Aboriginal Irish Catholics have “gone to the big town” in one sense or another and lost the mind of their ancestors, what is that like? Desmond Rushe introduces Father Pat Ahern to guide us through those experiences.

Desmond Rushe, *Theatre: The Roots of Identity, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies*, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974. Father Pat Ahern...has simplified the fundamental notion of culture as 'us, being ourselves' and has written: 'Being ourselves means being all that history has made us -- a distinctive people with a distinct set of preferred values, handed down and accepted by us, with our own peculiar ways of thinking and behaving, our own peculiar temperament, wit, sense of humour -- like a member of a family, you cannot help it; you cannot deny it.

Being ourselves mean being what our position on the map has made us-- an island people, what our climate has made us, imposing on us a particular way of life, dependent on the soil, a closeness to nature and the elements, and to the beauties of creation, and with a consequent keen sense of values of life -- values that take account of a Creator...

The strength of any culture depends on the degree of its acceptance by the current generation... There is a sense in which we do not own our own culture. We are only trustees. The treasure is only on loan, and we must take it, refurbish it in light of our experience, and hand it on. We have a duty to do this, at the risk of betraying the dead generations who moulded it for us and trusted it to us, and at the risk of doing a grave wrong to generations yet to come by depriving them of an inalienable right -- the right to a separate national identity.'

That right to a separate national identity was taken, leading to a further subsequent removal of the ethnic identity for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics. An File Antaine Raiftearaí gives us the scéal, your Honour, from the poetic perspective.

Antaine Raiftearaí (Galway, 1779-1835)

Since the time Henry [VIII, 1500s] rejected his first wife
at the beginning of the Reformation

The Gael are being persecuted harshly, sharply in every place
Our laws are not yielded to
but instead we are hung and tortured

But lest we decide to ignore our Aboriginal Irish Catholic Martyrs and saints, we have to know that is not even half the story. Ireland really was a Land of Saints and Scholars, thousands beyond St. Patrick, his children, were erased from Ireland between the Vikings and the Viking Frank Normans.

Maurice Lenihan History of Limerick, Duffy, Dublin, 1884, p.34.

We know of 2229 [PreNorman Native] Irish Saints, even not counting their companions, of whom 300 preached the gospel in foreign countries, not counting their companions.

Of these 529 were holy abbots; 330 were bishops and martyrs, and numberless holy bishops; 31 archbishops of Armagh were saints; 21 of whom immediately succeeded each other; 990 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes in the monastery of Bencheare; 1200 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes together with their abbot Abel; 777 Irishmen martyrs in England; and only one, St. Odranus, Proto martyr, was martyred in Ireland by the Irish. 23 English saints received their studies and education in Ireland; 3000 others have studied in Ireland; ...

...Innumerable were the Italians, French, in short from all nations who had recourse to Ireland in order to perfect themselves in their studies, and the knowledge of the scriptures; so that it might well be doubted whether Ireland acquired more glory from the great number of it sent abroad in order to teach and preach the gospel to foreign nations, or from the great number of foreigners who resorted to Ireland in order to be perfected in all manner of literature and knowledge.

You can hear the continuity of this Aboriginal Irish Catholic culture in spite of that Church and some that followed it ending up in ruins along the Irish country side with no clear story told about how or why. On the Gallagher Clan Website we hear of Tuathal Balbh Ó Gallagher a wise man hundreds of years after:

1541 Tuathal Balbh (Mute) son of Sean, son of Ruraí O'Gallagher, a wiseman, a person who had the interest of the sovereignty of Donegal at heart, died on the

1st February. A man of valour and prowess, though he neither killed nor destroyed anyone. But he did not go into a fight nor a battle without taking a prisoner. The reason for this was that when he was young and listening to a sermon by the monks of Donegal (Abbey) he heard it said that a person could not save their soul if he was killing people and drawing blood. Therefore he decided not to injure anyone, something he kept as long as he was alive. AConn, 718, ALC, ii, 328; ARE, v, 1464
gallagheclanwebsite

One of the great Parents of the Catholic church that the west seems to ignore after a time, though Bishop James Gallagher doesn't neglect in his Sermons, is St. Basil the Great. Just to simplify the issue. To St. Patrick's people, banks are a grievous sin. It's in the language still, *gaimbín*, lending at interest as a sin. It persists into Hiberno-English as *gombeen*, meaning the men who lend and play games with money. It is not a flattering term, because to Aboriginal Irish Catholics, like all Apostolic Orthodox Catholics everywhere who have read about Jesus overturning the tables of the money lenders in the temple, to Aboriginal Irish Catholics, lending at money at interest is a sin. St. Basil sums up the real view of all the Doctors of the Church, and not even the Pope could disagree.

In a well known passage St Basil writes:

"When someone steals another's clothes, we call them a thief. Should we not give the same name to one who could clothe the naked and does not? The bread in your cupboard belongs to the hungry; the coat unused in your closet belongs to the one who needs it; the shoes rotting in your closet belong to the one who has no shoes; the money which you hoard up belongs to the poor."

Contrast that with the Dutch golden Age of slavery or to the world today.

The Westminster Magazine vol. Viii, p 96 House of Commons Monday, January 24, 1780

Lord North brought up "a Bill to allow the trade between Ireland and the British Colonies and Plantations in America and the West-Indies, and the British settlements on the Coast of Africa, to be carried on in like manner as it is now carried on between Great Britain and the said colonies and settlements." ...

Lord North said, that the Addresses of the Irish [colonial] Parliament were expressive of their sentiments. They had received the resolutions with satisfaction, with gratitude, with affection, and all their proceedings since had breathed nothing but harmony and love.

...Lord G. Gordon declared, that the Irish were not satisfied; that the Act declaratory of the right of England to bind Ireland, was to them an intolerable grievance ...

Contrast it to Rome's slavery wealth and Doctrine of Discovery, not to mention the Laudabiliter or Irish Doctrine of Discovery 1155 which promised Rome a penny for every Irish Catholic.

"After they have squandered their wealth among so many pursuits, if there is any left over, they hide it in the ground and guard it deep within the earth. "For the future," they say, "is always uncertain; therefore let us take care, lest some unforeseen need should arise." Yet while it is uncertain whether you will have need of this buried gold, the losses you incur from your inhuman behavior are not at all uncertain" Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice

Our Lord Íosa Críost [Isho Mischach] made very clear the standard Himself will hold us all to after being crucified for our sake and for our Salvation [Slánú]:

"You showed no mercy; it will not be shown to you. You opened not your house; you will be expelled from the Chieftdom. You gave not your bread; you will not receive eternal life."

— Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice

"When I go into the house of one of these tasteless newly rich individuals, and see it bedecked with every imaginable hue, I know that this person possesses nothing more valuable than what is on display; such people decorate inanimate objects, but fail to beautify the soul."

— Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice

When the Brehon of Doom arrives, how will you answer whether you fed or clothed or visited him in prison, sayeth mac Muire, mac Dé.

“What then will you answer the Brehon? You gorgeously array your walls, but do not clothe your fellow human being; you adorn horses, but turn away from the shameful plight of your brother or sister; you allow grain to rot in your barns, but do not feed those who are starving; you hide gold in the earth, but ignore the oppressed!”

— Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice

So, whatever any one has said about Catholics, those are the standards of the real Catholics. Any one representing something else will have no defense before the Dread Judgment Seat of Christ, and I am not sure how they will do in your court either, Mighty Banshee Banríon of the North.

St. Brigid is supposed to play a role at Doomsday according to Aboriginal Irish Catholic Traditions. The Lives of the Saints of the Leabhar Eóghannachta [McCarthy Riabhach] explains in our Orthodox Catholic terms what that will look like:

And though great be her honour here at present, greater by far will it be, when [St. Brigid] shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula.
Lismore Betha

So, the People of St. Patrick will have to face these challenges in this life or risk having no hope of Salvation in the next according to St. Basil the Great and there is nothing in the manuscript evidence to suggest the ascetic Saints of Colmcille or Columbanus through Eriugena thought any differently, just to clear the record for all the Catholic Gallagher bishops and the lovely folks like Pope Francis who at least discuss these saints once in a while as an alternative view.

The People of St. Patrick accepted the cosmology of the Catholic church within our traditional view of the world. St. Patrick only insisted on changing Laws that conflicted with these basic messages of St. Basil. The work of the Irish Saints continues that same

work in every era, your honour, as many of our exhibits have shown and will continue to show.

Tonfeid, a Críost, come muir i cuaird bethad brigadbuil.

Guide us, O Christ, that rulest the sea Around the mighty vast world.

If we focus on the moral content of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Hagiography, or saints writings, we find remarkable virtue embedded throughout, same as we see with the folklore and manuscript evidence:

Perhaps until we have experienced what bad monks are, as with the Church State Collusion, we cant really understand why these virtues would matter so much in Saints or in any role models. Here, Father Ó Donohue of the Eóghannachta Locha Léin Aboriginal Irish Catholics 1895 gives us the virtues of St. Brendan from a " Fragment " preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis :

" Who can describe the virtues of St. Brendan—

his humility and meekness ; his charity and tender compassion ;

his patience and gentleness ; his fasting and abstinence ;

his constant assiduity in prayer?

Because he had perfectly fulfilled all the Commandments of Christ,

and had faithfully practised all those virtues and many others of a like nature, the Blessed Brendan,

in a good old age, among choirs of angels, with great joy and triumph, amid

gleaming lights and choral psalmody, departed unto the Lord,

to whom be all honour and glory for ever and ever ! Amen."

Fr DENIS O'DONOGHUE, P.P. 1895 Brendaniana

Solas Mhic Dé ar a n-anam.

The Light of the Son of God on their soul

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

May their soul be on God's right hand

The Irish Pagan Law was based in Triadic mnemonic devices, The Law of St.

Patrick's people, the same exact people also used triadic mnemonic devices.

KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

Three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil, and an impious teacher.—

Colman maccu Beognae's Alphabet of Piety

(Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie, n., p. 452).

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his gait, by his speech.—Ib., p. 458.

Three things there are for which the Son of living God is not grateful: haughty piety, harsh reproof, reviling a person if it is not certain.

Three things there are for which the [Chief] of the sun is grateful: union of brethren, upright conversation, serving at the altar of God.

Three things there are which do not behoove the poor of living God: ingratitude for his life whatever it be, grumbling, and flattery.

St. Eunan or Adamnáin, whose evidence we will offer in more detail in a full chapter, details for us the Aboriginal Irish Catholic understanding of Doomsday or the Day of Judgment. The texts are clear that the rules didn't change even if the church was sacked and pillaged.

Fios Naomh Adamnáin, The Knowledge and Understanding of St. Eunan

How much more fitting were it [to]... meditate on the Day of Judgment, and the terrors of Hell...

And at that very time shall the guilty be set in the abyss of everlasting pain, and the book of the Word of God shall be then closed, under the curse of the Breitheamh of Doom, for ever.

But the saints and the righteous, the charitable and the merciful, shall be borne to the right hand of God, to a lasting habitation in the [Chiefery] of Heaven, there to abide without age or death, end or term, for ever and ever.

This, the, is the manner of that City: A [Chiefting] without pride, or vanity, or falsehood, or outrage, or deceit, or pretence, or blushing, or shame, or reproach, or insult, or envy. or arrogance, or pestilence, or snow, or wind, or rain, or din, or thunder, or darkness, or cold--a noble, admirable, ethereal realm endowed with the wisdom, and radiance and fragrance of a plenteous land...
based on CS Boswell translated.

You can also see the Ancestral Irish notions of Audacht Morain, et al., reflected in what the Chief of the Universe is like in the eyes of the people of St. Patrick.

Canon Bourke reminds us that this is not a local problem, not local in time nor in place. It is the problem of how sin ruins everything.

Passion uncontrolled by reason and not directed by the will to do good has, in every age, produced the same deplorable results. Between the Imperial persecutions of Pagan Rome—enacted and carried into effect against the Christians of the first three centuries—and the Penal persecutions enacted against the Catholics of Ireland, there exists a striking similarity. The Pagan powers wanted to stamp out the Christian faith by destroying those who professed it,—the Anglo-Irish rulers sought blindly and mercilessly to root the Catholic faith out of the souls of Irishmen, by destroying the lives of those who professed the faith of their fathers. Even in times of quiet, when the emperors issued no edict, the Christians were not free from insult, spoliation, or the threat of death. A pagan prosecutor had it any moment in his power to bring his Christian neighbour before a Roman pretor and charge the defenceless man with professing a creed held in horror by the state. So it was in Ireland. The Catholics were never secure even in times of

Fr. Bourke Introductions to Gaelic Sermons of Bp Gallagher, 1877.

As we consider that type of assault on Catholics in Ireland, and how erased it all is, your Honour, lets look at more recent history and just wonder if we are all being deceived somehow...

By the end of the 12-year reign of Adolf Hitler in 1945, tens of millions of Catholics had died as soldiers, in forced labor, as civilian casualties in the fighting, or as victims in the gas chambers. Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, schools, universities, and monuments lay in ruins.... ...the 2,720 clergy sent to Dachau, 2,579 were Catholic priests, along with uncertain numbers of seminarians and lay brothers Catholic Martyrs of the [Nazi] Holocaust Shoah
<https://www.catholic.com> MATTHEW E. BUNSON • 11/1/2008

Tens of millions of catholics died in WWII at the hands of the Nazis. If you add the Orthodox Catholics of Russia and Ukraine, also tens of millions. If you add in the Muslim Genocides of Catholics since the time of Mohammad, one starts to wonder who is whom, in a very large sense.

It is clear that Vikings took Europe 841, England 1066, Rome 1084. In Russia, the Vikings

arrived in 863, where they are called Viking Rus. Why are France, Russia, and England insisting on a Bavarian Emperor for Greece in 1851 and for Mexico less than twenty years later? Why do all the people that hate Catholics also share male chauvinism and love profit? Why do the Catholics that hate Catholics like the Mafia act the same exact chauvinist way?

Lúcás 10 An Bíobla Naofa 36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?" 37 Dúirt sé: "An té a rinne an trócaire air." Dúirt Íosa leis: "Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna." Luke 10 English Standard Version 36 Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?" 37 He said, "The one who showed him mercy." And Jesus said to him, "You go, and do likewise.

The Hymn of Mael-Ísu
The Holy Spirit around us,
in us and with us,
the Holy Spirit to us,
may it arrive, Christ, suddenly

The Holy Spirit to inhabit
our body and our soul,
To protect us speedily
against peril, against diseases

Against demons, against sins,
against hell with many evils
O Jesus, may it sanctify us,
may The Holy Spirit free us

Argument 7:

Decolonising the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Heart

This information may seem shocking or heartbreaking or it may be something someone heard since they were a child from their Aboriginal Irish Catholic Father. Or maybe only the rage or only the shame remained in a family among this, a scattered people, your honour, once they are all properly identified and defined as Aboriginal Irish Catholics.

The Dublin Costello has a word for the court on this:

A Page Of History Séamus Costello

Seems like every uprising was destined to fail,
The Irish forces were crushed at the Battle of Kinsale,
1603; Hugh O' Neill signed the Treaty of Melifont,
Brought an end to the Nine Year War that the rebels launched,
These events laid down the plan that the devil wants,
Now the British had some new lands to settle on,
Our remaining leaders in exile; The Flight of The Earls,
A tragic time that brought a new plight to our world,
Under the rule of chief James & Charles the 1st,
Life here quickly changed from
Hard to worse, Look at what our people lost with the Penal Laws,
Victims to a greed that was never seen before,
Cruel deeds used to decimate our nation and culture,
It was widespread with the Plantation of Ulster,
Still the stronghold for some of the Gaelic Chieftains,
Appalled at how our Motherland was raped and beaten,
All the constant skirmishes had hate increasing,
For the shameful reasons of these racist demons...

Your Banshee Majesty, as we continue to compare the experiences of our mixed-race family, a scattered people, around the world. One of the most important of these figures in the family is Louis Riel, whose family name used to be in French Riel-of-Ireland, more or less. His prior knowledge of what was happening to the Aboriginal First Nations of Manitoba, as is still happening to the Wetsuwehten Aboriginal First Nation and other, is discussed here by Luc Barter Moulaison Department of Political Science, McGill University Canadian Journal of Political Science (2023)

RESEARCH ARTICLE / ÉTUDE ORIGINALE "Une pièce d'étoffe que nous aurons à faire": Louis Riel's Utopia: Between Prophecy and Politics

The point of departure for this analysis is Riel's treatment of Irish subjugation to British colonial domination. Riel displayed great personal sympathy for the cause of [his] Irish [cousins] throughout his life, appointing William O'Donoghue, an [Indigenous Momonian] Catholic, as the treasurer of the 1869–70 provisional government (Hamon, 2020: 173).

Riel sees in the fate of the [Aboriginal] Irish [Catholics] an instructive lesson for how the Métis [mixed-race Aboriginal Canadienne Irish and French Catholics] may resist Anglo-Canadian colonial tyranny.

Riel begins the section of the Massinahican that concerns the subjection of Ireland by writing that the virtue of the Irish is to never have submitted to Roman rule. Accordingly, the Irish embraced an unblemished Catholicism cleansed of any traces of Roman paganism.

Riel does not laud the Irish solely for their Catholic piety. He also draws attention to the ways in which the unadulterated nature of Irish Catholicism fortified the Irish people in their struggles against British colonization over the course of centuries, even as these struggles had produced few concrete successes by Riel's time.

Riel writes: "La force de leurs convictions est devenue [telle] qu'ils ont pu faire une lutte de sept cent ans au gouvernement d'Albion et cette lutte n'a été encouragé par aucun succès" (1985a: 230).

According to Riel, there is a political upshot to the Catholic piety of the Irish: it has instilled in them a strong a spirit of resistance against colonial subjugation... There is a strong sense in which the political situation of the Irish that Riel describes in the Massinahican parallels his treatment of the structure of Métis self-government before British colonization....

Riel's writings ...examined three themes, each of which point toward a critical aspect of Riel's vision...

Riel's ...vision is rooted in a profound sense of indignation at the colonization of Métis and First Nations lands, and it strategically wields theimages of universalism, solidarity and universal concord contained within the social teachings of the Gospel in order to imagine alternative futures...

...Riel saw the task of constituting the étoffe métisse-canadienne-française as part and parcel of his prophetic mission, he asserts that this task can only be accomplished through protracted political struggle against colonial forces and, having accomplished this, the unification of all peoples and religions in the New World...

...If, as Eve Tuck and Rubén A. Gaztambide-Fernández put it, settler colonialism denotes an investment in settler futurity, according to which the historical and ongoing displacement and eradication of Indigenous peoples are projected to keep apace in the future, then alternative futurities, such as those proposed in Riel's ... Massinahican, can function to pose the question: What can be otherwise on these lands?

Although it is the case that some of Riel's proposal for alternatives to... settler colonialism may be uncongenial to contemporary sensibilities, his lifelong mission of envisioning such alternatives remains instructive and can function to disrupt those narratives that see settler colonialism and its attendant political practices and governance structures as necessarily triumphant.'

What can be otherwise on these lands? It is a useful question for the Banshee Court. Here is the beginning of a Gaelic Sovereignty tale called the Red Chief of the Wide Waterside. First it includes a land reference, the Cenel Konell and the Cenel Eogain living side by side. The set up here seems to include important information, but no outsider could ever decode what it really means. These tribal remembrances all seem to fit together somehow, which is part of why we have focused on the Cenel Chonaill standard-bearer family the Gallaghers. This story is told by a Gallagher living right along the Irish Border between Tír Chonaill and Tír Owen, which is also close to the English

Border between the two Colonial Governments that both ultimately refer back to England and the Central Bank which ultimately reports to the Global Reserve Bank System also set up by the English more or less, if memory serves. What do the symbols in the story sound like they mean to you? What do they mean as a sovereignty story to the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill? Since the story is passed on for generations, even the teller of the story might not have had those answers, for all we can know. It may refer to Aodh Ruadh, a local legend, but that too remains unknown to this Brehon.

The Red Chief Of The Wide Waterside

Once upon a time two Chiefs lived side by side - one Chief lived in Donegal and the other Chief lived in Tyrone.

A broad deep river separated their chiefdoms. As the Chiefs were very friendly with each other they often crossed the river to have a chat. At that time the bridges were very few, so the Chiefs decided to get a bridge built across the river to enable them to cross over in comfort.

A fine copper bridge was erected but the first night after it was completed it was destroyed. The Chiefs were determined to have a bridge so they got another bridge made.

This bridge was made of silver, and like the copper one some unknown enemy destroyed it the very first night after it was finished. The Chiefs then had a bridge made of gold and they were very anxious that it should remain intact....

This story was told in school in March 1938. duchas.ie The Red Chief of the Wide Waterside was told to me by Patrick Gallagher (Sonny) and Thomas Boland, pupils in Meenglass N.S. Ballybofey.

If someone comes from a family that didn't pass on information like that, think about the loss for a minute, culturally, your honour. We know the forces that made it go away, but can the court consider what a loss that is to any aboriginal people anywhere? What about the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill? Is it an inconvenient truth?

Frantz Fanon, *Les Damnés de la Terre* 1961 discusses exactly what has happened all over La Terre, here there and everywhere, your Meas.

“Perhaps we haven’t sufficiently demonstrated that colonialism is not satisfied merely with holding a people in its grip and emptying the native’s brain of all form and content. By a kind of perverted logic, it turns to the past of the oppressed people, and distorts, disfigures, and destroys it.

When I think of people who might understand how to work out something incomprehensible painful and still thrive, I generally think of the people with disabilities. Hugh Gallagher for instance fought for the considerations of people with disabilities to be taken as part of the human experience. It seems western chauvinists disagree, if Donald Trump doubling down on mocking a reporters disabilities and Adolph Hitler genociding people with disabilities is any indicator. If it quacks like a duck, your Otherworldliness.

One of the rising stars of Disability Rights is singer-songwriter Gaelynn Lea. This area seems to coincide with other historical grievances the Aboriginal Irish Catholics have had about Humanity and Civic Responsibilities. But here, we just want to offer Gaelynn’s advice to people who are suffering as a different way to see it.

“It’s OK to admit that we are human and that we often feel afraid and like we’re in over our heads... That’s all part of the journey. So whatever good thing it is you long to do, find a way to make it happen despite the unknown or your fears... The world needs your light and your passion and your goodness.”

Gaelynn Lea, *A Lifetime of Fear-Facing*, June 29 2016, <https://violinscratches.com>

If we consider Hitler’s treatment of the people with disabilities as indicative of Right Wing Chauvinist urges in vogue right now, it is much easier to see how Algonquin Phenomenologist Jack D. Forbes can so easily call all the global domination cannibalism.

I have come to the conclusion that imperialism and exploitation are forms of cannibalism and, in fact, are precisely those forms of cannibalism which are most diabolical or evil.” — Jack D. Forbes author, *Columbus and Other Cannibals*

We present to the Monday Court the notion that colonisers engage in acts of mass delusion by way of self-deception. This is easiest to understand when we simply compare St. Basils Jesus with Donald Trumps Jesus. They would probably each contend the other was in self deception, if Donald Trumps Jesus really existed, your honour. The Health and Wealth Gospel it is called in a different context, your honour, the god of greed, who feeds the rich while poor people starve, say the british poets.

Here the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy gives an overview on what self-deception might look like for people descended of St. Patricks people.
<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/self-deception/> Self-Deception First published Tue Oct 17, 2006; substantive revision Mon Mar 13, 2023 ...Minimally, self-deception involves a person who (a) as a consequence of some motivation or emotion, seems to acquire and maintain some false belief despite evidence to the contrary and (b) who may display behavior suggesting some awareness of the truth. ...The discussion of self-deception and its associated puzzles sheds light on the ways motivation affects belief acquisition and retention and other belief-like cognitive attitudes; it also prompts us to scrutinize the notions of belief, intention, and the limits of such folk psychological concepts to adequately explain phenomena of this sort. Self-deception also requires careful consideration of the cognitive architecture that might accommodate this apparent irrationality regarding our beliefs. Self-deception isn't merely a philosophically interesting puzzle but a problem of existential concern. It raises the distinct possibility that we live with distorted views that may make us strangers to ourselves and blind to the nature of our morally significant engagements.

Truth is often bitter, your honour, but we have never heard of solving a problem without diagnosing it first. Just kidding, no doubt all the Irish Catholics gave up on following the gospel and they are just planning to dial it in all the way to hell.

Tao Te Ching - Lao Tzu - chapter 81

Truthful words are not beautiful.

Beautiful words are not truthful.

(translation by Gia-fu Feng and Jane English)

If one studies the Phenomenology of British philosophy, one can easily see the problem. British teach themselves what they call Nominalism, meaning everything is just a name.

They distinguish it from Essentialism, which to them means dreamers who think they can find an essence to something.

On closer analysis, it is like a sports broadcast. Nominalists are like the play by play guys. Its this, then that, then that, wow! All of British philosophy and all of later Evangelical Protestantism and most importantly all of the Market Entertainment takes the same nominalist shape. There is no meaning in British Nominalism. This bothered Ludwig Wittgenstein, and he reduced all of not just British Nominalism but all of Logic itself to simply Language Games.

Language Games vs Essentialism. An example of essentialism is likewise the commentator who gives the meaning behind the sport as opposed to the play by play talking head. British think all the rest of philosophy is some type of essentialism, meaning since we can only name with philosophy or Do Things With Words, we cant get further meaning out anything.

It may seem like an unfair critique, but it it is exactly as unfair as their critique of people who can discern meaning, which we have already established is everyone who uses proverbs, which includes the bible the British forced with the sword on everyone around the world.

If we wanted to begin to track down fragments of Gaelic Philosophy countering the Enlightenment and the Nominalists both like a Scotsman is Thomas Reid.

Philosophy has no other root but the principles of common sense.; it grows out from them, and draws its nourishment from them; severed from this root, its honours wither up, its sap is dried up, it dies and rots." — Thomas Reid, Essays on the Active Powers of the Human Mind ; An Inquiry Into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense ; and An Essay on Quantity

Common sense realism is generally what Reids philosophy is called. He seems to mean common sense from what we experience with the senses, to what we experience in one thing causing another, to practical wisdom from learned and shared experiences, your honour. In other words, learning the essences of things, getting to the heart of the matter, learning lessons, discerning guiding principles and the like.

Is what Reid means by common sense also the knowledge of the poor old woman, the widow and her two mites?

I am the Old Woman of Beare,
An ever-new smock I used to wear :
To-day—such is my mean estate—
I wear not even a cast-off smock.

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE, K Meyer

India was thereafter administered directly by the British government in the new British Raj. On 1 November 1858, Queen Victoria issued a proclamation to Indians, which while lacking the authority of a constitutional provision, promised rights similar to those of other British subjects. In the following decades, when admission to these rights was not always forthcoming, Indians were to pointedly refer to the Queen's proclamation in growing avowals of a new nationalism.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indian_Rebellion_of_1857

“When, O Master, when shall we see our Mother India in this garb again — so radiant and so cheerful?” ‘Only when all the children of the Motherland shall call her Mother in all sincerity.’ — Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

Glooscap is a legendary figure of the [Algonquin] peoples, native peoples located in [occupied]Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and Atlantic Canada. ...In his role as creator, Glooscap is similar to that of the Ojibwa Nanabozho and the Cree Wisakedjak. There are variations to the legend of Glooscap asin each tribe of the [Algonquin] ...the legend ... Glooscap always portrayed as "kind, benevolent, a warrior against evil..." ...

In one version of the Mi'kmaq creation story, Glooscap laid on his back, with arms outstretched to the north and south and his head toward the rising sun. He was in this position for 365 days and nights. Then, Nogami, the grandmother, was born as an old woman from the dew of the rock. The next day, Nataoa-nsen, Nephew, was born from the foam of the sea. On the next day was born the Mother of all the Mi'kmaq, from the plants of the Earth.

Glooscap was said by the Mi'kmaq to be great in size and in powers, and to have created natural features such as the Annapolis Valley. In carrying out his feats, he often had to overcome his evil twin brother [Malsumis] who wanted rivers to be crooked and mountain ranges to be impassable; in one legend, he turns the evil twin into stone....

...Yet another legend says that when Glooscap finished painting the splendor of the world, he dipped his brush into a blend of all the colors and created Abegweit, meaning "Cradled on the Waves"—his favorite island ([occupied] Prince Edward Island). When Glooscap slept, [occupied] Nova Scotia was his bed, and [Abegweit] [occupied] Prince Edward Island his pillow. wikipedia

MythLines 1: The Cailleach and the Wise Woman Sharon Blackie

...old stories of the Cailleach explain the formation of the land, and tell of the ways in which she shaped the Earth throughout all its long ages. Her favoured landscapes are craggy, prominent mountains and outcroppings – from the Cailleach stone on the Beara peninsula in Cork, to the Hag's Head (Ceann Caillí) at the southernmost tip of the Cliffs of Moher in County Clare. On top of Slieve na Calliagh (Sliabh na Caillí, 'the hag's mountain') at Loughcrew in County Meath are megalithic tombs which include a kerbstone known as 'the Hag's chair

Vandana Shiva reminds us that health of everything is the real wealth. In British legal terms this used to be called Weal and sometimes CommonWeal, meaning commonwealth. It seems the word lost its meaning when used by colonies which is when wealth turned into the other meaning, most likely, your honour. The Commonwealth of Virginia is not a CommonWeal in the sense that Robin Hood understood a commonweal, nor Captain Gallagher nor Caol Art Ó Caoimh.

One Aboriginal British Catholic understanding of Weal comes via Sr. Benedicta Ward from Dame Julianna of Norwich. In her Divine Showings she says "All shall be wele, and all manner of things shall be wele"

Vandana Shiva explains to the European Parliament:

Soil, Society, Economy The circular logic of Law of Return Women's Economic

Empowerment : Let's Act Together Dr Vandana Shiva European Parliament , 8th March, International Women's Day Women are Shakti . We are the embodiment of power in creative ,non violent form. Women are the creators of real wealth , which originally meant "the state of well being " -not money, not capital .

Women's Economic Empowerment is based on two simultaneous processes .

Firstly, removing the structures and processes of economic disempowerment that marginalise women and their contributions . Secondly , recognising women's economic contributions by making their knowledge and work visible in the real work of sustenance -care for the earth , and care for the human community. The creation of wealth as well being . The contemporary structures of the economy are based the convergence of two forms opposer in violent form - the violence of patriarchy , and the violent structures of the rule of capital .

Capitalist patriarchy has shaped economies through war and violence -wars against nature and diverse cultures , and violence against women...

The number of billionaires controlling as much wealth as 50% of humanity has been rapidly dropping

2010 it was 388 billionaires

2011 it was 177

2012 it was 159

2013 it was 92

2014 it was 80

2015 it was 62

2016 it became 8

...Think of the billions of women whose care and work sustains society and the economy whose work and contributions are not counted, and whose burden increases as the 1 % appropriates all resources and wealth, leaving women to sustain families and communities with fewer resources .But it is also patriarchal in its assumptions and instruments, and in its impact on real people living in real economies . The Big Money economy is based on the rules of the economic system excluding women and their work , and rewarding those who exploit the earth , women and working people . Capitalist patriarchy denies the creativity of nature , and hence the Rights of Mother Earth. In is therefore anthropocentric. But it is not all humans in the circle of being human. Women, indigenous

people, farmers and peasants, workers are also excluded by being defined as less than human the Aboriginal Australians were defined as part of the flora and fauna until very recently in the Encyclopedia Britannica. "

"Thousands of men, women and children might die of starvation; yet there must be no cessation in the collection of taxes." — Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

We must remember even if we fix every one of these problems in our case, your honour, we are still humans, we are still facing an enormous multidimensional climatology crisis that these market-beholden colonial governments can and will never solve. Sovereignty is taking care of a Nation, Capitalism is Extracting a nation.

Whatever word games the British Nominalists might play, that fact is never going to change, says Clan Stewart, just pretending, please don't hold us in contempt of court, your honoured self.

Even when, with the help of myth, we come to see and accept who we are, we can still mismanage who we are. Culturally, we can get off to a bad start, as I believe we in the West did. Given the ecological havoc inside and outside ourselves, it behoves us, claiming to be sapient, to do something about it. — John Moriarty, Nostos

So with the help of myth then, we consider how to decolonise these minds after 1400 years of Wholistic Genocide on the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill. Orwell's notion of Doublethink seems to fit what we tried to characterise as self deception:

"Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them." — George Orwell, 1984

So let's look at story books that are vaguely Celtic in Nature, do these myths contain the ingredients to unscramble hearts and minds like the rest of the poetics of the Aboriginal Celtic Catholics, even as a shadow of memory?

Every life has death and every light has shadow. Be content to stand in the light and let the shadow fall where it will. Mary Stewart, The Hollow Hills

When is a legend legend? Why is a myth a myth? How old and discussed must a fact be for it to be relegated to the category "Fairy-tale"? And why do certain facts remain incontrovertible while others lose their validity to assume a shabby, unstable character? Anne McCaffrey, Dragonflight

There is nothing like looking, if you want to find something. You certainly usually find something, if you look, but it is not always quite the something you were after. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Hobbit

I wish it need not have happened in my time," said Frodo. "So do I," said Gandalf, "and so do all who live to see such times. But that is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

...every man is a hero if he strives more for others than for himself alone. Once you told me that the seeking counts more than the finding. So, too, must the striving count more than the gain.

Lloyd Alexander, The High [Chief]

The harmony that holds the stars on their courses and the flesh on our bones resonates through all creation. Every sound contains its echo. Before there was humankind, or even forest, there was sound. Sound spread from the source in great circles like those formed when a stone is dropped in a pool....as the Source of All being plucks the harp of creation. Morgan Llywelyn, Druids

"Living was struggling to do something impossible – to succeed, or die, knowing you had tried!" – Anne McCaffrey, Dragonflight

We chose to let those fragments stand alone for a reason, your honour, for individual consideration. Do any of those sentiments seem out of place with these traditional practices of the Indigenous Ulidian Irish Catholics?

The three steps of mercy. Everyone was expected, on meeting a funeral, to turn back, and walk at least three steps with the funeral. These were known as the "Three steps of mercy."

The three steps of decency. When seeing a friend away from your house, you should accompany him at least three steps from your own door. These courtesies are not observed in Anglicised society. — Seanfhocla Uladh 1907

Chief Arvol Looking-Horse of the Lakota, Keeper of the White Buffalo Calf Pipe explains the value of English courtesies:

Our Ancestors foretold that water would someday be for sale. Back then this was hard to believe, since the water was so plentiful, so pure, and so full of energy, nutrition and spirit.

Today we have to buy pure water, and even then the nutritional minerals have been taken out; it's just empty liquid. Someday water will be like gold, too expensive to afford. Not everyone will have the right to drink safe water.

We fail to appreciate and honor our Sacred Sites, ripping out the minerals and gifts that lay underneath them as if Mother Earth were simply a resource, instead of the source of life itself.

Attacking nations and using more resources to carry out destruction in the name of peace is not the answer! We need to understand how all these decisions affect the global nation; we will not be immune to its repercussions.

Allowing continual contamination of our food and land is affecting the way we think. A "disease of the mind" has set in world leaders and many members of our global community, with their belief that a solution of retaliation and destruction of peoples will bring peace.

In our prophecies it is told that we are now at the crossroads: Either unite spiritually as a global nation, or be faced with chaos, disasters, diseases, and tears from our relatives' eyes.

We are the only species that is destroying the source of life, meaning Mother Earth, in the name of power, mineral resources, and ownership of land. Using chemicals and methods of warfare that are doing irreversible damage, as Mother Earth is becoming tired and cannot sustain any more impacts of war. ...

...This new millennium will usher in an age of harmony or it will bring the end of life as we know it. Starvation, war, and toxic waste have been the hallmark of the great myth of progress and development that ruled the last millennium. To us, as caretakers of the heart of Mother Earth, falls the responsibility of turning back the powers of destruction. You yourself are the one who must decide. You alone – and only you – can make this crucial choice, to walk in honor or to dishonor your relatives. On your decision depends the fate of the entire World.

Indigenous Environmental Network Important Message from Keeper of Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe Chief Arvol Looking Horse 8/26/16

We cannot say with certainty that John Moriarty of the Eóghannachta Locha Léin tribe means the same living planet as Chief Arvol Looking Horse of the Lakota, but imagine for a minute they mean the same planet, your honour, and consider if they are saying the same kinds of things in different places on it.

I got a sense walking the roads of Connemara ... that the whole Earth is a living planet. It is a living thing. And, like, the rocks are alive, it is **all** alive, and we are damaging it most dreadfully and most terribly. All we have to do is look at the headlines every day... to see how badly we are damaging it. Now, the question is, like, if this is so, then we're into ecological disaster, ecological breakdown. And if we're into ecological breakdown, we're into cultural breakdown.... Now, it isn't only an individual who breaks down, cultures can also break down, and I think that we are so far into ecological calamity now that our culture, even though the signs may not be visible to us, like, we're into cultural breakdown. John Moriarty, Seeking To Walk Beautifully on the Earth

Cultural Breakdown means the same thing on Mordor in Tolkien as it does on Arrakis of Frank Herbert. A biologically dead planet full of monsters. Is there anyway to avoid that kind of future, asks Chief Arvol Looking Horse of Lakota First Nation. Iascach an Muir caint Fir Maige Féne.

"History, despite its wrenching pain, cannot be unlived, but if faced with courage, need not be lived again." —Maya Angelou

Bhí an tráth sin duine uasal naofa in Éirinn, eadhon, mhic Néill; fear a chomhlíon

aitheanta Dé agus a choimeád é féin faoi chuing chrábhaidh agus a d'fhulaing pian agus sciúirse ar son an Tiarna. B'é searbhónta dílis *diongbháilte* Dé é óir ba ghnách leis a chorp a chéasadh ar son grá Dé agus mar luach saothair dá anam. Sciath chosanta in aghaidh ionsaithe an diabhair agus drochbhéasa eile ab ea an fear mín muinteartha mórbheartach sin.

There was a certain noble, distinguished holy patron in Ireland,
son of Niall;

a man who fulfilled God's command
and bore the yoke of piety,
and endured persecutions for the Lord's sake.

He was God's own worthy servant,
for it was his wont to [take up his cross] for love of God
and to win a reward for his soul.

A sheltering shield against evil attacks of the devil
and against vices was that gentle, friendly, active man.

Buile Shuibhne The Frenzy of Suibhne English translation by J. G. O'Keeffe, Buile Shuibhne (The Frenzy of Suibhne), (London: Irish Texts Society, 1913; repr. 1996), pp. 3-159. Modern Irish version by Seán Ó Sé, Buile Shuibhne, (Baile Átha Cliath: Coiscéim, 2010), pp. 7- 101.

Argument 8:

Tír Chonaill Seanfhocail

After analysing Gaelic artifacts of culture and forms of life for many years, it becomes clear that the traditional spoken Gaelic Irish is still dying out, while a modern version is growing slowly. The main way to understand what we mean by this claim is that, the content of the modern Irish is roughly equivalent to English. The Gaelic trad Irish language is full of seanfhocail proverbs like traditional Ghana or Traditional Mexico, for instance.

Learners Dictionary[year]:

Note

This dictionary has been compiled to meet the needs of those who are studying Irish in schools and colleges, and of students of the language in general; and its **aim is to supply Irish equivalents for the English words** commonly met with in speech and writing. Many words relating to modern life and developments are given, but here the criterion of selection has been common usage. No attempt has been made to cover rarely-used technical terms of a specialist nature as their inclusion would have greatly increased the size of the work without adding to its value as a concise, practical dictionary for everyday use.

J.H. Nketia, "Folklore of Ghana," *The Ghanaian* I, 1958, p21. As cited by Ruth Finnegan in her essay in the volume *The Wisdom of Many*. "The value of the proverb to us in modern Ghana does not lie only in what it reveals of the thoughts of the past. For the poet today or indeed for the speaker who is some sort of an artist in the use of words, the proverb is a model of compressed or forceful language.

In addition to drawing on it for its words of wisdom, therefore, he takes interest in its verbal techniques—its selection of words, its use of comparison as a method

of statement, and so on.... This ... approach to proverbs which is evident in the speech of people who are regarded as accomplished speakers or poets of a sort makes the proverbs not only a body of short statements built up over the years and which reflect the thought and insight of Ghanaians into problems of life, but also a technique of verbal expression, which is greatly appreciated by the Ghanaian. It is no wonder therefore that the use of proverbs has continued to be a living tradition in Ghana."

The last one hundred years have seen the Irish language standardised to be an English Equivalent, same as the reforming colony itself. For instance, Gall in the various spellings of Gallagher is taken to mean the English equivalent of Foreign, making the name translate as meaning Foreign Help. Ó Donovan of the Luimneach Aboriginal Irish Catholics translated and notated an old Irish dictionary called Cormacs Glossary. Sanas Chormaic has an entirely different set of meanings and senses for the word Gall.

GALL i.e. a pillar-stone, i.e. *nis comathig combatar selba co cobrandáib gall* 'they are not neighbours till (their) properties are (provided) with boundaries [?] of pillar-stones' (a). *Gall*, then, means four things, i.e. first, *gall*, a pillar-stone, ut praediximus : it is so called because it was the Gaill that first fixed them in Ireland. *Gall* next, a name for nobles of France, i.e. *tribus Galliae*, and they were so called from *candor corporis*, γάλα [enim] Graece lac Latine dicitur, unde Galli, i.e. milky ones (b). Sic, then, *gall* is nomen for a swan : inde Fer Muman dixit :

cocholl chos ngall gemin brain

'the covering of swan's legs is a raven's skin'.

gall, then, a name for a cock, i.e. *gallus*, i.e. from *galea capitis* he is named. [B adds: *a cathbarr a cind* 'from the crest of his head']

1°. *gall* 'a pillar-stone' seems at first sight cognate with O.Fr. *gal*, which Diez, E.W. II, 304, connects with W. *calen* 'whetstone.' The double *l*, however, = *rr*, points to an Indo-European *ry* or *rs* : so cf. perhaps Zend *zarsh-tva*, 'a stone'. O'Clery s. v. makes the dat. pl. *gaillechaib*. 2°. The etymology of *Gall* from γάλα is taken from Isidore, par. 104. "Galli a corporis candore nuncupati sunt : γάλα enim graece lac dicitur." 3° *gall* 'swan' and 4° *gall* 'cock' (if the latter word is not a loan from *gallus*) are for **garlus*, and both from the root GAR 'to call' 'praise'; cf. *swan* from the root SVAN 'sonare', and cf. *hano* with the Latin *cano* and perhaps κῦ-κν-ος—Ed.

Sanas Chormaic, Ó Donovan, Stokes, Calcutta, 1868.

Gall can mean foreigner, keeping in mind the Irish Language has no bias against foreigner by itself. The language distinguishes two types of foreigners, Fionnghall agus dubhghall, Radiant Refreshing Foreigners and evil foreigners. If we look at Sanas Chormaic, though, Gall can also mean a swan, a rooster, a pillar stone, or a French Noble. With the English Equivalence thinking, Gallagher means Foreign Help. In the Irish

language, it could mean Swan Justice, Pillar Stone Justice, or Rooster Truth, among many other possible senses.

Cóir, at least in the Gallchóir spelling variants of Gallagher, could be argued is the most important word in the history of the Irish Language.

Cóir

Cóir Justice, equity. An chóir a dhéanamh, to do what is just, proper. Rinne sé an chóir liom, he acted fairly towards me. Proper share, due. Lena chóir (féin) a thabhairt dó, to give him his due. Proper provision; accommodation. Proper condition. 5Proper equipment; (pl.) requisites. A chóir éadaigh, his rig-out. Ach an chóir cheart a bheith agat, provided one has, had, the right equipment. Córacha catha, 'runs', flourishes, in storytelling. Cóir (ghaoithe), favourable wind. Is maith an chóir an ciúnas, a calm is better than a gale. Nearness, proximity. Fan de mo chóir, stay near me. Just, proper; decent, honest. Breithiúnas cóir, just judgement. Duine cóir, just, honest, person.

The word cóir falls permanently into disuse after the Norman invasion, one could say its replacement Ceart, Cearta, is a Norman Old English Equivalent word. Ceart means rights distributed by a Lord, essentially, framing so many losing arguments over the years over Equal Rights, Human Rights, Womens Rights, Phillipino Rights, Haitian Rights, West Papua Rights.

The older word Cóir doesnt create those problems nor does the Féineachas Law that accompanies it.

The oldest word for "just" and "justice" in Irish is probably 'cóir' (oldest form 'coair'), which comes from Old Celtic 'ko-uéro-' "in accordance with the truth" (cf. the more transparent Welsh cognate 'cywir', which in modern usage means "correct"). As usual, we have the basic Celtic concept of Truth ('Sanas Chormaicuéron') which refers to a cosmic, indisputable rightness which human behaviour must seek to imitate.

Alexei Kondratiev, http://www.imbas.org/articles/celtic_values.html

Justice in accordance with the truth is very different from justice in accordance with rights and privileges and privations, your Banshee Court. But the definition of Gallagher as Foreign Help in a quick English equivalence will never convey those much-older-

than-roman-europe legal conceptions from the vanished Celts.

Gallagher could very well mean Pillar Stone of True Justice, but we can see why there might not be an equivalent for that in the Irish Language milieu, your honour. So, we have to expect a while different bandwidth or range of meaning in the Trad Gaelic, which hopefully this English Language Banshee Monday Court argument might hopefully help our Gaeltacht protect.

Through our Brehonic Canvassing methods, your honour, we have detected mean-spiritedness outside the range of the healthy Traditional Gaelic Catholic family systems well within the range of modern Irish language speakers in the Era of Gangsta Irish usages like Kneecap who promise a better way to live through being Gaelic Gigolos. Lets just say if the poor spalpeen exile grandparents or the orphan exiles that produced this Brehons family line heard what Kneecap was saying, they would be quite red in the face.

Ach má tá tú ag iarraidh geansaí le cochall a cheannacht le rud eicínt scríofa i nGaeilge air, is é An Spailpín Fánach an áit is fearr le dul ag siopadóireacht.

Colloquial Irish: The Complete Course for Beginners, Routledge

The seanfhocail are the most clear way to encounter the legitimate Irish Catholic mind. You cannot refute a proverb. Is Marbh An Ghaeilge Ghael Ghigolos. The Gaelic proverbs offer an actual better way to live. Lets consider Énrí Ua Muirgheasa testimony from 1907 in this light:

Now, if we are to become Irish again...our young people must be made familiar with the proverbs which have been the heritage and the helpmates of unnumbered generations of our ancestors ; they must be encouraged to use them and keep them alive, and hand them down to future generations. Énrí Ua Muirgheasa (sp), 1907, Seanfhocla Uladh

Nicolson explains in English, what the values that go with, and the values do not go with, the Gaelic Seanfhocail. In previous eras, no one without these values would have likely shown any interest in Irish Language study. Thanks to Johnny Gray and Steve Bannon, this seems to have changed, when there were never as many reasons to guard against it, since the language itself in its traditional usage is a natural guard against it, because of these values Nicolson discusses:

In these Gaelic proverbs, there is plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution, in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peaceableness, love of kindred, patience...providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning...or any other form of vice or meanness. Alexander Nicolson, 1882

“It has occurred to me, brother, that wisdom may not be the end to everything. Goodness and kindness are, perhaps, beyond wisdom. Is it not possible that the ultimate end is music and gaiety and a dance of joy? Wisdom is the oldest of all things. Wisdom is all head and no heart. Behold, brother, you are being crushed under the weight of your head. You are dying of old age while you are yet a child.” — James Stephens, *The Crock of Gold*

Cameron Gillies explains how the long memory of the Aboriginal Gaelic Catholics prepared those values in those Old Words for us over time.

Now if you find a highly thoughtful people transmitting crystallized thought through many hundreds of generations down to our day and time, from the very dawn of human knowledge I must ask you where can you expect to find truth if it is not there...In this way they left us incomparably the finest body of Proverbs upon the face of the earth. If we had nothing but these Proverbs to our Gaelic name we are an extremely rich people... *The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death.* BY H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913

This Brehon has stress tested the Irish proverbs along with other Cultural proverbs, and it is the opinion of the Brehon that Dr. Gillies is correct, when used contextually, Irish proverbs always deliver maximum verbal punch in translation. Those who do not speak the traditional Irish Language can easily write off the use of a powerful seanfhocail. This was probably not the case before 1916, we might suggest, and certainly was not the case before 1847. Seanfhocail hold their own weight in every culture that values Old Words.

We are going to emancipate ourselves from mental slavery, for though others may free the body, none but ourselves can free the mind. Marcus Garvey

Is there any other way for our scattered Aboriginal Irish Catholic families of Tír Chonaill to become mentally free except by the means countless generations of their own grandparents prepared for them? Doubtful, your honour.

Irish wisdom in spite of more than a thousand years of stereotypes, Irish wisdom is the heart of Aboriginal Irish hearts and minds. As we continue to provide ample and abundant evidence, keep in mind it is all just a joke of a Fairy Tale *as Béarla*.

Roland Smith, speaking of Irish wisdom-texts generally, stated that "they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," *Revue Celtique* 47 (1930): 33.

We have collected truth and wisdom for thousands of years which goes with a civilisation which had all these values both before and after Christ, though because they are traditional, they constantly evolve and improve when they are allowed to. Aboriginal Irish Catholics have a culture of sharing work and sharing responsibility and *fáilte* or welcome, which is seen in its glory here:

Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, p. 183 by Énrí Ó Muirgheasa "You were grand for milk when your cow was dry. Before the establishment of creameries in rural districts it was not usual to sell milk, but if any of the neighbour's cows were dry all the other neighbours gratuitously sent them milk, so much so indeed that many poor families never had such an abundant supply of milk as when their own cows were dry. A person who "was not good about milk" was held in contempt. Selling milk was looked upon as a rather mean kind of traffic. One man in Farney, who used to send his daughter in to sell milk in the town, used to explain apologetically that "Indeed it wasn't for the sake of the money, but to make the goirgeach⁸ bright."⁹ 8 Goirgeach seems to mean that which is unpleasant 9 <https://archive.org/stream/seanfhoclauladh00muuoft?/page/182/mode/2up/search/Cow>

Énrí Ua Muirgheasas book has many cultural notes in it.

For the rich man as well as the poor man —
If you will not purchase heaven for yourself
Your wife or children will not purchase it for you.
Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good —
Without false sighs (hypocrisy),
In spite of all that,
better still is humanity, kindness, and hospitality

The wisdom texts, the folklore, the poetry, the stones, all follow the same path toward humanity, kindness, and hospitality that St. Colmcille is on about there. You can see that spirit alive in the forms of the poetic traditional legal forms of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill by the Sharon Paice MacLeod here:

from A Confluence of Wisdom: The Symbolism of Wells, Whirlpools, Waterfalls and Rivers in Early Celtic Sources Sharon Paice MacLeod Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Vol. 26/27 (2006/2007), pp. 337-355

In the Dindshenchas tradition, the story of Sinnan is presented in a somewhat less sinister light than that of Boand. Sinnan was described as possessing every sort of fame or renown except for imbas/immus 'great knowledge' (presumably referring to the specialized power known as imbas forosnai). In one version the power she seeks is called "great wisdom by way of streams" (imma sóis co srethaib), apparently an important or eminent activity (gním nóis) that was needed for what is here referred to as her "new life" (núa-bethaid). The phrase imma sóis co srethaib may also refer to an ordering or arrangement (sreth) of divinely inspired words, such as may have been used in spells or incantations. This word is in a number of other sources, in the phrases sreth rann (a series of parts [of speech]), sreth senchais (a series of stories), sretha deich (the name of a meter), and sreathaibh roscaigh agus fasaigh agus airchetail (a series of proverbs, commentaries and poetic compositions). It was also used to refer to a general "spreading of knowledge" (sreth imbais) referring to the alliteration of all the words in a particular line. In addition, the word is seen in the phrase iar sreth ná súad (according to the threads of poetic arts /compositions), which means "handed down by tradition".

The proverbs will be the easiest place to access these traditions for most people who haven't already taken up *Céilí* or *Bodhrán*.

Plant gwirionedd yw hen ddiahebbion.

The children of truth are old proverbs.

Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart* [a book whose name references WB Yeats]

"Among the Igbo [of Nigeria] the art of conversation is regarded very highly, and proverbs are the palm oil with which words are eaten."

An Bhotsuáin:

Diane di a bua!

Na seanfhocail, labhraíonn siad!

The proverbs they speak!

Ní féidir an seanfhocal a shárú.

A proverb cannot be refuted.

So we read those proverbs as if they had a force of law stronger than banknotes and then we begin to understand, your Honour.

Seanfhocla Uladh 1907 Énrí Ua Muirgheasas collection of proverbs, specifically points out a goodly number of proverbs specifically from our population of Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill. So now having familiarised ourselves with the role of proverbs more generally we can get a sense of what is unique about the local flavour or blas of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill.

To every cow belongs her calf." — (DI.) It is not a little remarkable to find this proverb still alive in Donegal. This is the precedent from the Brehon code, quoted in the famous judgment of chief Diarmuid, in the case of the transcript made by St. Colmcille of St. Finnian's manuscript : — " To every cow belongs her calf, and to every book its copy." If history speaks true, this was a maxim Tír Chonaill had good reason to remember.

Teaching your mother how to make porridge.

He would make a fight between a Tyrconnell man and a Tyrone man.

(Even) a hen is heavy if carried far.

It is not the same thing to go to the big town and to come home again. —

Don't throw out the dirty water till you bring in the clean.

From Aislinge Meic Conglinne as translated by Kuno Meyer from Middle Irish:

The habits of Cailleach Bheara : She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry.

She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy.

She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice : One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow.

She told them to make themselves warm. " We cannot," said they. " Bale the sea out and in," said she. " Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again."

They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore.

She had a bull called Tarbh Conraidh. There was no cow that heard him bellow and had not a calf at the end of the year. Wherever the grass was best and sweetest, there she would drive her cows and the bull. One day the bull heard the lowing of a cow. He ran from the Cailleach until he reached the cow, and the Cailleach after him. She followed him until they came to Mainin.

He swam across a small creek that lay in his way. When he reached the dry land, the Cailleach had leaped across the creek, struck him with her druid's rod, and turned him into stone. The bull-shaped stone is to be seen to this very day.

One "here it is" is better than two "you will get."

When loss comes, neglect comes.

There are slippery stones at the doors of the rich.

There never was a scarcity but there would be a corresponding plentifulness. —

Learning is no burden to a person.

A person does not get his sense for nothing.

He was behind the door when the sense was being divided.

The fool thinks there is no one wise but himself.

The " bad drop " runs in a family for seventeen generations.

What should the son of a cat do but catch a mouse ?

Do not make your complaint to him who does not pity your case.

Be kind with the wretched, but dark and dour to your enemy. — (U.) This seems an adaptation of the grand heroic Fenian rule — Taise le truagh agus troid le trean : " Be kind to the wretched, but fight with the strong." See Eachtra Lomnochtain.

Here's a health to Ireland and to [Tír Chonaill],
And when (all) the Gael shall die, may there be no one alive.

Argument 9:

The Wise Women Healers

Anne Bernard Kearney in *Lovers, Queens and Strangers: Strong Women in Celtic myth* characterises one feminine power over men regarding honour in the form of the geis, which is a way of wording an obligation [bua] or prohibition [geasa] that puts someone in a position to stand up for their honour:

"In these legends the geis appears to be a feminine power used to attract men, to bind them and keep them in check. The women know that it is stronger than any other force: since it involves honour it touches the most vulnerable point of the heroic conscience and overrules all else.

Thus women have access to an authority higher even than the demands of honour, though apparently without a transcendent source."

Macha, Banshee Banríon of Ulster, if you find this argument boring, forgive me, this one is all about women in our Aboriginal Irish Catholic Gaelchultúr.

The first thing that needs to be said is women are not secondary in the Irish Poetic Law. There is no evidence that they ever were in the hearts of the true and gallant Gael, including though and especially through the so-called Celtic Catholic era. We hope these arguments will clear all that up for the court.

Gearóid Ó Cruaí is the only author in English to really convey this point from the Traditional viewpoint

"A starting point is the acknowledgment that the Irish wisewoman is a healer — by predominantly symbolic means — of crisis trauma. Where the roles of midwife and keener focus on the life traumas of birthing and dying, that of the bean feasa focuses on the affliction traumas that arise from apparently inexplicable loss of health or property." Gearóid Ó Cruaí *The Book of the Cailleach*

While this might seem like a hysterical flight of fancy, if you think about it, Vandana Shiva already explained that this is true everywhere in human history. When the dominators take over, eventually women at the bottom of the barrel, like the African

Diaspora Women, find wise paths to healing and protecting themselves.

Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch, a University College Cork emeritus professor of folklore, *The Book of the Cailleach*, UCC Press: "Proactive, female creativity and power is thus seen, in Irish ancestral culture, to be the major source from which emerges both the general form of the physical universe and the security and well-being of the social order in times of stress.

That is as simple as the line in *The Snipers* promise, "Mama, comfort me, I know these awful things have got to be." Family people are centered on the mother and grandmother. Chauvinists are focused on the Father Figure at a very basic family dynamic level.

To the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, the loss of family relationships to each other and to the land, also means a loss of the strength of the Irish Mammy, which all the evils in the argument explain to be in Connolly's words "the slave of the slave, Tina Turners in the hands of abusive Ike Turners. So the traditional forms already account for the empowerment of women, the forms were dismantled, and the women were disempowered.

The worldview or mindset we had before that shattering and scattering, your honour is summed up by Ó Cruaíoch also, in the Irish word *Coimgne*, which seems to have fallen into disuse along the same timeline as *Cóir* after the Normans invaded; same timeline, for the record, your Majesty, that the Theologically Enriched Hiberno-Latin was erased, the language of our missionary monks to Europe under Gothic and Frankish conquistadors.

Coimgne represents the Aboriginal Tribal mindset and worldview of the Irish Catholics:

"[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term *coimcne* was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life." *The Book*

because it returns (*aisces*) his right to every one. Or *an-scuithe* ['un-removed' (*a*)] i.e. *neamh-scuithe* 'not removed' scil. from the hooks, i.e. without ever ceasing' (*b*) scil. from boiling.

See the *Senchas Mór* pp. 40, 46, 48, *Battle of Magh Rath* p. 51. The etymology from *an* and *sicc*, borrowed from *siccus*, seems correct.—*Ed.*

COACH .i. ruath[ar]—('an onset') ut est coach diarmada [de breg barainn] 7 rl. ('Diarmait's onset etc').

'a skirmish' O'D. But cf. W. *rhuthr*. The dat. pl. *ruathruib* is translated 'incursions' in *Senchas Mór* p. 227.—*Ed.*

COIMGNE ('synchronism') .i. coimegna geana naneolach .i. fis cech righ rogabh acomaimsir fria araile ('*coimegna geana* [?] of the wise i.e. knowledge of every king who was contemporaneous with another').

coimgni .i. senchas, O'Davoren.—*Ed.*

CAI .i. conair ('a way').

As Ó Cruaíoch and others discuss, the Cailleach, the bean feasa, the bean chaointe, and the bean sí, are all related to the heroic relationship of the chiefs like Ó Donnell and the feminine slán or well being and fertility of the land. Its a poetic device to make it clear, Sovereignty is like a marriage to a Banshee Banríon, as throughout we transpose "fairy" into "Banshee" for modern ears.

Songs of Donegal 1921 Pat MacGill

THE RETURN

(Argument : Hughie Gallagher, son of the Widow Gallagher, returns to Dooran, his native townland with the [Banshee] Banríon his wife.)

WHEN Hughie Gallagher came home, his bosom filled with pride,
And brought to Dooran, as his own, his bonnie [Banshee] Bride,
The people gazed on her dismayed. The Widow stroked her chin :
"She's nice enough," the Widow said. " But my ! she's very thin ! "
"Thin's not the word," said Eamon Wor. " To meet the work in hand
A ranny like her never yet was seen in all the land;
She's just the woman that meself would never want to own.
Thin's not the word' said Eamon Wor. " " She's only skin and bone."
" More bones than skin," said Norah Friel. " Sure, I did never see

A rachary like Hughie's wife, so doncy and so wee.
He sure could hide her in his boot or house her in his cap !
I never saw a thing like that get married on a chap ! "
Said Fergus Dhu who dug for spuds : " God help us, but she's small, The like of
her was never seen in County Donegal,
The way she walks, the way she talks, her figure, cut and shape !
I've hoked up pratees twice as big at Lammas on a graip !
" Neal Hudagh laughed a mighty laugh, as if his sides would break — " Poor
Hughie Gallagher," he said. " It's you that has the cheek
To take that thing to tend your home. And married to her now,
You'll never see her bake or sow, nor churn, nor milk a cow."
Said Myles O'Malley : " Grosha Yagh ! that such a thing I've seen !
God help you, Hughie Gallagher, you and your [Banshee] Banríon ! You've house
and home and stock and store, but all will go to pot, Because the woman that ye
need is what ye haven't got."

Now Hughie turned him to his wife and looked at her and said :
"Than house ourselves in Dooran, dear, we'd better far be dead.
We'll scoot, my love ! " And as he spoke he caught her by the hand.
And both together toddled off again to [Banshee]land.

[Old cailleach and the money bag Mother and three daughters]
[top penny story]

There lived in Maas Glentries a woman named Mary Gallagher who every time
she churned had no butter. One evening she was standing in the door of her
house when the cows were going into the byre, and she saw a hare coming out of
the byre, and going down in a hole near the door. So next day she went to the
priest and told him what happened. He told her to wash all her milking vessels
with the water that was in the well.

The woman returned home and did as she was told. The next time she churned
she had plenty of butter. duchas.ie

We don't think it is necessary to explain why these particular stories are being read to the Banshee court, we are somewhat aware of prohibitions on saying too much. What we are trying to establish is that down at University College Cork, it is well established in the Folklore department, that the Banshee Queens marriage to Noble Gaelic families is a poetic reference to the sovereignty of a given part of Ireland, as well as in a sense all of Ireland under some circumstances.

RTE Jenny Butler, UCC Analysis: a rock in Co Cork is closely associated with many legends around Clíodhna and is known as a door to the Otherworld. Special rocks and ancient sacred stones feature prominently in Early Irish literature and in legends. Some are linked to the sovereignty Banríon tradition where [Bean Sí] are connected with particular clans and areas.

"At the regional and local level", writes Gearóid Ó Cruaí in *The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise-Woman Healer*, "the divine female represents the sovereignty principle in respect of more localized dynastic identity, as for example, in the case of the O'Brien dynasty of Thomond in North Munster (Aoibheall) and the O'Keeffe dynasty of East and North Cork (Clíodna)." Clíodhna, whose name may mean "the territorial one", is also associated with Cork's McCarthy family line, to whom she is said to have passed the secret of the Blarney Stone, which is now housed at Blarney Castle, built by Cormac MacCarthy in the 15th century. "The [Bean Sí] Clíodna together with Aoibhell and Áine constitutes a triad of Munster [Bean Sí]", with links to the banshee", explains Daragh Smyth in *Earthing the Myths: The Myths, Legends and Early History of Ireland*. It's referenced in a story that "there is no morning of the year when Clíodhna isn't outside of that Carraig before sunrise, combing her hair", an activity associated with the banshee. Indeed, Clíodhna is also regarded as the banshee that rules as Banríon over the [Sí] of south Munster. Patricia Lysaght explains that "the association of the death-messenger with a former land [Bean Sí] who is now a bean sí is again evident in Clíona, territorial [Bean Sí] of south-Munster, and as such intimately connected with important families and individuals in the area"....

The Hughie Gallagher poem and the hare story above by Ms. Gallagher from the 1930s Oral Tradition in the Schools Collection at duchas.ie are obvious connectors to the same traditions, though we wouldn't recommend that dangerous line of Leannan Sí studies to

anyone else except in a time of great danger, haha.

We won't be able to locate the best versions of these stories, but if we follow this line of reasoning we can at least use the Cork scholarship to advance an understanding of these relationships between all the artifacts from the past through the folklore and the focloir[sp].

So, Macha Banríon of the Banshees of Tír Hugh or whatever, would the Monday Court consider thinking of itself in the same relationship to the Gallaghers folklorically to Macha or related ancestor women, as the Ó Keeffes have to Clíodhna as shown here by Eóghan Ó Dalaigh

The legend of Clíona Eugene Daly March, 2021

As a femme fatale, Clíona enticed men to the seashore, and had a series of mortal lovers. Among them were 'Caomh', the progenitor of the O'Keefe family, and Seán Mac Shemais Mac Gearailt (John Fitz James Gearailt – Fitzgerald) [chief] of Desmond...

<https://westcorkpeople.ie/columnists/the-legend-of-cliona/>

The different lovers, sorry gross men, refer to different dynasties upon the land. Hughie Gallagher and his Banshee Bride, the woman of the piercing wail. Here is a more direct sovereignty poem, which focuses on the genealogy not the banfeis marriage to the land of the sovereignty.

XXIII If the children of Éibhear had not lost

The sovereignty of the famous Cashel,

The family of O'Keefe would not rest Without claiming its undoubted right.

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652)

translated by Michael Longan

Poetically and in the Banshee-verse, this loss of sovereignty by Pobal Uí Chaoimh is represented in a dire warning about the Revenge of the Bean Sí. The family element has been removed, but it becomes more clear when we put it all back together, as no doubt great work remains to be done in Irish studies in general once the importance is understood.

[Clíodhna] is said to have drowned in the harbour of Glandore and the noise of the waves entering cliff caves near that spot has since been called Tonn

Clíodhna – Clíodhna's wave. Its noise is loud and sudden and is said to foretell the death of a [chief] or noble man in Ulster. Clíodhna foretold, that because of the way she was treated by mortals, a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster. <http://bardmythologies.com/cliodhna/>

Clíodhna of South Munster, Aoibhell of North Munster, her sister, and their father the Druid Mogh Ruith in between, the Fir Maige Féne First nation, sovereignty information in the Old Women stories. This is the theme of Merrimans the Midnight Court, a Banshee Monday Court with Aoibhell as the Otherworldly Banshee Judge to shed light on the state of oppression and to cast a dream vision to the future.

Gearóid Ó Cruaí, The Book of the Cailleach "It was not to any merely mortal liberator that Merriman looked for deliverance of country and culchies, but to the older, supernatural, 'female' sovereignty of the spirit of the land itself. Thus he seeks to ensure the return and perpetuation of fertility and prosperity for all..."

Tairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach,
sí-bhean Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoi the sí na slua seo Scaitheamh
do scaoileadh daoirse i dTuamhumhain.

Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo
Falsacht dlí do chloí go cumhachtach
Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag
Is caithfidh an teann bheith ceansa tláith libh,
Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh
Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite;

There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean,
Momonian's friend and Craglea's Banríon
To the assembled council to bid farewell
And in the land of Thomond to bide a spell.
This gentle upright lady swore To rip out bad laws by their core
To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak
So the mighty will have to cherish the meek.
The powerful desist from inflicting wrongs
And justice enthroned where it belongs:

These Banshee figures also show up in other prophetic fragments, like the meme about the 3 Waves of Erin, though the number varies:

[CHAP. XXX which book though...] VARIOUS SOCIAL CUSTOMS 525] The three Tonns or Waves of Erin are much celebrated in Irish romantic literature. They were Tonn [Chliodhna] in Glandore harbour in Cork ; Tonn Tuaithe outside the mouth of the Bann in Derry ; and Tonn Rudraidhe in Dundrum Bay off the County Down. In stormy weather, when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea at these places, as it tumbles over the sandbanks, or among the caves and fissures of the rocks, utters an unusually loud and solemn roar, which excited the imagination of our ancestors. They believed that these sounds had a supernatural origin, that they gave warning of the deadly danger, or foreboded the approaching death, of [chiefs] or ...chieftains, or bewailed ... a great chief's death. Sometimes when a [chief] was sore pressed in battle and in deadly peril, the Three Waves roared in response to the moan of his shield ...

Whatever that relationship is between a Chief and those Waves, it is all connected to sovereignty, just like Excalibur and the Lady of the Lake and worthiness to wield Excalibur in Britain, once Common Knowledge.

So in the breaking of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, they also lose their view of life, the universe, and everything. No surprise, dont panic.

"More elaborate social organization projects a more elaborate sacred cosmology [view of the universe] containing more abstract and powerful symbols—and these become available to individuals to help them organize their 'projects' or 'plans' or 'models' of action just at the time when society 'needs' individuals."

Daniel Lawrence O'Keeffe, *Stolen Lightning: A Social Theory of Magic*

"The ancestral Irish cosmology—like all cosmologies— comprises the cultural knowledge, in head, heart and hand (action and artifact), that comprehends and represents in a broad, general way, how the world and human existence have appeared meaningful to its adherents—the bearers and transmitters of Irish tradition—in narrative and in ritual." Gearóid Ó Cruaí, *The Book of the Cailleach*, University College Cork Press, 2003

Yes, your honour, let the record show, the theft of a view of the Universe itself. The Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill have never even had a chance to consider the sources left by their own grandparents, and instead were left to fend for themselves in a “marketplace of ideas”.

The Gaelic Poets of Memory are factually the Legal Profession in Aboriginal Irish Catholic law. The Poets were the judges and lawyers, without getting too much into the details. These poets left astute legal notes which were well understood as such by translators who courageously passed along our ancestral memory. The poetic law is the only style of law that can last more than a couple generations before falling into corruption, because its basic juris prudence is documenting truths of lived experiences, and arming the people with wisdom.

Ollamh Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the county of Galway, to George IV (1762 – 1830) in Dublin: 'Three poets for three sister Chiefings born, One for the Rose [Lord Byron], another for the Thorn [Sir Walter Scott] ; One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay, While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away. ' At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

The authority of poets is in discerning the truth, and then ennobling noble people with praise, and destroying reputations with satire that shows them for whom they are.

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University
The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture

Irish Myths and Legends: The literature that survives from the early Irish period, in Irish and in Latin, is the product of an intellectual elite that included ecclesiastical scholars and learned poets (filid, singular fili). The filid were the most prestigious of the óes dána('[people] of art') in early Ireland: they were highly trained and their power largely resided in their role as purveyors of praise and blame

These poet lawyers were hunted and killed. Here is Banríon Victoria's Treasury explaining Carew's methods in the Plantation of Munster, home of the Legal Speech of Ireland, Corcaigh according to the Irish Triads.

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth

Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868)

To listen to Irish lays or give alms to an Irish minstrel exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle men and women, within this province (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks, there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation." As if, forsooth, they could !

Under that principle, your honour, the readers of this book would get their eyes gouged out for reading this book which contains all of that banned information from the poet lawyers of Ireland. They are not wrong though, that the study of Irish Féineachas Law does not allow one to pursue other lines of work. Do their judges get part time jobs to stay alive?

Edward Hayes on the Fate of the File, 1864

"At the end of the eighth century, a tribe ... invaded and desolated the happy homes of Ireland. ...Monasteries were razed — Religious were persecuted — and the Bards, who had hitherto been regarded as sacred in the eyes of monarch and people, were exterminated with savage ferocity. For nearly three centuries, these pirates desecrated the soil of Ireland ; and, on their expulsion in the eleventh century, literature revived without resuming its former sway.

Another invasion in the twelfth century brings us in a stride down to the present time. The bards were still held in high estimation by chiefs and people. But the reign of Elizabeth inaugurated the renewal of another Danish persecution. The obnoxious bards were victims once more at the altar of tyranny; and thenceforth their character declined. Penal laws ruled the land, and laid the foundation of that ignorance for which Ireland is so unjustly blamed to-day. The Catholic who imparted or received education, was guilty of treason against the crown.

The Catholic schoolmaster and the priest were both outlawed ; and as if these

laws were not considered sufficient to keep the country ignorant, they were rendered still more stringent in succeeding reigns. We know that there are thousands in England at the present time, who would battle to the death against such injustice ; and we make these remarks to excite their charity for the ignorance and their sympathy for the sufferings of a country, which has been so systematically misgoverned.

...In the reign of Charles II., an act was passed to prevent the wandering minstrels from exacting meat or drink from the people, "for fear of some scandalous song or rhyme to be made upon them." The act further states, that all "such persons may be bound to loyalty and allegiance, and committed till bond be given with good sureties."

We see here the position to which the order was reduced by the oppressions of former reigns. The warfare of centuries had struck down the native chiefs, who had ever regarded them with a species of paternal affliction.

Around the oak of power the ivy of song had lovingly twined itself, and when the former was violently torn from the land, the latter was flung upon the world to float like a weed upon every wind.

The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

But even after the Brehon Law is supposedly extinguished, the Ollamh or Professor of Gaelic Matters is still taken care of by the tribes of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill:

Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erin ; in one county Dunnagall, the rental of the lands bestowed on the Ollavs, or Doctors in Learning, was equal to £2000year, of the present currency [1860].—(For proofs, see Annals of the Four Masters, or Irish Penny Journal, vol. I., p. 229.)

In case Errionach was unclear about what that means, he then insults all the traitors in the family, your honour for their lack of cróga agus dílis:

Poets and Poetry of Munster, 1860, Errionnach.

*The poet does not intend to cry down those who distinguish themselves by manly industry and honourable perseverance in labour, but solely those who

started up to insolence and riches by betrayng their country, and proving false to honour, freedom and friends. Errionnach, 1860.

The same economic stability is still afforded the proper poem writers as well:

Songs were not always thus cheap in Ireland. An Irish poet relates that he never used to get less than twenty-five cows for a poem, and the price sometimes paid for a poem would equal £600 at the present day (Dr. Hyde). But this died out with the old Irish aristocracy.

It was a constant theme of regret with the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the Saxon planter's who succeeded the Irish ...chiefs despised — in their gross ignorance — both poets and poetry, and indeed learning in general.

Seanfhocla Uladh

Ó Crualaíoch insists that these Filí carried the matriarchal internal law of the family, which seems to be exactly the same as the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Oral Tradition:

[T]he message that we can attribute to the male transmitters of the legends of the cailleach and the bean feasa ... is that essentially feminine conceptions of power and wisdom operate along with and outside of male authority in the patriarchal world and that such conceptions are traditionally resorted to and invoked to contain and make meaningful both occasional experiences of affliction and prevailing physical and sociocultural contexts of human existence...

... [T]hese stories...show in their own way how meaningfulness and relief can be achieved in affliction and how ancestral imaginative frameworks regarding the personified operations of cosmic power and cosmic forces can provide archetypal resources for the attainment of meaningfulness in the face of life experience. Men and women alike, whether in the pre modern communities in which these legends circulated in oral transmission, or in the contemporary world where these legends are encountered in written form, have presented to them, as speech-event or as text, narrative accounts of how human individuals (humanly identical to themselves), were enabled to interpret and to cope with the circumstances and the consequences of their being-in-theworld, and give symbolic verbal articulation and representation to that knowledge....

...Rather than being static, outmoded or regressive, these materials of Irish folk tradition can constitute a creative contribution to the life of the imagination today and to the imaginative enrichment of individuals who care to engage with them in creative ways.

Encountered in such a fashion, the texts and rituals of Irish folklore that feature the figure and function of the ancestral Irish otherworld female can bear living witness to — and enable access to — sources of imaginative creativity and vitality that deserves to be known more widely. "

Gearóid Ó Cruaí, *The Book of the Cailleach*, University College Cork Press, 2003

"A Fhir Shochair," ar siad, "cad tá á dhéanamh ag Leath Choinn?"

If anyone from the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill for "how meaningfulness and relief can be achieved in affliction" we would love to hear it. These values we have been demonstrating are that mechanism, but they are also what is not allowed under the Penal Laws and the Containment Culture and the Permanent Coercion against Insurrection tacitly enforced by colonies.

The wisdom of our ancestors is the only way to sort all this damage out. Fionn McCool is also presented as we saw with Lú as omniscient, skilled in many arts, like traditional farmers are and like specialised factory workers are not.

We read in the old historical tale, *Agallamh na Seanoiridhe* (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet— we have a prophecy related to the Danish and English invaders of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions, since we know that the span of a long life was found only too short for men who had made any one of those branches their study, to enable them to master the science to which they

applied themselves. Hence the name of Fionn, son of Cumhall, did not really rest on his individual merits as a man, but was built on other persons...who had been his predecessors.

[source lost]

St. Patrick likewise is put to the contest to show his merits in the contest of miracles.

In The Prologue to *Senchas Már*, the high-[chief], Loegaire, following St. Patrick's defeat of his magi (druid)[The standard Latin translation of 'druí' (i.e. druid) in medieval Irish literature is 'magus'.] in a contest of miracles, assembles the best of the men of Ireland to discuss their laws. Before Patrick arrives, those assembled express their fear that moral and political chaos will result if the 'Law of Forgiveness' (*cain dílguda*), preached by Patrick, is adopted.

They resolve to pay a man, Núadu, to kill a member of Patrick's household, intending to accept Patrick's 'Law of Forgiveness' if he forgives the crime, and to reject it if he does not.¹¹ Patrick's reaction is to look up to heaven, after which earthquakes ensue, causing the men of Ireland to plead the forgiveness preached by Patrick. But he refuses to make a judgement on the matter himself, rather entrusting it to the 'royal-poet' (*rígfíle*) of Ireland, Dubthach.

Patrick lays hands on Dubthach, so that he may judge the matter by means of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.¹³ However, there is another sense in which Dubthach was already thus inspired. He was chosen for this task as a representative of the 'righteous poets and judges of the men of Ireland',¹⁴ through whom the Holy Spirit revealed the 'Law of Nature' (*recht aicnid*),¹⁵ in a manner comparable to the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture. The 'Law of Nature', made known through these righteous poets and judges, is contrasted with the 'Law of Scripture' (*recht litre*), which has now been made known to Ireland through Patrick. Neither Dubthach nor Patrick are able to conciliate the apparent conflict between the respective Laws of Nature and Scripture on their own, since each is limited to one side of the dilemma or the other. However, when, at Patrick's hands, Dubthach also receives the Holy Spirit as it is manifest according to the Law of Scripture, he comes to occupy a position that is beyond the difference between natural and scriptural, secular and ecclesiastical forms of revelation. His transcendence of their mutual distinction allows him to judge the

entirety of pre-Christian Irish learning in relation to that of the Church, thus distinguishing what truly belongs to the Law of Nature from what does not, so that the Law of Nature, thus defined, may be incorporated into a single law together with the, now reinterpreted, Law of Scripture. This is further defined as a determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful'

[source]

Read again your honour, determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful, that is the Deal between the Celtic Catholics and the pagan Irish. It seems to have been very few changes. But that passage explains the reasoning at the time.

Grainne Mhaol is a great example of how a person can be in the historic Colonial timeline and also in Irish mythopoetic time, to borrow the word mythopoetic from Fr. Patrick Hederman of Glenstal Abbey. Many are the legends of Grainne Mhaol or Grace Ó Milley, but also she is an Aboriginal Gaelic Irish person.

The Rebel Banríon, Grainne Mhaol or Grace O'Malley (1530-1600), is associated with the west of Ireland, particularly with the western coastline around Clew Bay. The Granuaile Visitor Centre is in County Mayo.

Grace O'Malley (1530-1600), Banríon of (Ooal) Umaill, chieftain of the Ó Máille clan and a Rebel in 16th century Ireland. She is commonly known by her nickname Gráinne Mhaol ('Bald Gráinne' a reference to her close-cropped hair as a young woman).

The Rebel Banríon is associated with the west of Ireland, particularly with the western coastline around Clew Bay.

She lived in the turbulent times which saw the genocide of Gaelic Ireland and witnessed Elizabeth I of England's plantation policy take permanent effect on the country. She battled against the English and ruled around Clew Bay in County

Mayo. Her sea voyages are legendary [based on Granuaile Visitor Centre]

It isn't difficult to imagine generations of Aboriginal Gaelic Catholic women being strong and free based on this one example. The tradition is full of hundreds or thousands of such women. We might remember Grainne Mhaol from the famous song *Oró sé de beatha abhaile*.

Gráinne O'Milley is arriving over the sea, Armed warriors along with her as
her guard, They are Gaels, Not mean invaders nor Spanish conquistadores...
And The Gaels will rout the invaders!

May it please the Chief of Prodigy that we might see, Although we may live
for a week once after, Gráinne Milley and a thousand warriors... Dispersing
the Invaders!

The *bean sí*, your honour, the *Cailleach*, the wise woman healer story cycles, they
preserve a certain Aboriginal Irish viewpoint, one might say, and they are well
distributed, accounts of encounters therewith:

County: Roscommon Related By: Patrick Gallagher, 60 yrs Address: Castlemore

Written By: John P. Gallagher Address: Castlemore Age: 12 yrs Date: May 1938

One dark night as a man in my district was coming home he had to go along a
lonely stretch of road. On the way he saw some eggs and mushrooms which he
took up. All of a sudden he heard the wailing cry of a banshee and he was
knocked to the ground. His shoes were of and taken away with the mushrooms
and eggs As he proceeded down the road he saw his shoes which he put on. As
he went home he heard music on all sides. So then he knew the [banshees] were
out because it was the first of the month.

Patricia Lysaght, though descending from the Cork Militias that drove out the people
related to the Banshee in Cork in the early 1800s, seems to know the true nature of the
Bean Sí in her own healing journey.

Patricia Lysaght, *The Banshee*, Dublin, 1996, p. 191 "There is great variation in the
traditions about the being but the core of the belief concerns a solitary, crying
female supernatural being who is perceived as an ancestress of the family she
attends. One discerns in the traditions about her and older 'aristocratic' being ...

who stands in a special guardian-type position to noble and illustrious personages and families...

Lysaghts own family can be seen at the end of column 1 from an old Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.

DUHALLOW CAVALRY,

FORMED MARCH 23RD, 1822.

(Counterpart of the original Form to which Members signed their Names.)

We, the undersigned gentlemen, residing in or near the Barony of Duhallow, propose and agree to form a cavalry association for the purpose of preserving the peace of the country, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

W. W. Becher.	John M. Nash.	Edward Wrixon.
Wm. Wrixon.	Joseph Coppinger.	John Leahy.
John Longfield.	John Bullen.	Richard Bullen.
Adam Newman.	William Bullen, junr.	Henry Longfield.
John Flynn Newman.	John D. Freeman.	John M. Wrixon.
Stephen H. Atkins.	Edward D. Freeman.	George Purcell.
John N. Wrixon.	Richard P. Davis.	George Rogers.
Henry V. Wrixon.	Thomas Williamson.	Edward Leahy.
John N. Wrixon, junr.	Thomas P. Flynn.	Edward Lombard.
Pierce Power.	John Wrixon.	Philip Purdon (add. by ballot)
Edward Foott.	Henry Wrixon.	George S. Crofts do.
James Lysaght.	Nicholas Wrixon.	

At a meeting held at Ballyclogh, March 23rd, 1822, W. W. Becher, Esq., in the chair, Resolved—That we form ourselves into a cavalry corps, for the purpose of preserving the peace, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force.

Before we listen to only the accounts of the banshee, regarding death, remember that she is under occupation. Here, from the Manx Quarterly 1897 you can hear her real self:

The Old Woman 1870, Ellan Vannin (Isle of Vannin or Mannanán) "

...although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Rom. xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name.

I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the people, I cleaved always to the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks.

The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words. The Church I

constantly attended, and went with pious culchies to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the [Aboriginal Gaels of Ellen Vannin].

I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever.

Your Bansheeness, forgive the plámas. This other side of the Poetic Banshees of Celtic lands is not well understood outside of the family. Imagine the banshee howling at a digger removing sacred stones. Then imagine the banshee delighted when people observe justice. It isn't really stated beyond that as far as the English language goes.

Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland; a folklore sketch; a handbook of Irish pre-Christian traditions, Wood-Martin, 1902

Even Cleena had a more estimable side to her character. Some of the [Aboriginal Irish] around Carrig Cleena regard her in the light of a benefactress. In her neighborhood no cattle die from the influence of the evil eye, nor the malignant power of the unfriendly spirits of the air. Her goodness preserves the harvest from the blights that which dissipate the farmer's hopes.

The [Aboriginal Irish] are the particular children of her particular care. She often appears, disguised in the homely garb of a [Aboriginal Irish] girl, to announce to some late wayfarer the expulsion from her dominions of invading spirits, and the consequent certainty of abundant harvest.

Take care of the land and the land takes care of you. Here is a Woman of the Piercing Wail from the Viking Invasions, to show again that other side of the Wise Woman in our Aboriginal Irish traditions.

And yet another woman said :

O Christ, come to me !

With my son take my soul quickly !

great Mary, Mother of God's Son,

What shall I do without my son ?

For Thy Son my spirit and sense are killed.

I am become a crazy woman for my son.

After the piteous slaughter

My heart is a clot of blood

From this day till Doom.

From The Mothers Lament at the Slaughter of the Innocents

translated from Old Irish by Kuno Meyer.

THE VIKING TERROR

Bitter is the wind to-night,

It tosses the ocean's white hair :

To-night I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway

Coursing on the Irish Sea.

Argument 10:

The Gaelic Language of Tír Chonaill Abú

We have already shown the historic language loss in the course of the 1400 year genocide of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, you honour, in this argument we will endeavour to demonstrate what losing a language or having an oppressed linguistic minority or what losing all the information means in a very summary sense. Tír gan teanga tír gan beatha.

"...For every oral transmission dependent culture, when silencing occurs, the myth is broken. The myth can be passed on not only through language, but also through ritual, that is, involvement with the body. The act of storytelling through ritual is essential to ensure cultural regeneration. "Riddles and sophisticated wordplay are a reminder of the origin of all sacred mysteries: Breath, or the Word itself" (Sharkey, 13). Perhaps this is telling of why the Eucharist in Catholicism is so important—it is a repeated act of the body; a ritual that involves not only the Word, but the Body in unity...."Mythology contains the residue of our cultural trauma, particularly the residue of women's history. A reinterpretation of this mythology is essential, yes—but are we looking in the right spaces?

Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body Amber C. Snider, City University of New York

As all the Aboriginal language activists around the world might affirm, generally if you have left the language-centered approach to mythology, you are no looking in the right spaces. The myths go with the people who go with the Irish Language, in the case of the Síle na gig or her counterpart Bodach na gig.

To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system

Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

If you told a Gaelic person in 1563 that any of those items listed, Irish Language, Brehon Law, Gaelic clothing and customs were separate items to be picked or chosen like a

“lifestyle choice” in Mr. Tony Abbott phrase, they probably would not have understood a word of your Saxon snakey tongue.

Brian Friel insists in *Translations* that this gulf can be somehow bridged between outsiders and the Tír Chonaill Irish:

Yolland: Poteen - poteen - poteen. Even if I did speak Irish I'd always be an outsider here, wouldn't I? I may learn the password but the language of the tribe will always elude me, won't it? The private core will always be... hermetic, won't it? Yolland leans back down against the creele.

Eógan: You can learn to decode us.

Brian Friel *Translations*

Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o is an African Decolonial Philosopher. He thinks all of Europe needs decolonising. Here he discusses what language means to any culture anywhere:

"Language as communication and as culture are products of each other. Communication creates culture: culture is a means of communication." — Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o *Decolonising the Mind*

David Tallpine White, a Scholar of the Nipmuc Algonquin language explains what most Aboriginal cultures, whether it be Hmong or Nahuatl or Woloff or Gaelic or Wuradjirri feel about the relationship to their own language. Tall Pine is cousins with Dunn and McGowan Algonquin Irish Métis families:

"There's a lot of wisdom and knowledge in our language. Based on the observations of nature over thousands of years, it shows how our surroundings are alive and an important part of life itself. It teaches an appreciation and purpose of each living thing."

Tall Pine:

By Rachel Rapkin Greenfield Recorder 1 Márta 2016 GREENFIELD

Did [Metacomet's] War truly end in 1676? According to Nipmuc Tribe member David Tall Pine White, some indigenous people feel the battle persists to this day. "Natives today still believe that war continues on a different kind of level," White said ...regarding the untold histories of 1676 and beyond....

For instance, the Páistí of Londonderry call it Loundain-Dhoire sometimes, though generally only the ones who would never call it Londonderry. Doire is a word for an oak forest, so the language demonstrates what is missing from the land, as their language demonstrates where the oak trees were sent. Ní hAnsa. It cannot be too far from what Tall Pine is saying.

from COLUM CILLE'S GREETING TO IRELAND, K. Meyer Ancient Irish Poetry My Derry, my little oak-grove, My dwelling and my little cell, O living God that art in Heaven above, Woe to him who violates it !

Back to Amber Snider describes further what losing language means:

Language is the thread of guidance into the known world, it is how we come to know ourselves. Armed with her diving accouterment, the speaker also arms herself with language: "The words are purposes. / The words are maps." Without this "map" we are purposeless and lost. Language is the thread that keeps continuity with the past and present. Words are the bridge between the Spiritual and Physical. — Amber C. Snider, *How Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body*

Our language was once carefully managed by sublime poets. Peace and the language and the landscape all went together for the Aboriginal Catholics of Ireland.

A New History of Ireland, Volume II: Medieval Ireland 1169-1534 edited by Theodore William Moody, Art Cosgrove, Francis John Byrne The cultural unity of Ireland, as reflected in the standard literary language, was maintained by the [people] of learning...who, whatever their provincial loyalties, established an agreed history and pseudo-history of Ireland, the senchas coitcheann. Ulster saga material was composed by Munster poets and preserved in manuscripts at Clonmacnoise and in Leinster.

Reviewed Work: *Literary Creation and Irish Historical Tradition* by Brian Ó Cuív
Review by: Francis John Byrne *Irish Historical Studies* Vol. 16, No. 62 (Sep., 1968),
Cambridge University Press

...the fact that the Irish had a literary rather than a historical bias is of itself an interesting cultural phenomenon. Students of Gaelic Ireland must of necessity be in large measure literary historians. For this reason professor Ó Cuiv's interest in the historical implications of literary texts is a hopeful portent that the gulf between philology and history may be spanned more often in the future.

The tradition of the heroic saga remained very much alive until the eleventh century or so, and took as its subject matter not merely prehistoric figures but chiefs [and queens] of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and even eighth centuries.

That, your Honour, is the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill we are discussing, is it not? Nguĩgi's *Decolonising The Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature* shows us what it took to remove all that:

...The real aim of colonialism was to control the people's wealth: what they produced, how they produced it, and how it was distributed; to control, in other words, the entire realm of the language of real life.

Colonialism imposed its control of the social production of wealth through military conquest and subsequent political dictatorship.

But its most important area of domination was the mental universe of the colonized, the control, through culture, of how people perceived themselves and their relationship to the world.

Economic and political control can never be complete or effective without mental control. To control a people's culture is to control their tools of self-definition in relationship to others.

For colonialism this involved two aspects of the same process: the destruction or deliberate undervaluing of a people's culture, their art, dances, religions, history, geography, education, orature, and literature, and the conscious elevation of the language and "culture" of the coloniser. The domination of a people's language by the languages of the colonising nations was crucial to the domination of the mental universe of the colonised.

The effect of the cultural bomb is to annihilate a people's belief in their names, in their languages, in their environment, in their heritage of struggle, in their unity, in their capacities and ultimately in themselves. It makes them see their past as one wasteland of non-achievement and it makes them want to distance themselves from that wasteland. It makes them want to identify with that which is furthest removed from themselves; for instance, with other peoples' languages rather than their own. It makes them identify with that which is decadent and reactionary, all those forces that would stop their own springs of life. It even plants serious doubts about the moral righteousness of struggle. Possibilities of triumph or victory are seen as remote, ridiculous dreams. The intended results are despair, despondency and a collective death-wish...

That process is described in Ireland in the introduction to *The Ballads of Ireland* by Edward Hayes 1864:

In that right royal age of British literature, when the English language was assuming consistency and beauty, the language and literature of Ireland were withering under the deadly shade of persecution. When the poets of the Elizabethan era stamped upon their glorious productions the romantic beauties of that age of chivalry, Ireland was prostrated by famine, pestilence, and war. When the stern enthusiasm of the Puritans moulded the English tongue... Ireland was still bleeding under the terrible scourge of merciless conquest.

In contrast to that we see the attitude the Aboriginal Irish have toward our beloved language:

Dan Mholadh Na Gaoidhulge of Philip Fitzgibbon, a Kilkenny Poet.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The language of Éire is brilliant as gold ;
It shines with a lustre unrivalled of old.
Even glanced at by strangers, to whom 'tis unknown,
It dazzles their eyes with a light all its own.

It is music, the sweetest of music, to hear ;
No lyre ever like it enchanted your ear.
Not the lute, or the flute, or the quaint clarinet,

For deep richness of tone could compete with it yet !

It is fire to the mind — it is wine to the heart —

It is melting and bold — it is Nature and Art !

Name one other language, renowned though it be.

That so wakes up the soul, as the storm the deep sea !

Let the Monday Court not forget our Poetic Lawyers who were hunted down like animals:

Gone Are All the Noble Poets Daibhi O Bruadai from the Gaeilge I Gone are all the noble poets, Sad the darkness of the world ; The children of those learned ollamhs Now are void of keen retorts. II Sad their books with gray dust covered, Satchels ne'er in folly versed ; Mystic lore forgotten wrongly, Born of wisdom-drinkers' minds. III After the death of the poets, whose riches were poems and wit ; Woe unto him who hath seen the fate that hath come upon us ; Their books, now unheeded in corners, lie mouldering, covered with dust, While of their mystical treasures no whit is possessed by their sons.

Colin Graham describes how the later Irish Nationalisms rupture from the Gaelic past by instead trying to emulate other colonial endeavours:

“The very idea of nationality which was used by decolonising peoples to coalesce themselves into a coherent political force was itself transferred to the colonies by imperialist ideology....This ideology was adopted and turned back unto the coloniser by the colonised in order to conceptually justify their own anti-colonial struggle. The result is a postcolonial world of nation states which structurally and practically imitate western nations.”

They all use the English Operating system, which explains why Gemma Ó Dochertaigh is so upset about corruption. Because this Banshee Monday Court Case shows it isn't corruption, but rather built to fail the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill such as Gemma Ó Doherty.

We have mentioned many times the Statutes of Kilkenny, where the poet above singing about the Irish language was from. The Statute of Kilkenny is in our

estimation the first example of what would later be called Systemic Racism by Critical Race Theory or Apartheid by Nelson Mandela. The victims were discriminated against for being Aboriginal Irish Catholics, not because of skin color. But we challenge the Banshee Monday Court to find that it is not the case that the Statutes of Kilkenny are when they invented Racism on the Irish:

1366-1367 Statutes of Kilkenny

It was against the Coloniser law for the English in Ireland to:

- Marry an Irish person, no race mixing
- Adopt an Irish child
- Use an Irish name
- Wear Irish clothes
- Speak the Irish language
- Play Irish music
- Listen to Irish story-tellers [Lawyers]
- Play Irish games
- Ride a horse in Irish style, that is, without a saddle.

The reason the Statutes give for their existence is here:

"... now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemies; and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid; whereby the said land, and the liege people thereof, the English language, the allegiance due to our lord the king, and the English laws there, are put in subjection and decayed..." —introduction to statutes

An Sionnach Fionn reminds us this ban on the Irish language still had not worked 464 years later in Ireland.

The primary – and avowed – purpose of the National Education Act of 1831 was to make good English children of bad Irish children, and one of the primary mechanisms of that forced conversion was the removal of their native language. By stripping the younger generation of their identity Britain's colonial rule on this island nation could be made more effective – and enduring – than anything achieved through fire and sword, plantation and displacement.

"Beating The English Language Into The Irish, Quite Literally An Síonnach Fionn

As Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair explained it:

Our rich ancient indigenous language, culture and heritage identify us as the unique and distinguishable settled nation we've been since long before the English language existed or even a Union of British nation(s) existed.

Linguistic Shenanigans: who politicised the Irish language in Ireland? by Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair

Kenya's Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o writes in Decolonising the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature:

The call for rediscovery and the resumption of our language is a call for a regenerative reconnection with the millions of revolutionary tongues in Africa and the world over demanding liberation. It is a call for the rediscovery of the real language of humankind: the language of struggle.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA' ETC. " THE POOR OLD WOMAN."

...the English conquest of Ireland was a very slow business. It was no definite and dateable event, like the Norman Conquest of England in 1066.

The establishment of English rule was left to private adventurers, whose rewards were the spoils of the vanquished. There was no wedding of a chief of England with an Irish princess, like the marriage of the Conqueror's son, Henry I., with the heiress of the rights of the Saxon, Edgar Atheling.

Eva MacMurrough, who married Strongbow, had no rights according to Irish law, and Strongbow had none from the chief of England. Indeed, Henry II. discountenanced him, and came over himself to receive the submission of the Irish chiefs, which was given only by some of them.

English and Irish never amalgamated as did Saxon and Norman. Instead of amalgamating, the English who settled in Ireland became absorbed. "When the first shock of invasion had passed, the old and the new races settled down as one

people."

This was greatly owing to the women of Ireland. The English married Irish wives, and conformed to the Irish custom of fosterage, by which a nobleman's child was brought up at nurse in the home of peasant foster-parents.

Mother Eire folded these strangers into her bosom with her own children. The great nobles, Norman and Irish, the heads of the Geraldines, the de Burghos (Burkes), the O'Briens, the O'Donnells, the O'Neills, and the rest, now occupied much the position of the petty chiefs. There was still no combination, and no head. Nevertheless, trade and commerce and civilization went on much as they did elsewhere.

There was indeed the English Pale, a small tract of country about Dublin, garrisoned by the English, and fortified by castles. But the Pale was only a part, and a small part, of Ireland. In an evil hour the Statute of Kilkenny was passed in 1367 came penal laws.

Marriage, fosterage or submission to Irish ordinances became high treason. The use of Irish names, or the Irish language, was punished by the forfeiture of all estates. No Irishman (that is, one who had not purchased " a charter of denization ") might hold a benefice, or enter a monastery. And, finally, " It was strictly forbidden to entertain any native bard, minstrel, or story-teller, or admit an Irish horse to graze on the pasture of a liege subject " of England.

The Irish were shut out by these restrictions from participating in the great revival of scholarship which, in those days of the New Learning, was then flooding Europe with light. These penal laws, and many more, followed the Statute of Kilkenny. Together with the Tudor wars, they were the true causes of the " unmaking of Ireland."

The days of the Reformation followed. In them, Ireland became a pawn in a great political game. Little piece that she was, she was sacrificed. The rulers of Ireland became Protestant, and became Protestant willingly. Ireland never did....

Now lets compare what happened in Éire to what happened in Turtle Island. The Last Word with Lawrence O'Donnell, MSNBC, 8/25/2016 Re-Write: The Protests at Standing Rock:

Dakota means friend, friendly. The people who gave that name to the Dakota`s have sadly never been treated as friends. The people[s] whose language[s] [were] used to name the Dakota`s and Minnesota and Iowa and Oklahoma, Ohio, Connecticut, Massachusetts and other states, the Native American tribes. The people who were here before us long before us have never been treated as friends. They have been treated as enemies and dealt with – with more harshly than any other enemy in any of this country`s wars....

...This country was founded on genocide before the word genocide was invented, before there was a war crimes tribunal in The Hague. When we finally stopped actively killing [Turtle Islanders] for the crime of living here before us, we then preceded to violate every treaty we made with the tribes, every single treaty. We piled crime on top of crime on top of crime against the people whose offense against us was simply that they lived where we wanted to live. -The Last Word with Lawrence O'Donnell, MSNBC, 8/25/2016 Re-Write: The Protests at Standing Rock

The Lakota researchers have themselves compared this to what happened to Lawrence O'Donnells family, the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill:

There are obvious comparisons between the Irish and Lakota peoples. To summarize (from Lee, 1994; Stone, 2003):

Both indigenous cultures have long histories of colonization (which is different from oppression);

Both cultures currently struggle with extremely high rates of • alcoholism and drug addiction;

Both cultures have experienced systematic repression of their religions, languages, music and other traditional cultural practices; Both cultures are historically rural and have endured poverty, land loss, and experienced being forced into living situations and conditions against their will (e.g., relocation to reservations, cities). Irish and Lakota Intersections Indeed, there are some historical and current examples of cultural “resonance” between the Irish and Lakota.

Exploring Irish Multigenerational Trauma and Its Healing: Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux) Kenneth M. Coll¹, Brenda Freeman², Paul Robertson³, Eileen Iron Cloud⁴, Ethleen Iron Cloud Two Dogs⁴, Rick Two Dogs⁴ ¹Boise State University, Boise, USA ²Northwest Nazarene University, Nampa, USA ³Little Priest Tribal College, Winnebago, USA ⁴Wakanyeya Pawicayapi (Children First), Inc., Porcupine, USA Email: kcoll@boisestate.edu

Compare all that, your honour, to the attitude of Cromwell, has anything changed? Is Climatology Disaster an opinion? Are we all crazy for not agreeing with Cromwell, your honour? Shall we all take medicine because we are hysterical?

“The State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.” — Oliver Cromwell

Nay, Macha, is it not said:

Trí caindle forosnat cach ndorcha: fír, aicned, ecna. Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge

Does Lawrence Ó Donnell know about these words in his own Aboriginal Language: dúchasach¹, m. (gs. & npl. -aigh, gpl. ~).1. Lit: Hereditary proprietor; hereditary head (of community). 2. Lit: Hereditary follower. 3. Native, inhabitant. dúchasach², a1. Hereditary, ancestral; inherited, inherent; innate, instinctive; native, indigenous. Jur: Inheritable.

Máthair. Máthair Mhor, Mór, grandmother. Máthair Dé, the Mother of God. Ár máithreacha romhainn, our mothers before us. Máthair airne, blackthorn.

Athair. Father. Dia an tAthair, God the Father. An tAthair Síoraí, the Eternal Father. Ár nAthair, the Our Father, paternoster.; ón Athair go dtí an mac, from father to son. Ancestor.

cróga Brave. Hardy; lively, spirited. Seandúine cróga hardy, active, old man. Poetry. Cróga a chumadh, a dhéanamh, to compose poetry. Leabhar cróga a, book of poetry, of verse. Ag cróga ar dhuine, lampooning someone.

dílis Own; proper (do, to). An rud is dílis do dhuine, what rightfully belongs to, pertains to, someone. A dteanga, a dtír, dhílis, their own language, country. A oidhre dílis lawful heir. Genuine; reliable, solid. Loyal, faithful. Dear.

croí Heart. Tá an croí ag cur air, his heart is troubling him. Core, centre. An croí a bhaint as úll, to core an apple. I gcroí na tíre, in the heart of the country. Istigh i gcroí na tine, in the very centre of the fire. Croí na cruinne, the core of the earth. (Heart as seat of emotions, etc.) A chroí! Dearheart!

fírinne Truth. An fhírinne a dhéanamh, to tell the truth, be truthful. Inis an fhírinne, tell the truth. Dúirt sé an fhírinne, he spoke the truth. Is é fírinne an scéil (go), the truth of the matter is (that). Tiocfaidh an fhírinne ina háit féin, truth will prevail.

Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de ghrásta,
tá an Tiarna leat.
Is beannaithe thú idir na mná agus
is beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa.

A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé,
guigh orainn na peacaigh,
anois agus ar uair ár mbáis. Áiméin

Bíonn ciúin ciontach. Quiet are guilty.

Argument 11:

Cultural Traditions of Aboriginal Tír Chonaill Catholics

This argument may seem a fools errand, your Honour, but we will now walk the Monday Court through various forms of culture that are missing or nearly missing in Tír Chonaill among the Aboriginal Irish Catholics.

It will be evident how important these forms of culture are as they also seem to supply a large portion, via the women of Ireland, of the healing needed to remedy the wounds of the land of Macha.

First, we will discuss the Bean Chaointe or Keening Woman, which ties closely to the Bean Sí, except the Piercing Wail is coming from the living not the spirit world:

In the early 1950s, Kitty Gallagher from Gweedore in Tír Chonaill sang a keen that had been passed down her maternal lineage to ethnomusicologist Alan Lomax, best known for his work collecting field recordings of global folk music. Below are the lyrics to the keen Kitty sang, with translation:

S'airiú, (Lamenting – unable to be translated literally)

Agus a leanbh (My child)

Cad a dhéanfaidh mé? (What will I do?)

Tá tú ar shiúl uaim (You are gone from me)

Agus airiú Agus anuiridh, níl duin ar bith agam

(I've been left alone after a year)

'S airiú Agus mé liom fein (I am alone)

Dá mbeithe go moch agam (If I were early)

Agus och, och, airiú, gan thú, gan thú

(Alas, alas, without you, without you).

<https://reginadeburca.substack.com/p/kitty-gallagher-and-death>

These Lomax recordings comprise samples among the most authentic Keening Traditions that survive thanks to the work of Kitty Gallagher. As we have seen throughout our discussion of the Woman of the Piercing Wail, your Ladyhood, these raw emotions in the Aboriginal Irish Catholic women are not easily ignored if we consider these Gallaghers to be real people, unlike the Belfast Telegraph, for instance.

Julie K. Marren gives us an overview of the Aboriginal Irish Keening woman traditions

The Gaelic woman's contribution to the oral tradition of Ireland included laments or caointe, some of which survive today in written form. The only reason that it is possible to study caointe today is because they have been transcribed, but the arrangement of the written texts has clouded our twentieth - century perception of this oral tradition. As Angela Bourke writes, "Scholars of Irish studying lament poetry have focused on the available texts, often to the neglect of their contexts ...

From Bean Chaointe to Fear Léinn: 'The Lament for Art O'Leary' Julie K. Marren
Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Vol. 13 (1993), pp. 49-53

The introduction to poems of Aoghán Ó Rathaille Fr. Patrick Dineen and Tadhg O'Donoghue, 1911, provides some missing context:

THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

As many poems in this collection are Elegies or deathsongs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland. ...

The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-meditation.

The bean chaointe as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial.

Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time.

It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the floodgates of sorrow were open...

...The bean chaointe often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies.

These dirges, which not unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory.

Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the bean chaointe Keening woman, the smoother outer became a bean cháinte. Satirist, lampooner, condemner, censorer, sanctioner...

...Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was bean chaointe ; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief :

- My heart is oppressed with grief
- When the key has been lost,
- And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it

The keening is just like the myrrhbearing women at the Cross of Christ, your honour. Mary, Bearer of God, was a keening woman, as Pádraig Pearse was keenly aware:

38 THE KEEN OF MARY.

Short Connacht Version. [note in text: Connacht Passion Keening 38, (short

version) taken down by Patrick Pearse][Antoine O'Dochartaigh ,N.T., Falcarragh, Donegal supplied the refrain]

" O Peter, Apostle, did you see my fair Love ?

(Och ! Och ! it is my lasting woe!) [refrain after each line]

" I saw Him this moment, among His enemies."

" Come hither, ye two Maries, that ye may keen my fair Love ! "

" What shall we bewail, if not His bones ? "

" Who is that stately Man on the Cross of the Passion ? "

"Do you not know your Son, O Mother ? "

And is that the little Son that I bore threeseasons ?

" And is that the little Son Who was born in the stable ? '

' And is that the little Son Who was nursed in Mary's bosom ? "

And is that the hammer that drove the nails through Thee ? '

' And is that the thorny crown that was upon Thy beauteous brows ? " And is that the spear to go through Thy fair Side ? "

" Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful The women for My keening are yet to be born ! "

" None shall keen Thee, but in the Isle of Paradise "

Their rest shall be fair in Heaven of the graces !

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

Note by Patrick Pearse (from " An Irish Anthology ") on " The Keening of Mary ". No. 38. I heard the " Keening of Mary " from a woman of Moycullen in lar-Connacht. Her own name was Mary Clancy, and she was married to one of the Keadys.

I have heard nothing more exquisite then her low, sobbing, recitative, instinct with a profoundly felt emotion. There was a great horror in her voice at " An é sin an casúr, &c." (" And is that the hammer " etc), and with the next stanza the chant rose into a wail.

She cried pitifully and struck her breast several times during the recitation. It is a very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still men

and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Christ and His Mother.

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

Kathryn Conrad offers some more perspective on the women and their role:

Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas
...the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens.

This practice as described makes the Banshee Wail stories closer to the human world in some sense.

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 The introduction of banshés into poems of this kind, to predict the recent deaths of the heroes or good men, whose virtues were the subject of the composition, was a favourite form of composition with the Irish poets of the last two centuries....

...In the eastern counties of Ireland this fabled female sprite is called Bodhbh chaointe (Bowe keenté), but in West Munster and Connaught she is known by the name of bean side (Ban shé) [bean sí]. Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, has the following remarks on this term, in voce Sithbhrog : — "SITH-BHROG, the same as SIGH-BHROG, from SIGHE, a fairy, and BROO, a house; hence BEAN SIGHE, plur., MNA SIGHE, she fairies, or women fairies [banshees], credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death....

Conrad continues, your Banshee Courtitude.

Bean Chaointe 'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas

...the keen was performed primarily by women. Angela Bourke has suggested that

the keening woman served as a kind of 'psychopomp who presides over the transition in which the whole community finds itself (1988: 11).

She had, at least during the time between death and burial, licence not only to grieve unreservedly but also to express criticism (Bourke, 1993: 161-75). In the keen, she could articulate the wrongs perpetuated against herself, her community, and/or the dead whom she keened, focusing criticism on anyone who deserved censure, from other keening women to the dead being mourned to the colonial power structure or the clergy.

This licence was allowed in part because the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens...

...As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard..."

We are contending that it is the Aboriginal Irish Catholics getting whipped. St. Patrick's people are the keening women. They are not allowed to heal Tír Chonaill:

Gearóid Ó Cruaíaoich The Book of the Cailleach "A starting point is the acknowledgment that the Irish wisewoman is a healer — by predominantly symbolic means — of crisis trauma. Where the roles of midwife and keener focus on the life traumas of birthing and dying, that of the bean feasa focuses on the affliction traumas that arise from apparently inexplicable loss of health or property."

So that is all the context, this whole argument pertaining to everything before the Flight

of the Earls, of this next poem, our key poetic evidence for the Aboriginal Catholics of Tír Chonaill, The Woman of the Piercing Wail by Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird. The swelling the keen described above in various aspects is the central them of the poem.

It is, your honour, like a blog post from exile for Nuala Ó Donnell who traveled with her kinsmen the Earls of Ulster. It would be very difficult to understand it properly without all this other information. This read is just the passages related to the keen, and we will present the full poem later in the arguments.

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH. Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird

O Woman of the Piercing Wail !
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael !
Thou would'st not then from day to day Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness ;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Tír Chonaill,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore, This could not be.

On Derry's plains — in rich Drumclieff —
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears ! ...
...And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,

And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come And swell thy strains !

O horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the keen
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe distraught ! ...

O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years, ...
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers ! ...
A thousand cries would swell the keen,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine !

All of that together should give an adequate picture of what Keening really means and why the later practice of paying professional keeners was seen as very gombeen. Yet, it may have been the only way some of it survived. Who knows what the future holds.

Moving on to another tradition from Tír Chonaill. Eugenia Shanklin here describes our Tribal Gatherings for business and family time:

Eugenia Shanklin, Tír Chonaill's Changing Traditions: An Ethnographic Study From very early times the major ritual assemblies of the year provided opportunity for exchange of goods, of livestock and of news, and for the maintenance of folk

tradition and bardic skill. In ancient [sic, where else do we call 1600 Ancient?] Ireland, it is recorded there were two kinds of assemblies, the "aonach" for pleasure and the "aireacht" for business, but it seems probable that, like the great fairs of recent times, they served both purposes[though perhaps not at the same time]. It is suggestive of the ritual and religious elements that they generally met on hill-tops — often the sight of prehistoric burials — and that they took place at the fixed times marking the beginning of the Celtic seasons (Evans 1942: 157)."

Any other Indigenous group could easily attest to what losing festivals and gatherings and of course Sovereign Legal Gatherings can mean to a Nation. But Nationalists certainly don't think much about what appealing to tribal Nordicism means to some of the rest of us. Just a note for the court, Macha.

As with many other oral tradition indigenous tribes, the Aboriginal Irish Catholics remember the Natural history of their mother land. One curious note from an old Journal insisted the Irish remember two previous deforestations of Ireland. This deforesting is alluded to in certain manuscripts where the Dagda, Good God, Dadhanní perhaps in Persian, is cutting trees for the oppressor. You have to understand Irish Irony to appreciate what it may be saying, though that is not among this Brehons particular skills.

We have already presented some of the traditions around the memory of the woodlands, which incidentally is also included in the Gaelic Names of places. There are thousands of placenames referring to no longer existent forests. Is the whole world covered with such Title Deeds of Sovereignty? Most likely.

Another peculiar Aboriginal Irish tradition is *comhar* or working together, sometimes anglicised in older texts as *cooring*. The more specific functions of *cooring* are called *meitheal* collectively:

"Meitheal is the Irish word for a work team, gang, or party and denotes the co-operative labour system in Ireland where groups of neighbours help each other in turn with farming work, such as harvesting crops. Neighbours who give their work to others are helped in turn with their own heavy seasonal tasks to the heart of the concept is community unity through cooperative work and mutually reciprocal support. Meitheal is the Irish expression of the ancient and universal

appliance of cooperation to social need.” —Source of definition, the Mary Robinson Centre

Liam Ó Gógáin has taken the time to update Meitheal concepts for use in learning and engineering environments. There is no reason not to run everything in life using these principles.

Meitheal - Using the old Irish tradition of a Meitheal to develop a resilient, adaptive, autopoietic learning community, Liam Ó Gógáin, 16 Eanáir 2002

Meitheal is an ancient Irish tradition of a group coming together for a common purpose and working together and for each other to ensure that all succeed in achieving their goal and nurtures the Genius of the group.

When cultivated and conscientised, this richness provides the lubrication, creativity, magic, self belief and resilience for the Meitheal to respond to changes in its environment and to demands made on its members, whether they are rapid and unpredictable, or foreseeable and moderately paced, in a balanced, congruent, holistic and effective manner. In terms of managing change, particularly against the world view of accelerating chaotic, unpredictable change, Meitheal can operate as an aware, congruent, self reliant, adaptive self organizing organism...."

Ireland is known for its singing, but the singing of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill is generally called Sean nós [old style]. Julie Henigan did all the fieldwork to explore what this singing means and how it is experienced.

Sean-nós in Tír Chonaill: In search of a definition, Ulster Folklife No 37 (1991): pp 97-105, Julie Henigan

The poets among the Irish have an unbroken line of attesting to truths of the human experience. Sean nós singer, Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh, discussed the origins of the Irish poetic record Tape recorded interview with Aodh Ó Duibheannaigh, Rann na Feirste, Tír Chonaill, Ireland, 2 July 1979:

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from hard times - crushed down!

And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said.

And, you know, there are people composing nowadays, and they want is rhyme and to fill in.

But that wasn't so in the old days: you were driven to poetry - driven to saying something. It was like crying your eyes out over something: you put it into words and you got relief after composing something that you were satisfied with. ...

...Most of the songs in the Irish tradition are lyrical rather than narrative in form, and the 'story' of a song is more often implied than stated.

There is, as Hiúdaí told me, "some kind of story" attached to each song; but the traditional singer can - or could at one time - assume that this story was familiar to most of his listeners.

It is not, then, the narrative of song that the singer must convey in his performance, but, rather, its emotional content. ...

This is not accomplished by a melodramatic, overtly emotional delivery of a song, however, but rather by a sensitive presentation of its poetic and musical content. In the true sean-nós, the song must be allowed to speak for itself.

To achieve this, of course, requires a certain degree of technical proficiency, but this is of secondary importance. What really matters is the emotional sincerity of the performance and the singer's ability to communicate this sincerity to his listeners. This ability, one of my informants observed, is "something that's in you or isn't in you."

Singing, like story-telling, demands an audience - though this audience has all but disappeared from even such strongholds of traditional Irish culture as Rann na Feirste....

Hiúdaí brought home this point with some feeling when he declared:

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from hard times - crushed down! And poetry

wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said.

And, you know, there are people composing nowadays, and they want is rhyme and to fill in. But that wasn't so in the old days: you were driven to poetry - driven to saying something. It was like crying your eyes out over something: you put it into words and you got relief after composing something that you were satisfied with...

All my informants in Tír Chonaill sang as they breathed: unselfconsciously and spontaneously.

Describing the prevalence of singing in her daily life, Sailí Gallagher exclaimed: I always sing when I'm working - I never stop singing! I never stop - and somebody'll see us the other day, and I was makin' tea and I was singin' away, and they said, "Well, you're happy, anyway." But I never stop singing - I always keep on!

Aine Ní Ghallachóir, recalling her girlhood, remarked, "Oh, I sang everywhere - across the fields and jumping over the ditches - I sang everywhere, to myself!"

...Sailí Gallagher told me that she sang "pretty much as I learned from my mother." Gaoth Dobhair singer Aine Ní Ghallachóir credited her style to the tutelage of the renowned Síle Ní Ghallachóir, from whom Seán Ó Baoill and Peter Kennedy collected in the 1950s. More frequently, however, when singers spoke to me of their "influences," it was in reference to the songs rather than the techniques they had learned from them...

To the traditional singer, sean nós is no mere matter of technique or style. It cannot be bounded by concepts of time and space - or even by the folkloristic concepts I have discussed here (function, performance context, repertoire, etc.).

Such concepts imply that human behavior and creativity can be separated into discrete units and analyzed accordingly. But to the traditional singer, there can be no such tidy demarcations. To him, sean-nós cannot be detached from the process of living, for it is the stuff of life itself.

Go maith.

There are three colours of poetry...[Praise]find agus [Blame]dub agus [Give Warning]brech. Fionn by which one praises, Dubh by which one satirises, Brecc by which one gives notice. [Auraic 5244- 6] Liam Breatnach, "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

Duan Amhairghine

Am gáeth tar na bhfarraige Am tuile os chinn maighe Am dord na daíthbhe Am
damh seacht mbeann Am drúchtín rotuí ó ngréin Am an fráich torc Am seabhac a
néad i n-aill Am ard filidheachta Am álaine bhláithibh Am an t-eo fis Cía an crann
agus an theine ag tuitim faire Cía an dhíamhairina cloch neamh shnaidhite Am an
ríain gach uile choirceoige Am an theine far gach uile chnoic Am an sciath far
gach uile chinn Am an sleagh catha Am nóma tonnag sírthintaghaív Am úagh
gach uile dhóich dhíamaíní Cía fios aige conara na gréine agus linn na éisce Cía
tionól na rinn aige, ceangladh na farraige, cor i n-eagar na harda, na haibhne, na
túatha.

Translation by actor Gabriel Ó Byrne:

Powerful Spell of the Sea (Song of Amergin)

I am the sea wind

I am the ocean wave

I am the tides roaring

I am the stag of the seven wild woods

I am the fierceness of beasts

I am the hawk on the cliff, where my nest hides

And I am lord of all words

I am the most radiant among flowers

I am the salmon's wisdom

I am lightning, I am thunder

I am the lord of trees

I am the [Banríon] of hives

I am the shield over the head of the warrior

The spear of battle

The Wave's eternal return
The grave of every vain yearning
And I know the secret of the three moons and the sacred path
My spell is the spell of the sea, the mountains, the rivers,
and the wild tribes.

The woman of the house would not let anybody take a coal of fire while she was making a churning because she thought he would take the luck and butter with him....

...When the butter is made the bean -an- tige blesses the churn and the butter. She puts luck on the cows in this way. The butter-milk that is left is used for making cakes. It is sometimes given to the pigs.

Churns from Duchas.ie Maureen O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam. who got it from her Mrs. O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam

In Ireland long ago the taking away of butter by some people from the milk of the others is that as a result the milk from which the butter had been taken would not produce butter no matter how long it was churned, was very common.

All kinds of stories of [bad luck] and rascality of this kind are told, and most of the people in the locality in which they exist not only believe them but would swear by them. The following story is told about a family of three old brothers that lived in Glenconwell.

In fact it has been told by themselves and the last surviving one of them who is now between 70 and 80 years of age tells it to the present day. He is Dan Gallagher.

From the milk of the cows on their farm the butter had been stolen by some person well up in [evil] or in league with some [evil Cailleach]. Churn as they might and as long as they liked they could never get butter from the milk.

Now amongst the people of the district at that time there appears to have been a

cure for taking the butter back if properly worked. They had to fill the churn with milk and place it in the middle of the floor.

This the Gallagher's did. Two male donkey shoes had to be procured and heated in a splendid fire which must not contain a black sod of turf, but had to be full of red coals and no smoke in the house.

The windows had to be blinded and the door barred and bolted. Before the churning began one of the red shoes had to be placed in the milk, and accordingly as the churning proceeded and the hoof cooled the second one had to be taken from the fire and placed in the milk, while the first was being again heated.

These three brothers set about curing the milk and of course getting back the butter. There were three brothers of them in it then, but two of them has long since died. One had to attend to the heating of the shoes in the fire. One had to hold the churn which is said to have been jumping about from place to place in the Kitchen while the third did the churning.

Now this proceeded for over an hour while the rooster [Gall] on the farm during the operation was continually flying up and flapping his wings against the closed door and crowing.

At the end of that time however the one holding the churn fainted, and the other two had to open the door and drag him to the street to get fresh air and as a consequence the cure was all spoiled.

On looking around they saw a woman down in the river, for there is a river flowing quiet convenient to the house and she was out standing in the water and splashing the water up on herself. This is the person they said that had stolen the butter...

Joseph Maguire Gender Male Age 60 Occupation Farmer Address Clonconwal, Tír Chonaill , 1930s

Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her !

While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores,
And O may her sons by no act of dishonour
Make nations look towards her in scorning.
PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING, John O'Keeffe

Mumming is only now giving way to commercial Trick or Treat Halloween in Tír Chonaill. It is another tradition worth sharing with the court:

The Wren Boys tradition is to be found throughout much of Ireland, with the exception of the north east. Throughout Ulster, and to a lesser degree parts of the east coast, Wren Boys are supplanted by 'Mummers' and 'Rhymers'. The Wren Boy custom still flourishes in many parts of the south west and western half of Ireland...

...On St Stephen's Day each year a challenge camán match took place between the men of Fanad North and Fanad South. The match took place on a large flat piece of ground at Ballymastocker Bay. This match lasted sometimes practically all day. Very often disturbances took place at the matches. (Kerrykeel, Tír Chonaill)

...There was Christmas Day 'shooting' in Killydesert. A delph plate was set up and whoever broke the plate, with the lead bullet out of an old Banríon Anne gun, won the games. There was usually a large crowd at these 'shootings'.
(Ednacarnan, Tír Chonaill)

'...In his book, *Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle*, local author Steve MacDonogh says, "The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out." The great tradition in Dingle is quite competitive, with Wren Boys vying for bragging rights for "best turn-out", "best music," and "best rigs." ...'— Margaret Johnson, *Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts*

RTÉ Archives Saint Brigid's Day Customs and Traditions1965 In a custom similar to the Wren Boys, reporter Seamus McConville takes a look at the Biddy Boys. The

report features a procession of Biddy Boys in South Kerry in honour of Saint Brigid. The Biddy Boys are grown men dressed in costumes, who carry Saint Brigid Dolls called 'Brideogs', traditionally made from their grandmother's hair.

...In many parts of the east and north of Ireland 'mummers' or 'rhymers' take the place of Wren Boys. These groups, who perform a simple play consisting of a range of characters, varying from district to district, numbering up to a dozen players, each of whom recites a rhyme. The longest of these is the preserve of the 'Captain' or leader of the troupe who introduces two chief protagonists, often identified as representing the interests of England (Prince George) and a recognizably native Irish figure – typically Saint Patrick – who fight one another.

...'Room, Room, give me room, Room to act, room to rhyme, It is coming up to Christmas time, Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes in it brings good cheer, And if you don't believe what I say, Enter the captain and he'll soon clear the way.' (Cill Bharainn, Dún na nGall)

duchas.ie on wren boy tradition

Fosterage is an Tír Chonaill Aboriginal kinship tradition that was discontinued "no adopting an Irish child" at least since 1367. Bronagh Ní Chonaill has the scéal.

Fosterage; child-raising in ancestral Ireland Bronagh Ní Chonaill History Ireland, Earrach 1997

"...Fosterage strengthened natural bonds of kinship between various branches of a clan. In a turbulent world, it also served as a means of negotiating political advantage and gaining allies, and in war, fosterlings could be held for ransom....

In [Aboriginal]... Ireland, according to customary law, the maternal and paternal kin had a say in where the child was placed, thus the kin group as a whole took an active interest in the future of the child. The valued position of children—as heir, succour in life, support in old age—is why the death of a child was particularly tragic ...

The foster-child by customary law had to provide aid and maintenance (goire) for

his foster-parents in later life. Fosterage therefore was a life-long commitment. Fosterage ties often meant much more than maintenance....”

Tecosca are more formal literary wisdom fragments compared to the triads or to the Seanfhocail, as we understand it. Another important lost tradition:

Tecosca what-when-how.com

Literature that in a pithy, sententious style comments on the nature of humankind and the world or that gives aphoristic, moralizing precepts is known as gnomic, or wisdom, literature.

The wide variety of wisdom texts and the large number of gnomic statements scattered throughout tales and poetry give evidence of the high esteem that the genre enjoyed in Irish literature.

A distinct subgroup of Irish wisdom texts is called tecosc (instruction), plural tecosca, consisting of advice on the moral qualities appropriate to chiefs that was usually attributed to legendary figures of the past and directed at their pupils or foster sons...

These texts emphasize moderate and considerate social conduct and encourage defense and maintenance of the traditional law. A distinct lack of heroic, warriorlike ethics is noticeable.

The central theme of the tecosca is that of fir flathemon (the ruler’s truth). By acting in accord with this concept, the ruler secures peace, stability, and prosperity for himself and for his people, since his justice and righteousness correlates with the welfare of his country.

Whatever God has allotted me I cannot sell.

Tír Chonaill Proverb Seanfhocla Uladh

Argument 12:

Re-Centering Aboriginal Irish Catholic History

Your Banshee Majesty, Enda Kenny in 1916 brought our attention to “the multiple readings of history”. Michael D. Higgins discussed “A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history”. For whatever reasons, the multiple readings have all shared the same feigned amnesia about the situation of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic story, as many a sarcastic historian has noted.

In this chapter, we want to focus on what reading of history in Enda Kennys term should exist for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill but has been generally left out of, or appropriated by, these other multiple readings. Fine Gael pretends to be the Gaelic Tribes. Fianna F pretends to be our ancient heroes who took an oath to protect women. Sinn Féin pretends to be Our Selves. Republicans pretend to be the Fenians, who take an oath to protect women. Muslim Immigrants pretend to a version of Ireland based on their own myths about a flag introduced in a year of Aboriginal Irish genocide 1848, the tricolour. Britnat Irexiteers pretend to be the Irish who want their country back. Michael Flatley pretends to be sean nós.

We will offer in this argument, a date in history in the year 697 Gregorian, when it is very clear who the Aboriginal Irish Catholics are, and what our unique perspective is, compared to their multiple readings of history. This is the year all the remaining Celtic Tribes agreed on the Law of Innocents.

At the time of this event, an Ó Gallagher was the high chief of Ireland.

The Gallagher clan website also places the family as high chief of Ireland

From this line came ...High Chiefs – Loingseach (696 – 703), the son of Aongus...

So there is no doubt what the Gallagher familys view of history is traditionally. Losing the Chieftains left the families to have to seek other avenues to protect themselves.

So the People of St. Patrick can be absolutely sure that 697 represents their family perspective. The champion at the time is St. Eunan or Naomh Adamnáin in a proper

language, your Honour. Máire O'Dwyer of the Aboriginal Momonian Catholic tribes does brilliant work dissecting some of the important aspects of the Gift of St. Eunan that we will devote our next argument to discussing even further.

Cáin Adomnáin, 697: the Irish 'Geneva Convention'

Máire O'Dwyer, January/February 2015, History Ireland magazine

Adomnán, the ninth abbot of Iona, is well known for his biography of St Columba. A lesser-known achievement was the promulgation in 697 of Cáin Adomnáin, the 'Law of the Innocents', Lex Innocentium.

In the ninth-century Martyrology of Tallaght, Féilire Óengusso, the entry for 23 September reads:

Do Adamnán lae
Asa tóidlech tóiden
Ro ír Ísu úasal
Sóerad mbúan mban nGóidel.

The Celtic scholar Whitley Stokes gives the following translation:

To Adamnán of Iona
Whose troop is radiant,
Noble Jesus has granted
The lasting liberation of the women of the Gaels.

One of the first laws ever enacted for the protection of non-combatants in war, Cáin Adomnáin was the Geneva Convention of its day. Paragraph 34 sets out the purpose of the law:

This is the enactment of Adamnan's Law in Ireland and Britain: exemption of the Church of God with her [community] and her emblems and her sanctuaries and all her property . . .

The [law] is a perpetual law on behalf of clerics and women and innocent children...The gathering in this case, at Birr, Co. Offaly, was an unusual event, resembling a combination of a royal assembly and an ecclesiastical synod....

Cáin Adomnáin contains a list of 91 names, ostensibly those who gathered at Birr and who stood guarantor for the implementation of the law. The list has been examined by Máirín Ní Dhonnchadha, one of the contributors to Adomnán at Birr, AD 697, a volume published to mark the 1,300th anniversary of the synod in 1997...The list contains the names of the highest chiefs and ecclesiastics in the land, including the 'chief of Ireland', Loingsech mac Oengus, a kinsman of Adomnán, and Fland Febla, the 'sage-bishop' of Armagh and the highest ecclesiastic in Ireland excepting only Adomnán himself.

an alliance with such a widely respected and powerful churchman fostered the Uí Néill position in relation to the 'exceptional' [Chieftain] of Tara. Many commentators stress the benefit to the Columban familia emanating from enactment of the law, and the advantage it conferred on a community that had become less influential since the Synod of Whitby in 664. Episodes from Adomnán's Life of Columba illustrate Adomnán's genuine holiness and concern for the vulnerable. And, in keeping with the general tenor of the early Christian church in Ireland, the promotion of peace in a violent society was no doubt a fundamental factor. Thomas O'Loughlin, editor of Adomnán at Birr, says that peace was a primary motivator: '[the law] was a deliberate attempt to establish a more peaceful society'.

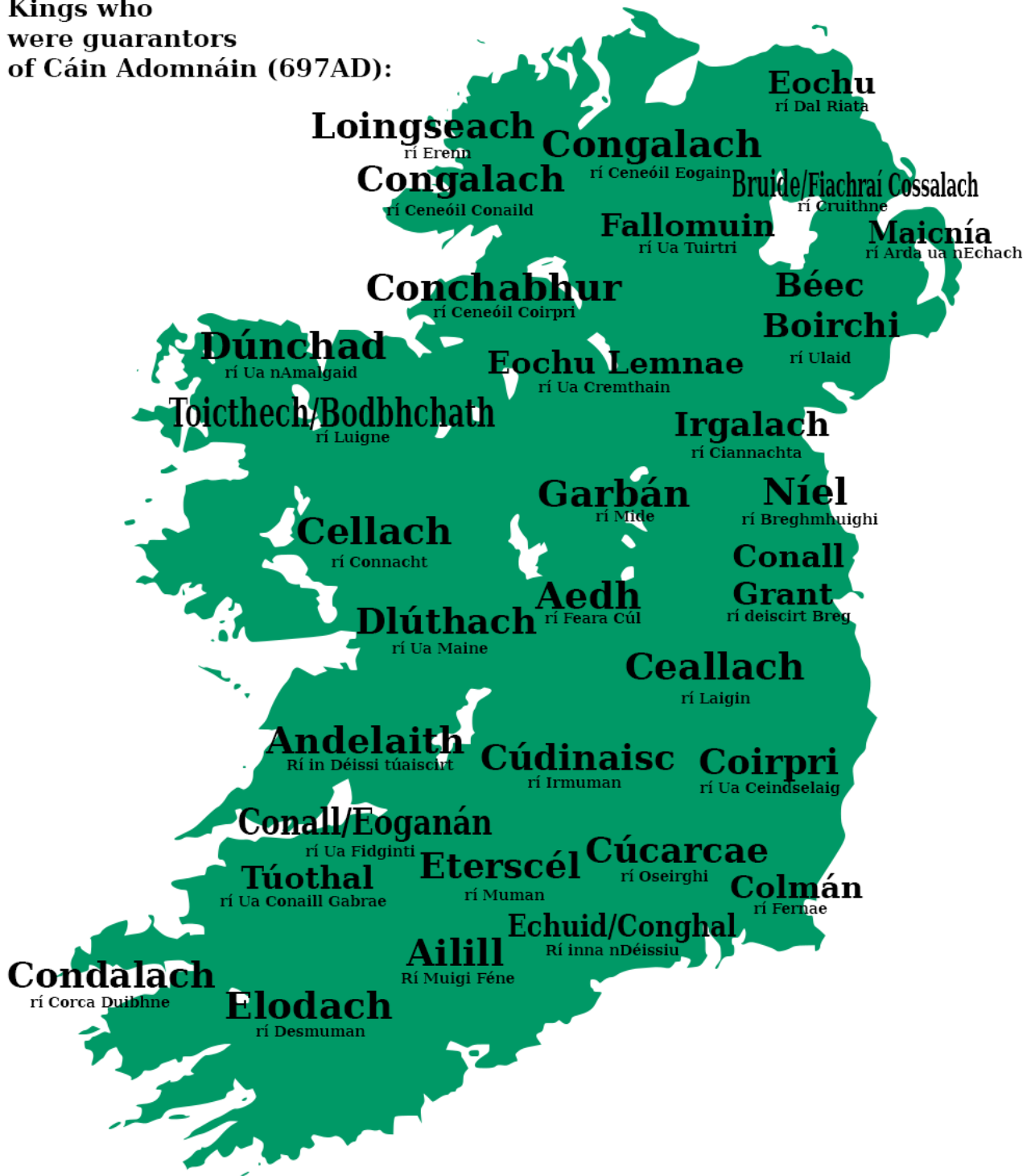
It is worth noting that the Synod of Whitby is when the Franks took the church from the Irish in Britton, 30 years before the Synod of Birr. So it seems to be an emergency connected to whatever changes came with the Synod of Whitby. And likely other problems, such as the Civil War Battle of Magh Rath 630s, are connected to these machinations, though we wouldn't want to speculate too much further, your honour.

Following is a map of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Chiefs at the time. Since we could identify the Cenel Chonaill Gallaghers in 697, we can also identify the families in the text The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, with Ailill. Some of the others are still recognisable family names it appears.

So for all purposes before God and before the Banshee Court, these families still have the sovereign right to each of those territories on the map. The Church reforms

beginning in Whitby 664 were Trojan Horses that noncanonically removed the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Bishops, Nuns, Monks, Clergy, and the Chiefs on this map whom their liturgies commemorated in the existent manuscripts in spite of so many attempts to remove all the Irish manuscripts.

Kings who
were guarantors
of Cáin Adomnáin (697AD):



The timing of those machinations mentioned above and the Viking Invasions is hardly coincidental. Business people vs. family people, your Honour. But lets move from 697 to 1603:

[After the Flight of the Earls] The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics. The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water. Bourke, Bishop
Gallagher Book

So the Woman of the Piercing Wail, which we put now in full below, gives the precise feelings right when that loss is about to happen after all that other thousand-plus years of losses. The importance of this poem cannot be overstated for the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill. It sets the tone, sets the stage for the future, which must be now, your Honour.

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.
TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This is an elegy on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who, having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives.]

O Woman of the Piercing Wail !
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael !

Thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.

'Twere long before,
around a grave In green Tirconnell,
one could find This loneliness ;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.
Beside the wave, in Tír Chonaill,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.

On Derry's plains — in rich Drumclieff —
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears !

O no ! — from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,

One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill ;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains !

O horses' hoofs would trample down

The Mount whereon the martyr-saint
Was crucified.

From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.

There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the keen
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe distraught !

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside O'Donnell Roe
Three royal O'Donnell youths ; alas ! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died For Erin's woe !

Ah ! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew !

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord Of Aileach's lands ;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.

Theirs were not souls wherein dull
Time Could domicile Decay or house Decrepitude !
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows

Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source ?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse

Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair —
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

O had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death —
A prince in look, in deed, and word —
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
Or had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting rann
Of Jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom !

If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears !

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great !

No marvel this — for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an eric for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track !

If on the day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands — Mac-Nee's —
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow, Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe !
If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly — a day so great

For Ashanee — [Ballyshannon]
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee,
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers !

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee Affliction's load !
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the keen,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine !

O had the fierce Dalcassian [O'Brien] swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm —
How would the triumph of his ranks —
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood.

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe ;
But had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas ! have felt
The deadly blow !

What do I say?
Ah, woe is me !
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall !
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall !

Then, daughter of O'Donnell ! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside ;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the [burial] urn
Mocks human pride !
Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay —
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.

Embrace the faithful Crucifix,

And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod !
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God !

And Thou, O mighty Lord ! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land !

Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn !

Translated James Clarence Mangan, Irish Minstrelsy 202, Sparling, 1888

Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175.
-The Poets and Poetry of Munster, Errionach, 1860. [Leath Chuinn, Conns
Northern Half of Ireland]

That is as close as anyone could get to translating the feelings of the Aboriginal Gaelic Catholics of Tír Chonaill, like a time stamp for the Zombie Apocalypse, your honour.

Having assessed the way history is taught in Modern Ireland, your honour, let me ask the Monday Court a rhetorical question. If it doesn't include any of this information at all, is that racism?

These are just as Aboriginal as the other First Nations of the World. If erasing those other people is generally called racism around the world, why, after hundreds of years

of racial segregation, apartheid, and over a thousand years of genocide, sexual abuse and torture, well documented, why is this oppression so clear in poems and songs, not part of the calculation of racism?

The Lakota and ourselves agree colonialism is the larger issue, because racism goes with colonialism. Every other group experiencing racism has Patsies who buy in to the Rat Race, but that does not erase the rest of them. Why are the Aboriginal Irish Catholics not allowed into the multiple readings of history?

Trí gráda coillte túath inna ngói: góí rí, góí shenchada, góí bretheman. Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a chief, of a historian, of a judge.

Éire i bpáirt, Éire ar lár. Ireland divided is Ireland laid low

Trí doruis gúa: tacra fergach, fotha n-utmall n-eolais, aiséis cen chuimni. Three doors of falsehood: an angry pleading, a shifting foundation of knowledge, giving information without memory.

Trí doruis a n-aichnithir fír: frecra n-ainmnetach, ái fossad, sóud fri fiadnu. Three doors through which truth is recognized: a patient answer, a firm pleading, appealing to witnesses.

If the Banshee Monday Court is still sceptical about our witness selection and scope of our evidence, lets consider Theodore Roosevelts analysis of the Cromwellian era in Ireland. Roosevelt explains a lot of differences of which the British themselves may be unaware.

US PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"In England, Cromwell stood for religious toleration, so far as he was able....For the majority of the people in England, there was religious liberty ; and for the bulk of the minority, though there was not complete religious liberty, there was a nearer approach to it than obtained in Continental Europe.

In Ireland, on the other hand, the public exercise of the faith of the enormous

majority was prohibited, and their religious teachers expelled.

There is a popular belief that under Cromwell all Irishmen were expelled from three-fourths of the island, and driven into Connaught, their places being taken by English and Scotch immigrants.

While exceedingly cruel, this would have been an understandable policy, and would have resulted in the substitution of one race and one creed for another race and another creed throughout the major part of the island.

What was actually done, however, combined cruelty with ultimate inefficiency ; it caused great immediate suffering, while perpetuating exactly the conditions against which it was supposed to provide.

The Catholic landholders were, speaking generally, driven into Connaught, and the priests expelled, while the people, laborers, spalpeens, and artisans were left as they were, but of course deprived of all the leadership which could give them a lift upward. In Ulster there had been a considerable substitution of one race for the other, among the actual tillers and occupiers of the soil.

Under Cromwell, the change elsewhere consisted in the bringing in of alien landlords. In other words, to the already existing antagonism of race, creed, and speech, was added the antagonism of caste. The property-holder, the landlord, the man of means, was an Englishman by race and speech, and a Protestant by faith ; while the mass of the laborers roundabout him were Catholic Celts who spoke Erse.

Ultra admirers of Cromwell and the Puritans have actually spoken as if this plan, provided only that it had been allowed to work long enough, would have produced a Puritan Ireland. There was never the remotest chance of its producing such an effect.

The mass of the Irish, when all their native teachers were removed, did gradually tend to adopt English as their tongue, but their devotion to their own faith, and their hatred of English rule, were merely intensified ; while the course of the

governing race was such as absolutely to insure the land troubles which have riven Ireland up to the present day.

... the great central fact remains that his Irish policy was one of bitter oppression, and that the abhorrence with which the Irish, to this day, speak of "the curse o'Crummle," is historically justifiable "Inspired by the news of the revolt in Scotland and the troubles in England, the Irish had risen against their hereditary oppressors.

It was the revolt of a race which rose to avenge wrongs as bitter as ever one people inflicted upon another; and it was inevitable that it should be accompanied by appalling outrages in certain places. It was on these outrages that the English fixed their eyes, naturally ignoring the generations of English evil-doing which had brought them about.

A furious cry for revenge arose. Every Puritan, from Oliver Cromwell down, regarded the massacres as a fresh proof that Roman Catholics ought to be treated, not as professors of another Christian creed, but as cruel public enemies..

You can see how that situation and what came 40 years before it, are also among these so-called multiple readings of history. Frank Gallagher clarifies:

The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher, 1957

The Flight of the Earls gave the English monarch an opportunity he had long sought. He and his advisers had come to regard colonisation as the only way by which Ireland could really be subjugated.

The lands of the chiefs who had fled were looked upon by the Kings Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, as admirably suited to a new plantation. Thus there could be introduced into Ireland settlers who would act as a garrison against any future struggle for independence.

When we put these two sentiments side by side, they sure sound like the same thing:
" settlers who would act as a garrison against any future struggle for independence" Frank Gallagher

"A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history"
Michael D Higgins

Have they ever had any other Garrison except fear and ignorance, your honour? Is cancelling the Aboriginal read of history the whole reason their colonial reads are proclaimed so loudly?

Back to Roosevelt and Cromwell... Roosevelt explains the difference between the Aboriginal Irish Catholics and the Norman Old English Catholics:

US President Theodore Roosevelt, Cromwell

It was to the reconquest of Ireland that the Commonwealth first addressed itself, and naturally Cromwell was chosen for the work. He was given the rank of Lieutenant General ; but before he started he had to deal with dangerous mutinies and uprisings in the army.

The religious sectaries and political levellers, who had given to the army the fiery zeal that made it irresistible by Parliament or King, English Royalists or Scotch Covenanters, had also been infected with a spirit peculiarly liable to catch flame from such agitations as were going on roundabout.

Here and there, in regiment after regiment, were sudden upliftings of the banner of revolt in the name of every kind of human freedom, and often of some fierce religious doctrine quite incompatible with human freedom.

Cromwell acted with his usual terrible energy, scattered the mutineers, shot the ringleaders, and reduced army and kingdom alike to obedience and order. Then he made ready for the invasion of Ireland. The predominant motives for the various mutinies in the army, offer sufficient proof of its utter unlikeness to any other army.

... Matters in Ireland were in a perfect welter of confusion. Eight years had elapsed since the original rising of the native Irish. A murderous and butcherly warfare had been carried on throughout these years, but not along the lines of original division. —

On the contrary, when Cromwell landed, there had been a complete shifting of the parties to the contest, every faction having in turn fought every other faction, and, more extraordinary still, having at some time or other joined its religious foes in attacking a rival faction of its own creed.

The original rising was in Ulster, and was aimed at the English and Scotch settlers who had been planted under James in the lands from which the Irish had been evicted. These " plantations " under James, not to speak of the scourge of Wentworth under Charles, were on a par with the whole conduct of the English toward Ireland for generations, and gave as ample a justification for the uprising as in the Netherlands the Spaniards had given the Dutch. From the standpoint of the Irish, the war was simply the most righteous of wars for hearthstone, for Church, and for country.

This first uprising was one of Celtic Catholics. In the Pale and elsewhere, here and there throughout Ireland, were large numbers of Old-English Catholics; these, unlike the Celts, did not wish separation from England, but did wish complete religious liberty for themselves, and, if possible, Catholic supremacy.

The Episcopalian and Royalist English throughout Ireland, under the lead of the Earl of Ormond, favored the King. The Puritan oligarchy of Dublin favored the Parliament, and were in touch with the Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster.

The rising began to spread from Ulster southward. The Catholics of the Pale were at first loyal to the King, but the Protestant leaders, in striking back at the insurgents, harried friend and foe alike, until the Pale joined with Ulster. After this, all Ireland revolted. Only a few fortified and garrisoned towns were held for the English.

Violent alterations of policy and of fortune followed. Under the lead of the Roman Catholic clergy the revolt was consolidated. Unswerving loyalty to the King was proclaimed, war was denounced against the Puritans, and the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism as the State religion of Ireland was demanded.

On the Puritan side the lords justices in Dublin nominally acknowledged the King's authority, but really stood for the Parliament and hampered Ormond, who, while a staunch Protestant, was an ardent Royalist.

Ormond gained one or two victories over the insurgents in spite of the way in which the lords justices interfered with him.

Charles created him marquis, and he took command of the English interest, drove out the lords justices, and concluded a truce for one year with the Catholic party, in September, 1643. They gave Charles a free contribution of,30,000, and sent over some Irish troops to aid Montrose and the other Royalist leaders in Scotland, besides setting Ormond free to transfer part of his forces to the King in England.

But Munro and the Ulster Scotch refused to recognize the armistice, took the Covenant, and declared against the King ; while, in the south, certain Protestant sea-coast towns, under the lead of Lord Inchiquin [The O Briens]. ... Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs followed suit and acknowledged the Parliament.

Months of tortuous negotiations followed, King Charles showing the same readiness in promise, and utter indifference in performance, while dealing with the Irish as while dealing with the English. The treachery of the King was made manifest by the discovery of his secret treaty with the Irish, when Sligo was captured.

Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived, and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic party which was acting with Ormond.

Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parliament rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, the utterly intolerant and fanatical Catholics, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on

the other.

In the north the Irish were led by Owen O Neil, a member of the great Ulster house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio.

The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France.

This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the bigots and intolerant extremists, supreme among the Irish..."

When it comes to rethinking our historial bearings, it is often helpful to find similar cases and see how others feel about being treated similarly. Dr. Keanu Sai represents the Aboriginal Nation of Hawaii in matters pertaining to the usurpation of the Kanaka Maoli sovereignty:

Professor Kanalu Young, a Hawaiian historian at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa, argues that: [Anglo-]American scholars developed a military occupation-based historiography predicated on their own misrepresentations of the indigenous and national Hawaiian pasts and their own last century of illegal control here. Selected nineteenth-century [English language] primary and secondary sources were then contoured to the needs of the occupier government -apparatus to provide school children with knowledge that as it educated.

THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF THE HAWAIIAN KAHUNA-DOM: BEGINNING THE TRANSITION FROM OCCUPIED TO RESTORED STATE DECEMBER 2008 By Dr. Keanu Sai

Dubhgall in Irish is loosely cognate with Haole in Hawaiian. One can see the similarity in strategy when compared to the Báta scóir by An Síonnach Fionn above or to The Murder Machine by Pádraig Pearse:

The Murder Machine by Pádraic H. Pearse

I have spent the greater part of my life in immediate contemplation of the most

grotesque and horrible of the English inventions for the debasement of Ireland. I mean their education system...

When one uses the term education system as the name of the system of schools, colleges, universities, and what not which the English have established in Ireland, one uses it as a convenient label, just as one uses the term government as a convenient label for the system of administration by police which obtains in Ireland instead of [law]....

"Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers were no less brutal and unmerciful than he was."

THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory
Tallaght

The Aboriginal Irish Catholic National Church sometimes called the Celtic Church had a completely different relationship to the land than the Ultramontane Roman element referred to by Roosevelt:

from COLUM CILLE'S GREETING TO IRELAND,
K. Meyer Ancient Irish Poetry
My Derry, my little oak-grove,
My dwelling and my little cell,
O living God that art in Heaven above,
Woe to him who violates it !
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe with purity,
Beloved Drumhome with its sweet acorns,
Beloved are Swords and Kells !

A scholar called Gilbert Márkus 2008 says the manuscript for Cáin Adamnáin was most likely assembled and contextualised at Raphoe.

Consider all the Gallagher connections to Raphoe that Colmcille is discussing as full of Purity, meaning Good People, at the time:

1438 The Bishop of Raphoe, Lochlann O'Gallagher died. ARE, iv, 910, iii, 141.

1580 Eoghan, son of Tuathail Bhailbh O'Gallagher, deacon of Raphoe, died on 22nd October

The Ó Gallchobhair sept claims to be the most senior family of the Cenél Conaill as Gallchobar was descended from Conall Gulban. The sept's territory was spread across the areas within the modern baronies of Raphoe and Tírugh in Tír Chonaill.

Gallagher clan website

Martyr St. Réamonn Ó Gallchóir: "The Raphoe-born bishop, a confidant and counsellor to Red Hugh O'Donnell and 'The Great' Hugh O'Neill"

Introduction to Sermons in Irish-Gaelic by the Most Reverend James Ó Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe

The continuity is evident between the Celtic Catholic church and the Modern world in the Gallagher family alone. Consider all the families of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill and elsewhere.

This continuity is also clear in the Gaelic Language poetry. We cant speak to these poets as we havent studied them, but Frank Gallagher tells us about the Poetic continuity, the sharing of testimony, across Aboriginal Irish Catholic Uladh:

The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher, 1957

...Ulster kept her place as part of the nation. Despite the confiscations and plantations, despite penal laws and oppression, Irish literature and the Irish language survived even in Ulster. The wandering poets, no longer supported by Irish ruling families, in lamenting the passing of their patrons looked forward in their "vision poetry" to the day when Ireland would rise up again.

These poets in Ulster as elsewhere helped to keep alive the spirit of the nation. One of the greatest of the Ulster poets was Seamus Dall MacCuarta, a blind poet of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. His songs were sung all

over Ulster from Down to Tír Chonaill and he was without peer among his contemporaries.

His tradition was carried on by Peadar Ó Doirnín (1704-1768), who lived in South Armagh and County Down, and Art MacCubhthaigh (1715-1774) of Armagh. As the British historian J.L. Hammond said:

In the eighth century Irish civilisation was a greater power in the world than English, in the eighteenth century the ghost of that civilisation was a greater power in Ireland than the institutions imposed by English Conquest.

...it was the constant aim of the British Government to prevent any real alliance developing ...

This is an afterthought of a curiosity, Macha, but it is worth saying that the Irish Poetic Lawyers had their own categories for keeping track of these tendencies in human nature, for law and education. You will not know how many of the categories deal with precedents around marriages, murders, and pillaging. It is not difficult to see these as tribal law stories as well as moral examples:

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh

Irish tales were classified according to their titles. Some of these have to do with major events in the life of an individual, such as *comperta* ('conceptions'), *aitheda* ('elopements'), *tochmarca* ('wooings'), *echtraí* ('expeditions [to the Otherworld]'), *immrama* 'seavoyages', and *aitte / aideda* ('violent deaths'). Others relate momentous or cataclysmic events in the social and political history of population groups, such as *catha* ('battles'), *tomadmann* ('eruptions [of lakes or rivers]'), *tochomlada* ('migrations'), *oircne* ('slaughters, destructions'), *togla* ('destructions'), and *tána bó* ('cattle raids').

The students of those stories had correspondingly concept categories for applying and understanding the lessons involved in the Brehon Law. We can safely say each category makes sense after some testing.

Chris Thompson and Isolde Carmody of Story Archaeology explaining:

The *filid*, "poets", of early Irish society were not poorly paid struggling artists: they were held in the highest esteem and a crucial part of culture. Indeed, the

word fili, "poet", more literally means "seer", and the ollamh, "great poet, chief poet", had comparable status with the chief of the túath...and the bishop in Christian times. A fili had to undergo years of formal training: twelve years according to a text edited as "Mittleirische Verslehren" by Rudolf Thurneysen. Each year of study included a set of poetic metres and techniques, a collection of tales, parts of grammar and law texts. As a student progressed through these years of training, their status and lóg n-enech, "honour-price", would increase accordingly. Status texts also make it clear that the bards were untrained poets, whose status was only half that of their trained counterparts. Imbas is a gift or technique central to the poets of ancient Ireland. Its literal meaning is imb-fhes, "great or all-encompassing knowledge". It is perhaps best understood as "inspiration". In many texts, it is associated with rivers and wells, especially the wells of Segais and Connla, the mythical sources of the Shannon and the Boyne. O'Davaran's Glossary includes a description of imbas greine, inspiration from the river Graney (Co. Clare), by which a poet gains (i.e. creates) a poem. There is also a poetic technique called sretha imbas, "stream of inspiration", where every word in a line of poetry alliterates; and a metre called imbas forosna. Imbas on its own is often taken to stand for imbas forosna, "great knowledge which illuminates". As well as the name of a metre, it is also described as a technique associated with the highest grades of poets. Imbas forosna is often listed alongside teinm laída, "breaking open (i.e. analysis) of poems", and dichetail di chennaib, "reciting from heads", as three special accomplishments of poets. All three of these appear in a section of The Book of Leinster (lines 3895 – 3905) called Cethri srotha déc éicsi, "Fourteen streams of scholarship": Fele & innruccus. Science and integrity Comgne & genelach. History and genealogy Immas & dichetail. Great knowledge and chanting Anamain & brethugud. Anamain [metre used by top poets] and [legal]judgement Teinm laeda & ler forcetail. Breaking open [i.e. analysis] of poems and diligent teaching Idna láme & lanamnais. Purity of the hand [i.e. deeds] and partnership ["marriage", but can also be partnership of teacher and student] Idna beoil & foglomma. Purity of the mouth [i.e. speech] and learning

It also isn't difficult to see how Rita Gallagher categorises birds as part of the same civilisation, reminding the Monday Court of the alarming state of bird habitat and survival in Ireland:

Mrs. Gallagher to Rita Gallagher, Tír Chonaill 30th May 1930

duchas

These are the most common birds which are in the district,
the robin, the thrush, the blackbird, the wren, the swallow, the sparrow, the
cuckoo, the corncrake, the tom tit, the yellow yeldring, the lark, the crow, the
seagull, the wild duck, the moor hen, the grouse, blue tit, felt, gold finch, mavish,
Big Andy (Heron), the swan, the red shank.

The most of these stay here except the cuckoo the corncrake and the swallow and
they emigrate the other hotter countries when the Summer is past.

The robin builds her nest in a fence, the thrush builds her nest in a bush.

The blackbird builds her nest in a tree also.

The wren and the swallow build their nests in the eaves of a house. The sparrow
builds her nest in the rivers and in a low bush.

The cuckoo doesn't build her nest. She lays her eggs in another bird's nest. When
the young cuckoos grow they push the other little birds out.

The corncrake builds her nest in long grass.

The lark builds her nest on the ground.

The crow builds her nest in high trees and in chimneys.

The seagull builds her nest in high rocks in the middle of the water. The wild duck
builds her nest among the rushes in the water.

The moor hen builds her nest in the heather.

The pigeon builds her nest in a high tree in the tree in the wood.

The tom tit makes her nest out of moss and feathers.

The lark makes her nest with hay and grass.

The crow makes her nest with hay and grass. The crow makes her nest out of
sticks and hair and she lays two or four green eggs with black dots on them.

The seagull makes her nest out of straw and heather and she lays two white eggs
with black dots on them.

The wild duck makes her nest out of rushes straw and feathers and she lays
twelve green eggs with black dots on them.

The moor hen makes her nest out of grass and withered heather and she lays
twelve eggs.

The pigeon makes her nest out of sticks and she lays two white eggs in it.

The blackbird makes her nest out of moss, withered grass and hair and she lays four green eggs with black dots on them.

The thrush makes her nest out of moss and she puts clay around it. She lays four blue eggs with brown dots on them.

The wren and the sparrow build their nests out of moss and feathers. The wren leaves a little hole for it to go into the nest. The sparrow lays four white eggs with brown dots on them.

The swallow makes her nest out of sand and lime and she lays four white eggs with black dots on them.

The robin makes her nest out of moss and horse hair and she lays four white eggs with brown dots on them.

The wren lays seventeen white eggs with brown dots on them. The people say if you take a wren's egg, out of her nest, the wren will lay one every day till it dies.

The corncrake makes her nest out of hay and grass and she lays two white eggs with black dots on them. It takes a month for the birds to hatch their eggs. If any body robs the a bird's nest the bird will forsake it. If you put your breath near it the bird will forsake it also. When the swallows fly low its a sign of bad weather. When the seagull flies high over a bridge it is a sign of good weather. When you see Big Andy (Heron) coming up the river it's a sign of bad weather.

The swan comes to the country before a death.

When you hear the wild geese calling it's a sign of frost.

The thrush says, "Free beef, Free beef, Free beef, and Carrigart, Carrigart ,Carrigart." duchas.ie, school's collection

Amy Lewis, Irish Times, Early 2018: 'Without action, the curlew will be extinct as a breeding species in Ireland within a decade'

A forestry boom is turning Ireland into an ecological dead zone, Mary Colwell, The Guardian, 10 Oct 2018 There are only around 150 pairs of breeding hen harriers left and they require a mosaic of habitats to survive, ranging from grassland, moorland and bog to open forest. But now their home is hemmed in on all sides by Sitka plantations, which form impenetrable boundaries. To stand in one of the few remaining nesting sites is to feel like a character in a Hollywood movie where someone is trapped in a room as the walls slowly move inwards. No

light penetrates to the floor and no flowers grow.

Time has almost run out for Slieve Bloom's iconic bird of prey

Derek Fanning 29 July 2024, Offaly Live

TIME has almost run out for Slieve Bloom's iconic bird of prey, the hen harrier, Birdwatch Ireland said in a statement issued this week Says Birdwatch Ireland, "the disappearance of the Hen Harrier is happening before our eyes. The results of the 2022 National Hen Harrier Survey show that time has almost run out for these iconic birds of prey in Ireland, and that the species is now faring even worse than the Curlew and the Corncrake – species often held up as prime examples of biodiversity loss in Ireland."

Since the last national survey, the Hen Harrier has declined by one-third in just seven years, with only 85-106 breeding pairs believed to remain in the country. The survey stated that there had been a 25% decline in the Slieve Bloom population in County Offaly over the seven years since the 2015 survey. The 2015 survey recorded 11-12 pairs. Birdwatch Ireland points out that too much industrial forestry is the principal reason for the decline in the Slieve Blooms.

Hen Harriers love the open blanket bog of the hill-tops but it would seem this area is dwindling rather than expanding because of encroaching conifer forestry like sitka spruce and Norse Pine)... and there seems to be no effort at all to remove these or to curtail the pine and Spruce Plantations growth.

Again, your honour, these are indicative examples of what is happening.

Connaught Telegraph Tom Ó Kelly 30 Mar 2023

East Mayo communities warned over prospect of "environmental disaster"

Prospecting licenses have been granted by Environment Minister Eamon Ryan to an Australian company, Oriel Selection Trust Limited, ...for the mining of base metals, gold, silver and platinum across ...east Mayo...despite an objection to the proposal by the secretary of the Mayo Environmental Group, Sean O'Malley.

Mr. O'Malley said it was it is illogical to give a mining company a prospecting

licence and at the same time imply that they may not get a mining license...

Mr. O'Malley said he is amazed that the Green Party leader signed off on the granting of prospecting licenses to a company..for mining for gold, silver and copper across a wide stretch of Mayo and Roscommon.

The minerals of interest are base metals, baryte, gold, silver, copper and platinum group metals. It is understood the licences' main potential is for copper.

During the public consultation process after the minister indicated in a public notice last October that he intended granting the licence, the only submission received was the one by the Mr. O'Malley.

In his reaction to the decision, Mr. O'Malley said everybody knows that mining, should it materialise in this case, involves the use of very dangerous chemicals or by smelting, which involves the use of large amounts of electricity.

He said he would be fearful of "an environmental disaster," as transpired in Tynagh Mines and other areas of the country, if mining in east Mayo proceeds in the years ahead. There is no mining process that is safe.

"I witnessed what happened at Croagh Patrick back in the late 1980s and early 1990s and the west side of the mountain is still badly scarred as a result. It takes thousands of years for such damaged lands to return to what they once were," he added.

King Charles of Britain, who decides policy in at least six counties of Ireland, on how dire is the looming climatology crisis:

'Existential threats'

'vast frightening experiment of changing every ecological condition all at once at a pace that far outstrips Nature's ability to cope'

Our survival in 'peril' unless we 'rapidly repair and restore Nature'

[response to industrial business threats] 'Dreadfully far off track'

'How dangerous are we prepared to make our world?'

Lakota Chief Arvol Looking Horse keeper of The White Buffalo Calf Pipe

...We are on the brink of destroying the possibility of a healthy and nurturing survival for generations to come, our children's children...

...This new millennium will usher in an age of harmony or it will bring the end of life as we know it....

Laoi Shuibhne is an Old Gaelic poem about nature. Again, because it is there, the Monday Court can see the similar structures that go with the Gaelic mind: categories, thoroughness, considering each thing in the larger picture, and many other features called "overthinking" in English, your Lady Judge Macha:

Laoi Shuibhne

A dhair dhosach dhuilledhach,

At ard os cionn crainn.

A cholláin, a chraobhacháin,

A chomhra cnó cuill.

... A abhall, abhlachóg,

Tren rotchraithenn cách,

A chaerthain, a chaeirecháin,

Is alainn do bhláth. ...

A bheithi blaith bennachtach,

A bhorrfadaigh bhinn.

Alainn gagh craobh cengailteach,

I mullach do chinn.

Sweeney's Laoi

Thou oak, bushy, leafy,

Thou art high beyond trees,

O hazlet, little branching one,

O fragrance of hazel nuts.

... O apple tree, little apple tree,

Much art thou shaken,

O quicken, little berried one,

Delightful is thy bloom. ...

O birch, smooth and blessed,

Thou melodious, proud one,

Delightful each entwining branch,
In the top of thy hat.

– trans. Niall MacCoitir, from *Irish Trees: Myths, Legends & Folklore*

After assessing Irish Colonial politics, it really looks like there is no help coming for the poor Native Wildlife of Ireland.

Native Irish mammals in danger of extinction – study The Irish hare, red squirrel and red deer are all in danger of being wiped out by invasive foreign species, according to new research. 21 Feabhra 2012, thejournal.ie A NUMBER OF animals native to Ireland will face extinction if foreign species invading the country are not controlled, according to new research. The Irish hare, red squirrel and red deer are all in danger of being wiped out by invasive foreign species, according to the study. A two-year research project on socalled “invasional meltdown” ...

Seán Ó Donnell, *Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies*, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974. 'If the median line with Britain is then presently unsettled, there looms a further clash of interests North-west of Tír Chonaill. Out therein the stormy ocean is the barn sized fleck of Rockall, a thirtyyard island over 200 miles from the nearest land. About equidistant from Ireland and Scotland. Rockall never occasioned the slightest interest until annexed by Britain in 1955. Two years ago [1972] it was then incorporated by Parliament as part of the county of Inverness, an act apparently designed to substantiate British claims to all the seabed between...

'To the Hole of Liabán's House with you. Equivalent to, "to the deuce with you." There is a place on the coast of Tír Chonaill, another on the coast of Galway, and another in Valentia Island, Co. Kerry, all known as Poll Tighe Liabáin. Each is a large funnel-shaped hole in the rock, extending from the sea-level up to the upper stratum of the cliff on which one walks. In stormy weather the sea spouts through, making a roaring noise, and making the place fearful to go near. Anything falling down such a hole is lost for ever. Evidently Liabán was a sea-demon, from his being known along the whole western coast from Tír Chonaill to Valentia. It was not difficult, in each of these cases, to fancy that the dark awesome abyss, which thundered and roared so terribly at times, was the abode of a demon.

Seanfhocla Ulaid 1907

Straightening Out There was a man once upon a time who lost his arm, and it was buried. He always complained of it being sore, and the people went to the place where it was buried, and they dug it up. They found it, and all the fingers were crooked. So it was said that the fingers were straightened out, and it was buried again. The man never felt his arm sore again, and he never thought it was on him.
—Collected by Edward Connolly, Tír Chonaill

"In addition to their judicial role, [chiefs] could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [chiefing] was threatened by plague or war...[Chiefs] not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." AITCHISON, N. B. "[chiefing], SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND." *Traditio*, vol. 49, 1994, pp. 45–75. JSTOR, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/27831893

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach. Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

Brian O'Gallagher ShareSharePost O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher you took my heart away; When you set your foot upon the ship, and sailed that bitter day; And in my dreams both noon and night;

I'm sighing o'er and o'er
O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher
shall I ever see you more?

'Tis far and very far your feet
Have led you all alone;
No friendly faces near you,
Nor speech that is your own;

But withered verdure under.
And a cruel sun before
O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher
shall I ever see you more.

Sure travel brings no ease, agh, agh,
But wakens memories sweet;
And a keen regret within you
for a white-hill climbing street.
For the turf-fire's ruddy flicker;
And the kindly open door;
O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher
shall I ever see you more?

You must have met the fairies
in some shadow-trodden glen
Who shook their fluttering wisp at you
Again and yet again.
And sowed the seed of wandering
That keeps me sobbing sore
O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher
shall I ever see you more.

The magic of the fluttering wisp,
Has struck your clear eyes blind.
Since for an unknown world you leave;
This dearer world behind
With its dear and purple valleys,
Its songful woods galore.
O' handsome Brian O' Gallagher
shall I ever see you more.

Mr F. O' Sullivan Co. Cork

Columcille found in Erin and in Alba; and a hundred of these were fast by the sea. And moreover he did write three hundred books, as the poet saith: "Three hundred churches did Colum build, A hundred of them near the sea; And three hundred, virtuous, skilful, Noble books of knowledge wrote he." Each day... he preached the word of God to all, and he bade them fear God and love Him above all love, and to love their neighbor as themselves, and pray earnestly for the dead.

""Columcille on whom was no trouble, Great his wisdom, good his understanding; A falsehood never passed his lips, And never did he do vanity."

Dallan Forgaill

[James Joyce, Ulysses [Ní Hansa]... Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah...and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their archeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works of rabbis and culdees...]

DO RIOGHAIBH MAC MILEADH O cruthughadh an domain gor ghabhsat mic Miledh 'Ere ciicc céd 7 tri mile bliadain 3500. 1. Eremon m Miledh easbainni da ngoirthi Golam m Bile m Breoghain m Bratha m Deaghath m Earchadha m Alldoid m Nuadhaid m Ninuail m Ebhir glais m Agnoin finn m Ebir gluinfhinn m Laimhfind m Agnamain m Taitt m Ogamain m Beoamain m Ebir sguit m Sru m Easru m Gaoidil glais m Niuil m Feniussa farsaidh m Baadh m Magoc m lapheth m Noe m Lamech m Mathusalam m Enoch m Iaret m Malaleel m Cainan m Enoss m Seth m Adhaim. Bliadain don 'Eremon so 7 da dherbrathair .i. Ebher fionn a ccomhfhlaithas Erenn go ttorchair "Emer la hEremhon a ccath Gesille a Laighnibh. "Eremhon iar nEmhear cuicc bliadna décc go nerbailt a nAirgettros A.M. 3516.

OF VISIONS FORETELLING THE BIRTH OF COLUMCILLE AND OF MARVELS BEFORE HIS BIRTH 44. 'The druids of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, did thus foretell the coming of Colmcille afore his birth: On a day that Conall was hunting and chasing at Gartán, his hounds did neither hurt nor harm to the game,

and not this only, but they played and gamboled with it. And this thing seemed a marvel to Conall, he understanding that it was sore against nature. And he asked his druids what was the meaning thereof. "We wit, well," say the druids. "A child shall be born of thy Kin in this place where thou now art, and he shall be of the third generation from thee; and Colmcille shall be his name, and filled shall he be of the graces of the one God of All Power and Creator of the Elements.

Betha Colaim chille.

And [Patrick] foretold that God should give many blessings to the others of the tribe of Cunall Gulban, by reason of Columceille's belonging to them, as the quatrain saith: "Holy Colmcille shall come after me; He shall leave to you blessings and fortune. He is the one man, the best one, That shall be born yonder till Doomsday."

Betha Colaim chille.

Master Cleric of all the Western World and the Lord of Faith and Piety, to wit, Colmcille son of Fedlimid

Betha Colaim chille.

Before the establishment of creameries in rural districts it was not usual to sell milk

THE EARLY NORMAN CASTLES OF THE BRITISH ISLES, ELLA S. ARMITAGE, 1912.

The Scottish historians of the 19th century have amply recognised the Anglo-Norman occupation of Scotland, which took place in the 11th and 12th centuries, ever since its extent and importance were demonstrated by Chalmers in his Caledonia.

Occupation is not too strong a word to use, although it was an occupation about which history is strangely silent, and which seems to have provoked little resistance except in the 'Keltic parts' of the country.

But it meant the transformation of Scotland from a tribal Keltic chiefdom into an organised feudal state, and in the accomplishment of this transformation the

greater part of the best lands in Scotland passed into the hands of English refugees or Norman and Flemish adventurers.... ..the cadets of some Norman family, wishful to carve out fresh fortunes for themselves, like the Fitz Alans, the ancestors of the Stuarts. The immigration continued during the reign of the sons of Margaret, but seems to have reached its culminating point under David I. (1124-1153).

David, as Burton remarks, had lived for sixteen years as an affluent Anglo-Norman noble, before his accession to the Scottish crown, being Earl of Huntingdon in right of his wife, the daughter of Simon de Senlis, and granddaughter, through her mother, of Earl Waltheof.

David's tastes and sympathies were Norman, but it was not taste alone which impelled him to build up in Scotland a monarchy of the Anglo-Norman feudal type. He had a distinct policy to accomplish; he wished to do for Scotland what Edward I sought to do for the whole island, to unite its various nationalities under one government, and he saw that men of the Anglo-Norman type would be the best instruments of this policy.'

It mattered little to him from what nation he chose his followers, if they were men who accepted his ideas. Norman, English, Flemish, or Norse adventurers were all received at his court, , and endowed with lands in Scotland, if they were men suitable for working the system which he knew to be the only one available for the accomplishment of his policy. And that system was the feudal system.

[For David I] feudalism meant a higher state of civilisation than the tribalism of Keltic Scotland, and that only by the complete organisation of feudalism could he carry out the unification of Scotland, and the subjugation of the wild Keltic tribes of the north and west."

The policy was successful, though it was not completely carried out until Alexander III. purchased the Chieftainship of the Isles from the King of Norway in 1266.

John Boyle O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The strength of England is, and always has been,
material force ; organization ; concentration ; weight of stroke ; selfishness of
purpose.

Her power has marched through the centuries and the nations like a mail-clad
battalion, plowing its way, repellent, unsympathetic, defying criticism, bound on
the seizure of its prey, disregarding the opinions of mankind.

The power that Ireland has exerted through her banished millions, is immaterial,
diffused, intellectual, spiritual ; the very opposite to that of England.

But it is the power of the steam, as compared to the power of the water.

So far the nations represent opposites : One concussion ; the other conversion.
One a threat ; the other an argument. One repels ; the other attracts. One makes
enemies ; the other makes friends. One wastes its own strength in every effort ;
the other increases its power with every exertion.

Ireland appeals through her scattered children and their descendants to the
consciences of men.

John Boyle O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

fr. James O'Reilly, O.P. – priest in Coleraine, killed by soldiers in 1656

fr. James O'Reilly, O.P. - priest in Waterford, hanged in 1648

BRIAN O'NEILL, ART O'NEILL, RORY O'KANE, GODFREY O'KANE, and ALEXANDER
Mac SORLEY; hanged at Derry, 1615. (O'Reilly, 183.) Major Myles O'Reilly, entitled
Memorials of those who Suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland (London: Burns
& Oates & Co., 1868).

Amanda Mae Kāhealani Pacheco, "Past, Present, and Politics: A Look at the
Hawaiian Sovereignty Movement"

Dudley and Agard estimate before contact with the West (1778), 1 million native
Hawaiians lived in the Hawaiian archipelago. By 1892 this number had diminished
to a mere 40,000. —Today, || Dudley and Agard write, —there are a mere 8,244

[full-blooded native Hawaiians left]. That is 992,000 less people [than before Western contact], a decrease of more than 99%.

This dismal history, coupled with the persistence of Western colonization in the State of Hawaiʻi today, has led to the creation of the Hawaiian sovereignty movement in the mid-1970's that still remains true to its cause in 2009.

Thus, it is said that: Deep in the soul of all Hawaiians is a desire to speak our own language, to relate with the natural world publicly and unashamedly as our ancestors did, to think our own thoughts, to pursue our own aspirations, to develop our own arts, to workshop our own goods, to follow our own moral system, to see our own people when we look around us, to be Hawaiians again.

We long to make contributions to the world as Hawaiians, to exist as a Hawaiian nation, to add a Hawaiian presence' to the world community. Establishment of a sovereign Hawaiian nation will give us that chance....

...When I think of sovereignty, sovereignty sounds like there's a group of people – Hawaiians – who are living in a dominant culture – Western – who feel that some of the policies, attitudes or ways put a halt to some of their own goals. And when this group of people, Hawaiian people, come together and say: —Let's form this community, || or nation, or whatever you call it; and say: —let's draw up something that we can have a voice in how we want to govern our lives...

This passage above is an excerpt from an interview in which a Waiʻanae man, and sovereignty leader, articulates what many in the movement feel is at the root of sovereignty....

...One of the most famed of all Hawaiian sayings was uttered by one of the [Hawaiian Nations] greatest [Kahunas] while embarking on his journey towards building a unified Hawaiian Nation. It is seen as a call for solidarity and courage, and is still repeated by many today:

Imua e nā pōki'i

Forward my brothers and sisters

A inu i ka wai 'awa'awa

And drink the bitter water

A'ohe hope e ho'i mai ai.

There is no turning back now....

...

...The term Kūna'e translates to —stand firmly and unyielding against opposition. Many people, Kanaka Maoli and those from other ethnic and racial backgrounds alike, have answered the call to stand firmly and unyielding... ||

Amanda Mae Kāhealani Pacheco, "Past, Present, and Politics: A Look at the Hawaiian Sovereignty Movement," *intersections* 10, no. 1 (2009): 341-387.

Ní bhrisfidh siad mé mar tá an fonn saoirse agus saoirse mhuintir na hEireann i mo chroí. Tiocfaidh lá éigin nuair a bheidh an fonn saoirse seo le taispeáint ag daoine go léir na hEireann ansin tchífidh muid eirí na gealaí.

If they aren't able to destroy the desire for freedom, they won't break you. They won't break me because the desire for freedom, and the freedom of the Irish people is in my heart.

The day will dawn when all the people of Ireland will have the desire for freedom to show. It is then we'll see the rising of the moon. —Bobby Sands, 5 Bealtaine 1981

Ailiu iath nErend. Buaidh nó Bás

Mea Gloria Fides. "Sin í an fhíorbhreith," arsa cách "Is é nic na fhíorfhlatha a thug an bhreith." -Geneamuin Chormaic

Argument 13:

The Gift of St. Eunan

Your honour, if people took St. Eunan's Law as seriously today as they did in 697, maybe the world could change. So in this Argument, we want to show as much about Cáin Adamnáin as we can to show what is missing in Tír Chonaill. It is very clear from the the Annals as shown by the Gallagher Clan, that St. Eunan has a long line of successors, for instance.

1022 Maelcobha O'Gallchobhair, the abbot of St. Eunan's in Skreen, died. ARE, ii, 802.

1450 Bishop O'Gallagher died... Donncha O'Gallagher, the successor of St. Eunan died. ARE, iv, 966, 970

Here a Momonian Chronicler gives us the context of St. Eunan's law to the Aboriginal Irish Catholics:

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE"
'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA' ETC

Adamnan, who was the successor of St. Columba at Iona, and who wrote St. Columba's Life, gave a remarkable judgment concerning women from the Rath of the Synods at Tara, in the seventh century.

It is called the Cáin Adamnan, or Adamnan's Law concerning Women. It has lately been translated by Professor Kuno Meyer.

Adamnan, who was born in 624 A.D., was devoted to his mother. One day she said to him :

" Your dutifulness is good ; however,
that is not the duty that I desire,
but that you should free women for me,
free them from encounter, from camping,
from fighting, from hosting, from wounding,

from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron."

The two had just seen a battlefield, near Drogheda, where many women lay slain, with their babes on their breasts, motherless.

Adamnán determined to fulfil his mother's desire, but to do so, he had to endure great tortures, and horrible penances for many years. At last angels came to deliver him from these, but he said :

"I will not arise until women are freed for me."

And the angel answered : " By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

.

..So it came about. At first, the chieftains were angry at Adamnán's new law, but, in the end, the Saint prevailed.

After a time, .securities and bonds were given to him " for the freeing of women," and the guarantors gave three shouts of malediction on every man who would kill a woman with his right hand, or his left, by a kick, or by his tongue, so that his heirs are the alder, the nettle, and the corncrake."

This curious old story, which seems something more than a mere legend, goes on to say :

" Now after the coming of Adamnán,
no woman is deprived of her testimony,
if it be bound in righteous deeds.
For a mother is a venerable treasure,
a mother is a goodly treasure,
the mother of saints, and bishops, and righteous men,
an increase of the Chiefting of Heaven,
a propagation upon earth.

Adamnan suffered much hardship
for your sakes, O women,
so that ever since Adamnan's time
one half of the house is yours,
and there is also a place for your chair in the other half,

so that your contract and your safeguard are free.

And the first law made in Heaven and on earth for women is Adamnán's law."

The Cain Adamnan goes on to give details of the punishments to be inflicted for the killing of a woman, or even for a blow, or an insult. St. Adamnan, the northerner, the prince of the Hy-Neil, lives still in his Law. Never did man make a better, nor a law better obeyed.

Julianna Grigg, Journal of the Australian Early Medieval Association: Vol. 1 2005
Cáin Adamnáin was promulgated at the Synod of Birr, Ireland, in 697 AD...It has many interesting features not the least of which is the ... 91 signatories...The Law sets out to protect women, clerics, and youths...the éracc fine for the murder of women is doubled....

...Adamnáin was related to the Uí Néill High Chief, and was a friend and mentor to the Northumbrian chief Aldfrith and to other Dalriada and Pictish ruler....For an abbot of Iona to draft far-reaching legislation, as in the Cáin Adamnáin, and gather the guarantees for its enactment from all the major nobility and clerics [of Ireland and Scotland] is testimony to someone of considerable political importance..over half of the signatories were dead by 705 [Ní Dhonnchadha]

Within eight years, over half those signatories are dead. We have found that timeline consistent with some remarks in the Book of Leinster regarding the real timing of the loss of the Aboriginal Chiefs of Ireland, minus a few, as other powers such as the Dalcassians grow in power while apparently falsifying their genealogy, if the Book of Lismore documents are those of Ailill who signed Cáin Adamnáin, which they are, your honour. It is a whole other case we argued to Aoibhell, Banríon of the Thomond Banshees, elsewhere, late at night.

Meyer, in translating Cáin Adamnáin, intended to contextualise its importance more himself. We hope this argument will show the missing pieces.

The treatise itself is a document of historical importance requiring careful study and analysis. It was my intention to deal fully in an introduction with the question

of its composition, and to point out its value for the history of early Irish civilization, as well as for that of the Celtic Church...

Kuno Meyer, CÁIN ADAMNÁIN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE LAW OF ADAMNAN

Five ages before the birth of Christ, to wit, from Adam to the Flood, from the Flood to Abraham, from Abraham to David, from David to the Captivity in Babylon, from the Babylonian Captivity to the birth of Christ. During that time women were in bondage and in slavery, until Adamnan, son of Ronan, son of Tinne, son of Aed, son of Colum, son of Lugaid, son of Setne, son of Fergus, son of Conall, son of Niall, came.

Cumalach was a name for women till Adamnan came to free them. And this was the cumalach a woman for whom a hole was dug at the end of the door so that it came over her nakedness. The end of the great spit was placed upon her till the cooking of the portion was ended.

After she had come out of that earth-pit she had to dip a candle four men's hands in length in a plate of butter or lard that candle to be on her palm until division of food and distribution of liquor and making of beds, in the houses of kings and chieftains, had ended. That woman had no share in bag nor in basket, nor in the company of the house-master; but she dwelt in a hut outside the enclosure, lest bane from sea or land should come to her...

It seems that like St. Patrick himself being taken as a slave, at least some of the Irish tribes had adopted practices of keeping some women as domestic slaves.

A derivative from cumhal, * a female slave, bondmaid.'

There is plenty of manuscript evidence suggesting the Brehon Law never approved of this slavery. Fionn mac Cumhal is son of one of those cumhala. Niall of the Nine Hostages saved his mother from a similar condition. The Irish Language says Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan. There is no reason to assume that sentiment did not predate Adamnán, but Adamnán secured the Sacred Law to ensure saoirse na mBan.

The Irish Catholics will be held to that standard at the Judgment Seat of Christ, your Honour. Women would not be chattel after the coming of Adamnán, according to the Law:

Now after the coming of Adamnan no woman is deprived of her testimony', if it be bound in righteous deeds. For a mother is a venerable treasure...

The specific relationship between Aboriginal Irish Saints and Rome is curious. The Canonising process is instituted almost immediately after the Norman Conquest. St. Malachy who called us names is a canonised Saint, and St. Eunan is not a Canonised Saint to the Roman Catholic Church. St. Eunan is a Canonical Saint to the Eastern Orthodox Church however.

The Roman Catholic Bishops in Tír Chonaill continue to venerate St. Eunan, a key example:

St Eunan's Cathedral, or the Cathedral of St Eunan and St Columba as it is also known, is a cathedral in the parish of Conwal and Leck, part of the Diocese of Raphoe. Built between the years of 1890 and 1900, the cathedral is found in Letterkenny, Tír Chonaill in Ireland.

The cathedral was commissioned by Cardinal O'Donnell - then Bishop of Raphoe - and who, in 1888 aged 32, became the youngest bishop in the world at that time

...

...The cathedral is named for the Saints Adamnán and Columba;

There are 12 bells in the Cathedral bell chamber. They carry the names of the saints of Tír Conaill - Dallan, Conal and Fiacre, Adomnán, Baithen and Barron, Nelis and Mura, Fionán and Davog, Cartha and Caitríona, Taobhóg, Cróna and Ríanach, Ernan and Asica and Columba. The 12th bell weighs over 2 tons 5 cwts. After the cathedral was opened the organist played "O'Donnell Abu", "St Patrick's Day", "The Last Rose of Summer", "The Wearing of the Green" and "The Bells of Shandon".

Wikipedia

Correction, your honour, it appears the Irish Bishops venerate all the Irish saints if the bells of Saints Dallan, Conal and Fiacre, Adomnán, Baithen and Barron, Nelis and Mura, Fionán and Davog, Cartha and Caitríona, Taobhóg, Cróna and Ríanach, Ernan and Asica and Columcille are any indicator.

Here is one of the chieftains who asserts male chauvinism against the Aboriginal Irish

Church, of the same first name, at least, as the Gallagher High Chief who signed it, at least a cousin. He also, like Adolf Hitler thinks people with disabilities should be slain:

16. * It shall not be in my time if it is done,' said Loingsech Bregban, a native of Fanait he was, of the race of Conall. ' An evil time when a man's sleep shall be murdered for women, that women should live, men should be slain. Put the deaf and dumb one to the sword, who asserts anything but that women shall be in everlasting bondage to the brink of Doom.'

As we see in this more recent article, it really looks like every man is a Loingsech Bregban these days, Macha.

The Silence Everyone Talks About: Media Representations of violence against Aboriginal Women

Earlier this month it was revealed Aboriginal [Australian] and Torres Strait Islander women are 11 times more likely to die due to an assault and are 32 times more likely to be hospitalised due to family violence than non-Indigenous women. Journalist Amy McQuire...

Richard Kearney gets real about those abuses on the Aboriginal Irish Catholics here:

The child abuse scandal[s] also turned many away from religion. Power was at the core of that.

The whole power thing was sick in Ireland, and the Church was sick because of the collusion with the State...' I abhorred the appalling interference of Church power in Irish society and in Irish politics.

The on-going revelations of mistreatment of women and children are a case in point.

But there are now signs that people have had enough. The old system is beginning to collapse.

As Nietzsche said, ' When something is leaning, give it a push.' Richard Kearney, On Philosophy

The Brehon Law texts, as the legal scholars have brought to our attention, deal with women's crisis trauma. A great example is the Banshee Tlachtga as shown in THE PROSE TALES IN THE Rennes Dindsenchas translated by Whitley Stokes

[As doilghi leam iná in t-écc.]

110. TLACHTGA. Tlachtga, canas ro aimniged?

Ni ansa. Tlachtga ingen Mogha Ruith meic Fergus ...

Tlachtga, why is she so named? Not difficult to say.] Tlachtga daughter of Mog Ruith son of Fergus: three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn the world's magic:

for 'tis she that made for Trian the Rowing Wheel and the Stone in Forcarthu and the Pillar stone in Cnámchoill.

Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things With her, till she reached Tlachtga Hill; and there she lay—in and bore three sons, namely Dorb, from whom is Mag nDoirb, and Cuma, from whom is Mag Cuma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich.

And till these three names are forgotten in Ireland, foreigners' vengeance will not visit it. Whence Tlachtga is said.

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged,

Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said:

Dall cach oen notn-aicfe,

bodar each oen nod-cluinfe,

marb each óen risi mbenfa,

Land 6to, fo. 109fl 2, u

Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it:

deaf every one Who shall hear it,

and dead every one against whom it shall strike

n. In Ed. Tlachtga is said to have died in childhood, and over her the fortress Was built. NOTE: Tlachtga is now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath; Forrartlm is near Rathcoole in the co. Dublin; and Cnámchaill is Cleghile near the town of Tipperary. Mag Cumma, Mag nDoirb and Mag Muaich are now forgotten, so the

prophecy as to foreigners' vengeance has been fulfilled.' -

Your Banshee Majesty, we may simply also compare this treatment to the general problem of Domestic Abuse as well. The Gift of St. Eunan is he ended all that. Then they erased St. Eunans church from the history so no one knows that all the western chauvinists are going Straight to Hell. The suffering of the People of Ireland without their Brehons and without their Chiefs is very clear in the Proclamation of 1916:

Proclamation of 1916: "IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her...cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past...

Unfortunately as a Scattered People and as Genocide Victims, the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, might not know or understand all the differences carefully fostered by an Alien Government. We hope these arguments will help start that discussion, your Honour.

Even those who have meant well, have sometimes missed the mark, like the incredible feminists of the world. Even they miss some of these differences fostered by an alien government:

...'[A]lthough we are still struggling for this thing called "gender equality," it is not actually a framed issue within the feminist realm, but a continuation of the larger tackling of colonialism. So this idea that women of colour all of a sudden realized "we are women," and magically joined the feminist fight actually re-colonizes people for whom gender equality and other "feminist" notions is a remembered history and current reality since before Columbus.

The mainstream feminist movement is supposed to have started in the early 1900s with women fighting for the right to vote. However, these white women deliberately excluded the struggles of working class women of color and participated in the policy of forced sterilization for Aboriginal women and women with disabilities.'

Erin Konsmo in Feminism FOR REAL: Deconstructing the Academic Industrial Complex of Feminism, Jessica Yee ed., The Canadian Centre for Policy

Alternatives, 2011

"I would suggest that a feminism which does not also seek to alter the exploitation of poorer women is not feminism at all, but is simply a variant for of upper-class politics & selfprivileging."

Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals: The Wetiko Disease of Imperialism, Exploitation and Terrorism

The extent of these differences fostered by an alien government, Macha, is staggering as we continue our study of what John Moriarty called Cultural Breakdown. This small set of arguments is only the tip of the iceberg.

St. James Connolly calls the main problem the "apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class". Gaimbín, remember Aboriginal Irish Catholics of the Gaelic tradition believe banks are a sin, the rest follows:

The apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class, arising as it does upon the rupture with Gaelic tradition, will, of course, reject this conception, and saturated with foreignism themselves, they will continue to hurl the epithet of 'foreign ideas' against the militant Irish...." —James Connolly, 1915, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

Hawaiian Kumu of Lua Womens Martial Arts Michelle Manu is in touch with what not-foreign ideas feel like to herself. She offers all the Banshees and Banatees a corrective instruction here:

"Stand in your power. Own your space. Never apologize for who you are or what you know." — Michelle Manu

St. James Connolly tells us how Industrialism 1.0 affected the women of Ireland:

James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter VI, Bean In our chapter dealing with the industrial conditions of Belfast, it was noted that the extremely high rate of sickness in the textile industry, the prevalence of tuberculosis and cognate diseases, affected principally the female workers, as does also the prevalence of a comparative illiteracy amongst the lower-paid grades of Labour in that city.

The recent dispute in Dublin also brought out in a very striking manner the

terrible nature of the conditions under which women and girls labour in the capital city, the shocking insanitary conditions of the workshops, the grinding tyranny of those in charge, and the alarmingly low vitality which resulted from the inability to procure proper food and clothes with the meagre wages paid.

Lets compare that to the living conditions today:

The first all-Ireland cancer atlas, published by the National Cancer Registry and the Northern Ireland Cancer Registry, shows major unexplained variations across the island in the risk of most common cancers.

The atlas shows that in the period 1995-2007:

- Coastal and urban areas had a significantly higher risk of both types of skin cancer;
- Bowel cancer was more common around Cork city and in a band across the north of the island;
- Lung cancer risk was higher in urban areas (Belfast, Dublin, Derry and Cork) and in the east
- Prostate cancer risk was much higher in the Republic of Ireland than in N. Ireland [Statelet]
- Stomach cancer risk was highest in a band running from Dublin to Donegal; The risk of many cancers was related to the level of socio-economic deprivation in the area.
- Lung, stomach, head and neck and cervical cancer risk was higher in areas of high unemployment or low educational attainment, while skin, breast and prostate cancer risk was lower in these areas.
- Cancer risk was higher in more densely populated areas.
- Cancer risk was higher, for many cancers, in areas with a higher proportion of elderly people living alone.

Contributors to report: Harry Comber, Sandra Deady, Neil McCluskey, Linda Sharp, David Donnelly, Anna Gavin, Avril Hegarty, Anne-Elie Carsin

Back to St. James Connollys analysis:

Consideration of such facts inevitably leads to reflection on the whole position of women in modern Ireland, and their probable attitude towards any such change as that we are forecasting...

...Upon woman, as the weaker physical vessel, and as the most untrained recruit, that struggle was inevitably the most cruel; it is a matter for deep thankfulness that the more intellectual women broke out into revolt against the anomaly of being compelled to bear all the worst burdens of the struggle, and yet be denied even the few political rights enjoyed by the male portion of their fellow-sufferers...

The militant women who, without abandoning their fidelity to duty, are yet teaching their sisters to assert their rights, are reestablishing a sane and perfect balance that makes more possible a well-ordered Irish nation.

The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family.

Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older [Aboriginal Irish Catholic] social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens..."

...During the closing years of the seventeenth century, all the eighteenth, and the greater part of the nineteenth, the Irish people were the lowest helots in Europe, socially and politically.

The Irish peasant, reduced from the position of a free clansman owning his tribeland and controlling its administration in common with his fellows, was a mere tenant-at-will subject to eviction, dishonour and outrage at the hands of an irresponsible private proprietor. Politically he was non-existent, legally [s]he held no rights, intellectually he sank under the weight of his social abasement, and surrendered to the downward drag of his poverty.

He had been conquered, and he suffered all the terrible consequences of defeat at the hands of a ruling class and nation who have always acted upon the old

Roman maxim of 'Woe to the vanquished'.

James Connolly, *The ReConquest of Ireland*, Chapter 6, First published 1915, published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Eide O'Callaghan.

The women of Ireland testify as to the effect of all that:

Nuala Ó Faoláin "...when I was young, I learned to feel for the harshness under every soft appearance."

Nuala O'Faolain "It can't be easy to batter someone to death. You have to be raging with hate and fury to do it. But there seems to be no shortage of men full enough of hatred."

June Caldwell

In her columns, Nuala's [O'Faolain] supreme achievement was both to explain the huge double standards encrusted in Irish life, and to confront her audience with their complicity.

In 1997, for instance, on the death of the paedophile priest, Brendan Smyth, who had raped hundreds of children over the course of four decades, Nuala held up a tarnished mirror to her public.

She wrote that "they went on calling him 'Father' in this culture; even though he embodied the worst wickedness anyone could think of, the notion of taking his title from him, or tacitly agreeing not to use it, was not entertained. Denial sustained the terrible sham of his long career of evil."

St. James Connolly explains the effect of such an awakening amongst women:

The awakening amongst women of a realisation of the fact that modern society was founded upon force and injustice, that the highest honours of society have no relation to the merits of the recipients, and that acute human sympathies were rather hindrances than helps in the world, was a phenomenon due to the spread of industrialism and to the merciless struggle for existence which it imposes.

[Actor Gabriel] Byrne revealed on an Irish chatshow in 2011 how, between the age of eight and 11, he was sexually abused by Christian Brothers in the Roman Catholic seminary where he was studying to be a priest. "I didn't think it severely

impacted me at the time," he told broadcaster Gay Byrne. "But when I think about my later life, and how I had difficulties with certain issues, there is a real possibility they could have been attributable to that." Now, he says, his matter-of-fact tone less one of calm acceptance than of well-controlled anger, "Whether the Catholic Church attracts paedophiles or whether the Catholic Church itself breeds paedophiles, I don't know the answer. But because of this culture of secrecy, and because there's no accountability, priests – and nuns – could commit crimes against children and realise they didn't have to pay for it ...

"A child doesn't have the understanding of the world to know what's really good or bad," he continues in this generalised vein. "As far as they're concerned, what an adult tells you to do is the right thing to do, and to take advantage of that is a crime against the soul of a child...

"It was almost a Taliban-esque society," says the actor, recalling an incident when his mother, who was walking down the street with him while pushing a pram, stepped off the pavement into the road to make way for a priest. "That's how much power they had. Now all the rocks have been lifted and all the maggots have crawled out.

Gerard Gilbert, *The Independent*, Saturday, 21 Meán Fómhair, 2013

Leymah Gbowee of Liberia

"When you move so quickly from innocence to a world of fear, pain and loss, it's as if the flesh of your heart and mind gets cut away, piece by piece, like slices taken off a ham. Finally, there is nothing left but bone."

Jane Mulcahy of Luimneach

We conspired, in a sense, with the Church to hurt one another by putting people in mother and baby homes, and allowing babies to be adopted without full consent.

It was not that long ago and it is still having an impact on people. There are people who were born in mother and baby homes who did not get loving care [quite the opposite of loving care]. They did not get very attuned caregiving from

anyone [they got abuse].

And we have to remember that babies are most vulnerable and malleable in the first three months of life. This has left a massive, lingering impact on a lot of our population.

There are obviously lots of very happy people who have been adopted but it's not well recognised that being adopted, in and of itself, is a form of trauma because of the attachment wound. There is a visceral separation from the birth mother, even if the adopted family have been so loving and welcoming [best case scenario].

But not recognising that there is a visceral sense of abandonment is silencing people. Describing adoption as always having a happy ending can be a form of denial too in the wider community [keep calm and carry on].

Yes, it often is [a happy turnout] but it comes with complicated feelings and we have to recognise them.

We're a traumatised species. This trauma often started generations ago yet we don't really take the time to process it...

And by that I don't necessarily mean talking to a psychiatrist or psychotherapist. There are indigenous practices such as drumming [bodhrán] and dancing [céilí] ... that are intrinsically healing and, in the West, we've lost a lot of them. Embodied practices like yoga [or séan-nos dance or Glen Doyle-style Bátareacht or traditional Irish Boxing] and being in nature can really help, too.

Jane Mulcahy, The Independent, Byrne Interview

Nakia Zavalla, Cultural Director at Santa Ynez Band of Chumash First Nation ... "[W]hen the children don't know their culture, that's when they get lost. Even adults get lost and get involved with things that are destructive to themselves and their bodies or to other people..."

Angela Gallagher of the Slivervoice blog provides the following description of the

process:

Heralding their arrival by loudly playing the bodhran (an Irish drum) as they make their way towards the door, and with barely enough time to shut the startled dogs away, the door is opened wide and the musicians stream in.

Dressed in old clothing, mostly in white, with assorted bits of tinsel, straw and holly attached to hats of all descriptions, they file in and proceed to entertain us with a few songs, some traditional airs expertly played on fiddles, bodhrans, accordions, tin whistles and flutes, and Irish dancing.

The entire performance lasts less than 10 minutes, and they play themselves out again, back into the night!

Lá an Dreoilín by Louise Nugent, pilgrimagemedievalireland

Nuala O'Faolain "What makes a woman into a doormat? What makes her see some quite ordinary other person as a looming Goliath? And are not these relationships such an outrage to reality that they cannot last a lifetime?"

Edna O'Brien "On the island of tears, we were subjected to every kind of humiliation"

Edna O'Brien "When anyone asks me about the Irish character, I say look at the trees. Maimed, stark and misshapen, but ferociously tenacious."

Edna O'Brien It is increasingly clear that the fate of the universe will come to depend more and more on individuals as the bungling of bureaucracy permeates every corner of our existence.

Edna O'Brien "I don't think books should be neat or gentle or genteel or comforting. I think they should be raw. They should be written as perfectly as possible, but what they do is to stir up, to lance the reader."

Georgia O'Keeffe "To create one's world in any of the arts takes courage."

Bernadette Devlin McAliskey "To gain that which is worth having, it may be necessary to lose everything else."

Dick Gaughan I don't believe in "protest" - I believe in kicking up hell. And I think standing up and saying, "there is poverty, there is hardship in the world" - I find that voyeuristic. I think it is necessary to do more than that.

Pádraic H. Pearse "What the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit."

Mary McCarthy We are the hero of our own story. I really tried, or so I thought, to avoid lying, but it seemed to me that they forced it on me by the difference in their vision of things, so that I was always transposing reality for them into something they could understand."

Vandana Shiva "In nature's economy the currency is not money, it is life."

Bell Hooks "Why is it that many contemporary male thinkers...repudiate the imperialist legacy of Columbus but affirm dimensions of that legacy by their refusal to repudiate patriarchy?"

Vandana Shiva

I do not allow myself to be overcome by hopelessness, no matter how tough the situation. I believe that if you just do your little bit without thinking of the bigness of what you stand against, if you turn to the enlargement of your own capacities, just that in itself creates new potential.

And I've learned from the Bhagavad Gita and other teachings of our culture to detach myself from the results of what I do, because those are not in my hands. The context is not in your control, but your commitment is yours to make, and you can make the deepest commitment with a total detachment about where it will take you.

You want it to lead to a better world, and you shape your actions and take full responsibility for them, but then you have detachment.

And I can't be holding on to what you got
When all you got is hurt
one love one blood
One life you got to do what you should
One life with each other
Sisters brothers
One life but we're not the same
We get to carry each other carry each other
U2, One.

Maya Angelou "When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time."

Oh mama, oh mama comfort me For I know these awful things have got to be But
when the war for freedom has been won I promise you I'll put away my gun.
The Sniper's Promise

O if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er
forget the blood that they have shed. You may take the shamrock from your hat
and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot
'tis trod.

And all the roads we have to walk along are winding
And all the lights that lead us there are blinding
Oasis

Wolfe Tones

You can wear an Easter lily for the saintly hordes who died In the years of great

hunger, Trevelyan's genocide You can wear an Easter lily for the children's
starving tears And the mothers who watched helplessly in action by their peers
You can wear an Easter lily for the scaffold and the jails And the folks who fled in
terror and in desperation sailed You can wear an Easter lily for the exiles that have
flown And let them know that Ireland will always be their home

You can wear an Easter lily for the men who fought and died You can wear an
Easter lily for the women by their side You can wear an Easter lily for the heroes
of '16 Who gave us back our dignity and pride and self esteem

" The state's institutional impulse revictimized the victims of child sexual abuse, it
criminalized child sexual abuse survivors..."

James Smith, Carrigan Report

Fionnula Flanagan "Irish poets, playwrights, and songwriters have been putting
this on the stage and on the screen and into books for generations, the
heartbreak and the despair that comes about in families such as this... It's all
there, the cruelty, despair, the abandonment, the longing, the terrible loneliness
and isolation of this particular dilemma ... in families...

"It's been there and it's been scintillating, glimmering, but the way to intervene
on it and stop it in the generations, stop from destroying not only a family here,
in Ireland, but a whole Nation, that has not been attempted yet...

Adamnan took no sword with him to the battle, but the Bell of Adamnan's Wrath,
to wit, the little bell of Adamnan's altar-table.

Adamnan did not rest satisfied until securities and bonds were given to him for
the emancipation of women. These are the securities : sun and moon, and all
other elements of God ; Peter, Paul, Andrew, and the other apostles ; Gregory, the
two Patricks, the two Ciarans, ^J|^ the two Cronans, the four Fintans, Mobiu, Mobi,
Momaedoc, Munnu, f^koJnScothine, Senan, Fechine, Duilech, Cairnech, Cieran,

Cartach, Victor, bishop Curitan, bishop Maeldub, Ionan son of Saman, Foilan abbot of Imlech Ibair, Cilline abbot of Lorrha, Colman son of Sechnusach, Eochaid abbot of Cluain Uama, the two Finnens, the son of Labraid Lan...a perpetual law by order of their nobles, clerics and laymen, both their chiefs and ollaves and bishops and sages and confessors....

Closing Arguments

Remember Your Irish

Your Majesty, Macha Banríon of the Banshees of Ulster, we now begin our closing argument in the Case of The Woman of the Piercing Wail vs The Colony in a Monday Banshee Court.

We will start off by re-iterating the basic values of the Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill.

Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan.

Nothing is Freedom if the women are not equally free.

Is Rí gach slán.

The healthiest choice wins.

Filleann an feall ar an bhfeallaire.

The treachery returns to the betrayer.

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal.

You can only deny the truth for a while.

Ní thuigeann an sách an seang.

The well-fed does not understand the lean

Seachnaíonn súil an ní ná feiceann.

An eye disregards/evades what it does not see.

An rud a líonas an tsúil líonann sé an croí.

What fills the eye fills the heart.

Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine.

Under the shelter of each other, The People survive.

We will compare that to what the Hawaiians say happened to them, and paste in the Aboriginal Irish Catholic details instead. Is this what happened, your honour?

At the close of World War I, the Commission on the Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Enforcement of Penalties classified the following types of war crimes capable of being committed by military and civilians (American Journal of International Law, vol. 14, p. 114 (1920)):

- Usurpation of sovereignty during occupation;
- Deportation of civilians;

- Compulsory enlistment of soldiers among the inhabitants of occupied territory;
- Denationalizing the inhabitants of occupied territory;
- Confiscation of property;
- Exaction of illegitimate or of exorbitant contributions and requisitions;
- Wanton devastation and destruction of religious, charitable, educational and historical buildings and monuments.

Usurpation of sovereignty is to illegally take by force the sovereignty of another country. International tribunals and national tribunals prosecuted both military and civilians after World War I and World War II for these war crimes. [Colonial] government... is a usurpation of sovereignty during occupation and therefore not only illegal but also constitutes a war crime.

Article 147 of the Geneva Convention, IV also listed the following as war crimes:

- Unlawful deportation or transfer or unlawful confinement of a protected person;
- Compelling a protected person to serve in the forces of an occupying State;
- Willfully depriving a protected person of the rights of fair and regular trial;
- Extensive destruction and appropriation of property not justified by military necessity and carried out unlawfully

<http://hawaiiankingdom.org/warcrimes.shtml>

Your honour, these Aboriginal Irish Catholic people have never had their grievances heard, and I doubt anyone will be convinced by a Satirical Banshee Court! Does that list of crimes fit the description presented in the evidence?

Does this argument show “blatant violation of international humanitarian law on a mass scale” as in 1400 years of Wholistic Genocide? Irelands Micheál Martin used that phrase about Israel in Gaza during the Feast of the Annunciation 2024?

Does this evidence show Official Ireland to be any better to the Aboriginal Irish Catholics?

“...The purposeful withholding of humanitarian assistance to civilians. The targeting of civilians and of civilian infrastructure. The indiscriminate use of explosive weapons in populated areas. The use of civilian objects for military

purposes. The collective punishment of an entire population,” Martin said in a statement.

“The list goes on. It has to stop. The view of the international community is clear. Enough is enough.”

Martin also said the situation “could not be more stark”.

<https://www.aljazeera.com/news/2024/3/28/ireland-to-intervene-in-south-africa-genocide-case-against-israel-at-icj>

Why are the Irish supporting the Palestinian Liberation Organization that genocided the Maronite Catholics of Lebanon, who were reduced to a minority and scattered around the world? That Palestinian flag is the same flag that genocided the Maronite Catholics, who include some Ó Connors.

Why is no one mentioning the 2 beheaded Orthodox Catholic Bishops in Syria? Same side as Hamas innit, your honour, that did it? Like the beheaded Coptic Catholic New martyrs? Like the Assyrian Catholic genocide crucifying naked Catholic women along the roadside to form a long line. Like the Armenian Catholic Genocide with the Muslims saying That Never Happened. Sure it did, and the Armenian Bodach said the Brits were in on it.

The Aboriginal Irish Catholics of Tír Chonaill, Genocided like so many other Aboriginal First Nations around the world. Yet, here, the Banshee Court has heard what we hope is a capable summation of the Wounds of the Land of Macha.

The Women of Ireland have been trying to get the worlds attention. And when they do, your honour, it really does appear to be a conspiracy to defame them, if not harass them to death with Energy Vampires.

The collusion of all parties is pretty clear. Does anyone care?

“Another head hangs lowly Child is slowly taken And the violence, caused such silence Who are we mistakin'? But you see, it's not me It's not my family —
Dolores O'Riordan, Zombie

Crowfoot, Crowfoot, why the tears?
You've been a brave man for many years
Why the sadness? Why the sorrow?
Maybe there'll be a better tomorrow
Maybe one day you'll find honesty
Instead of the usual treachery
Perhaps one day the truth shall prevail
And the warmth of love which it does entail
Willie Dunn, Ballad of Crowfoot

THE BURDEN OF MANHOOD. The great but acceptable burden of manhood —the overmastering but sweet allegiance that a true man owes to the truth. John Boyle O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

May the future send wise voices rising to guide from unselfish hearts. The struggle will end, as all natural contests must end, in the triumph of mercy, morality and freedom, for these are the law of God. But its end may be indefinitely delayed for the want of wise and good men to lead the masses. John Boyle O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Is fearr réchonn ná iarchonn.
Foresight is better than hindsight.

Out of a healed past a healed present will grow. Out of a re-realized past a re-realized present will emerge. It is as necessary that we realize a past out of which to grow as it is to realize a present and future into which to grow. Our past we have always with us. Our past we must always re-realize.... If you pull back far enough from it, I think you will see that it is an aisling. The word aisling is a Gaelic word that means vision, or, better perhaps, dream-vision, and in Ireland, from the eighteenth century on, it gave its name to a kind of poem that was popular among people who, religiously, politically and economically, had been dispossessed.

In the typical aisling, the poet wanders in a lonely place, or falls asleep in a lonely place, and in a dream-vision he sees a beautiful woman. Invariably, the poem

goes on to enumerate and lavishly describe her beauties of feature and form. Then the poet asks her who she is and she, calling herself by one or another of her poetic names, reveals that she is Ireland, adding that she is in deepest sorrow and distress because she has been ousted from her rightful inheritance.

Heroically, then, the poet declares that he will fight, unto death if necessary, in her cause, and the poem ends with a vision of the old order restored, of Ireland restored to her ancient inheritance, of Ireland once again having the walk of a Banríon...

John Moriarty, Dreamtime

Addenda:

Aboriginal Irish Catholic Family Scéal

[if not noted from Dúchas.ie]

A Magic Cow Story Long ago there lived a poor man in Ballinakillery Mountain named Lennox. He was very poor and but one cow. The year of the big twelfth of July in 1898 he went to enjoy the day when home he found his cow drownd in a bog hole. About a week later he went for turn one night. There stands a big rock behind a ruin near his own house there is also a hawthorn bush on top of the rock. He glanced round and spied a black cow eating the branches from the hawthorn. He knew the cow belonged to none of the neighbours. He drove her home before him until he reached the byre and she remained with him for nine or ten years. At last he began to think she was getting old and decided to sell her. On the Donegal Fair morning he made ready for the fair. When the cow was taken to the road she turned to the ruin where the rock and bush still are to be seen. As she come near to the rock she let a roar; all her offsprings followed her. About two foot from the level of the (last) land was a hob which appear to be a rabbit hole. In went the old one first and all the others after her. On the following Monday the neighbours come and dug the hole. They worked for days and days and weeks. The farther they dug the hole got the wider and from that day to this the cattle never were seen or heard of. — As told by Daniel Barron to Bridget Barron, Mullanasole Barr, Co. Donegal

Dooagh, Co. Mayo Teacher: S. Ó Gallchobhair The name Aicill survives in that part of the Island of Achill and Achill was used to designate what is now the Barony of Murrisk, as late as the middle of the thirteenth century. The O'Malley country, however, has been more commonly known as (Ooal) Umhall since Saint Patrick's time. After the Norman-English de Burgs came in 1235, the Barony of Burrishoole, including Achill, was called lower umhall (ooal).

Corpus of Electronic Texts Edition

The Metrical Dindshenchas

27 ARD MACHA

1.In the plain where our horsemen ride, there, by the will of the rightjudging Lord,

was buried in fair seclusion a lovely woman, Macha wife of Nemed.

21.She leaves a word enduringly upon the pillars of the Red Branch, that in time of war they should be in distress, in anguish and labour pangs.

22.The word she uttered then brought distress to the lordly host; it clave to them—it was no occasion for valour—till the ninth of nine lives. 23.--

24.Then the woman died of that sore sickness, 'twas certain, and was buried yonder in solitude in Ard Macha, rich in mead.

25.From the life, from the death of the woman, famous among the lines of Adam's seed, whose virtues were not left unsung over the spot, her name clave to this plain. 26.Since Patrick first brought the Faith to Ard Macha where men gather, the plenteous stead he chose is a favoured burial-place, even the great plain. <https://celt.ucc.ie//published/T106500D/text027.html>

Douglas Hyde, DeAnglicising Éire

Let us suppose for a moment ...for the space of one hundred years, able administrators of the Empire...developing to the utmost our national resources, whilst they unremittingly stamped out every spark of national feeling, making Ireland a land of wealth and factories, whilst they extinguished every thought and every idea that was Irish, and left us, at last, after a hundred years ... fat, wealthy, and populous, but with all our characteristics gone...The Necessity for De-Anglicising Ireland by Douglas Hyde, first President of Occupied Ireland Delivered before the Irish National Literary Society in Dublin, 25 November 1892

In Effishmore, Carndonagh, Tír Chonaill an old cailleach is said to have lived about one hundred and fifty years ago. She made a custom of milking her neighbours' cows and keeping the milk. Sometimes the people followed her and she changed herself into a hare so that nobody could recognize her. One night some men were out hunting and the old cailleach was in the form of a hare. One of the men put a

sixpence in his gun and fired at her. The sixpence hit the hare in the leg and wounded it badly. A short time afterwards the men came into her house and saw her sitting in the corner spinning. The blood was running in streams from her leg and that is how they recognised her. duchas.ie

Owen Diver, Co. Donegal: Long ago a woman lived in Cashel and after her death she was always being seen in the form of a hare. Her daughter's children were very fond of her and she was fond of them. She would gather all the food she could for them from the neighbours. One night the men were out after her with hounds but they could not catch her. At last they heard that if they got a hound without one black hair that it would catch her. So they got one.

One night after this they went out and when they had her nearly caught she made for her daughter's house. One of the children who was standing on the street clapped her hands and called out "Run Grannie run or the white hound will catch you. The hound caught her by the leg going in the door. She was killed and was never seen afterwards. - Owen Diver, Gleann Tochair (roll number 16611), Co. Donegal

At the foot of Barnes Mór there is a little lake sometimes known as the "Lake of the Giants Tears" and this is how the lake got its name. Long ago there lived a mighty giant among the Tír Chonaill Hills. He was so big his legs could span the "Gap of Barnes".

This giant was a great enemy of the banshees who were more plentiful then than now. Often when the moon had whirled herself clear of the mountains and the banshees were enjoying themselves the monster giant would conceal himself and wait.

Then when the good people were dancing on flat stones to the wild music of the banshee fiddle or eating at mushroom tables he would gather them up in handfulls. When he had filled his pockets he went home and cooked the young

ones for his supper. The old ones he hung above the fire till they were as brittle as dead leaves. Then he would stuff them into the bowl of his pipe which was about the size of an oil barrell and send them off in smoke.

The banshees had no power to have revenge because the giant was a close friend of an old cailleach who lived in a cave far up in the mountains. This old cailleach was often seen talking and making jokes with the devil himself as she could do anything she liked. But a stronger power than hers was shown when one morning the giant strode into the witches cave and found her dead.

It was not long after this when the banshee Banríon appeared to the giant and told him he must die a terrible death in atonement for his crimes. She pointed out to him in soft fiery language all the misery and sorrow his deed had brought on her people.

Then for the first time in his life the giant became repentant. His heart was touched by the magic words of the Banshee Banríon and tears fell down his cheeks like a winter brook. So fast did the tears come he was soon surrounded by a flood of them. Then he happened to stumble and fall and the water of his own tears closed over him for ever.

Thus did the giants repentance save him from the more terrible death the banshees had planned for him, and every Halloween night at the hour of twelve o'clock it is said the waters of the lake become salty. And now you know how this lake came to get its name. "The Lake of Giants Tears" Recorded by; Mr. Willie J. Doherty, Ballinaglack, Ballybofey. Age 65 years. Farmer Joan Hannigan, Glebe, Stranorlar

The Woman and the Banshee

There was a woman living in the townland of Carrickacleave long ago and one day as she was sitting by the fire knitting an old woman came in to her and asked her for some meal. She gave it to her and the woman went away. About a week or so after that the woman with some others went out to Glendowan to a

christening. As they were going out they all went astray and they were no sooner out of one hole than they were into another. At last they reached the house and the woman found to her great surprise that her clothes and shoes were as clean as when she left home while the others were all covered with dirt. A few days after that the woman was alone in the house again and the old woman to whom she had given the meal to came in. When she was a little while sitting she took a bag with some meal in it out from under her shawl and gave it to the woman. When she gave her the meal she said here is your meal back and now put it some place let no one but yourself go near it and never take the whole of it away and while you have it in the house you will never want meal. Then she told her that she was a neighbour of hers and she asked her if she remembered the night that she was going to the christening that only she was a good help to her that night she would have been dirty like the other women. Then the old woman went out and the other woman went to the door to look after her but she could not see anything as the woman had disappeared. The woman put the meal into a chest and when she would take some out of it one day the same amount as was at first would be in it when she would go to it again. One day the woman was away from home and her daughter went to the chest to get the meal. Next day when the woman went to the chest there was no meal there, as the Banshee's gift was ended, all instead of part of the meal been taken by the girl. Mary Breslin Gender Female Age 75 Occupation Farmer Address Monargan Glebe, Tír Chonaill

A True Banshee Story

An old woman told me that when she was a young girl she once paid a visit to some friends who lived near a graveyard. She awoke during the night and to her astonishment she heard the sound of music and dancing from the kitchen and after each dance clapping. As the dawn began to break these sounds ceased and there began a great confusion of voices and she heard someone say "sure she is going to be married". A great cry then arose among the others and after that the sounds ceased. It was quite true that one of the girls of the house was about to be married. Margaret Gallagher Drumbrisny, Co. Roscommon

An Old Story: The Banshee Horse

Long ago, a groom who lived in this locality was one night up minding a mare which was sick. At twelve oclock the groom saw a Banshee hunt coming towards him. He heard the hounds barking, and the noise of the horses' hoofs as they galloped along. The last huntsman had two horses, and as he came up to the groom, he asked him would he ride one of the horses for him, and that he would leave him back again in five minutes. "All right", said the groom and he got up on the horse. The Banshee told him not to speak until he got back again, and the groom consented. Off the horse galloped for one hundred miles until he came to a big river. When the horse was about to cross the river, he gave a spring and landed at the other side. Stricken with awe at such a leap the groom exclaimed, "Oh you are the best horse I ever rode". When he said this he was left speechless on the ground.

The groom then had to walk home, and it took him a month to do so. When he got back the mare was better, but the man could not speak for three weeks afterwards. After he told the whole story to the people.

Josephine Gallagher Knockcommon, Co. Meath

"Mr. John Gallagher, Eskeragh and others tell me that the western end of Eskeragh village (where this school is situated) was commonly called "Baile Thiar" some twenty years ago and the practice is occasionally observed yet by the old people." ...The same man told me about "the Banshee breeze". [Fairy Breeze in original, changed throughout]

The reason I do not quote his own words is that he is quite an educated man and does not possess any of the mannerisms, so common to other country people, as is illustrated from a perusal of other pieces in this book.

The Banshee breeze he tells me is called "an bodaigh eartaigh". I personally fail to observe the etymology of the phrase. However since the man could not spell the

words for me, but merely pronounce them. I have attempted to set them down, as they appear to me, phonetically.

The Banshee breeze is a kind of a local whirlwind which often occurs on the calmest day in the year and especially in summer. It might be quite calm a half mile away. Sometimes it might raise (or "rise" as my narrator said) a "pelic" of hay into the air suddenly and carry it up several yards into the air.

The load of hay hovers in the air for a considerable time often and then descends to the earth maybe a hundred miles away. I have been informed having written the above that "bodaig eartaig" the earthen churl, since the wind is generally believed to emanate from the earth. Seán S. Ó Raghallaigh

Eskeragh, Co. Mayo Informant Mr John Gallagher

.....The young princess worked for the blacksmith and one day she got an invitation to attend the great feast to be held in the Red chief's Castle She went to the feast.

The palace was crowded out with young chiefs, queens, princes and princesses. During the feast each person had to tell a story. While the young princess had begun working for the now old blacksmith, the young man who had married her and then forgotten her, got married to another princess.

The young princess looked on her handsome husband and his new wife. He did not remember ever having seen his first wife. After a time it was the young princess's turn to tell a story.

She took two grains of corn out of her pocket and placed them on the floor. The grains of corn became a hen and a cock. Everyone looked on and listened while the cock and hen told the story for the young princess.

The story they told was the adventures of the son of the Red chief of the Wide Waterside. The young man listened carefully and all came back to him. He then recognised the young princess, his true wife.

He sent the second lady home to her people and took his first wife back again. They lived happy after that and when his father died the young man became the Red chief of the Wide Waterside.

This story was told in school in March 1938. The Red chief of the Wide Waterside was told to me by Patrick Gallagher (Sonny) and Thomas Boland, pupils in Meenglass N.S. Ballybofey. (1) Patrick Gallagher got the story from his father Charles Gallagher, Carrickmagrath, Ballybofey Story was written 23.03.1938.

Sarah Gallagher 13th December 1938.

A Gentle Place

There is a small field a little way outside Killybegs in which there is the haunt of banshees. This field is not in use and I never heard whom it belongs to.

It is covered with mush-rooms, when the season for them arrives, and it is said that it was once inhabited by the little folk, which we call banshees. Long ago there were lights to be seen there every night.

Some people said they heard music there and so they believed that there were banshees there. One night a man was passing the field and he heard very sweet music. Curious to see what was there he got up on the fence and he saw a crowd of little folk who came to him and took him into the field.

He stayed with them for a long time and then he fell asleep. When he awoke next morning he found himself sitting by the fire and he recalled to his mind what had happened the night before and he told his neighbours.

Everyone from that day to this believed that that field was inhabited by banshees and to this day it is considered as a "gentle" place.

Informant Mrs P. Gallagher

Saint Barron

On the sea-shore between Ballyshannon and Rosstown there stands the ruins of the castle of Saint Barron, one of the residences of the O'Clearys one of whom was the principal writer of the "Annals of the Four Masters." Near-by are the walls of an old church. These are the ruins of Kilbarron Church or the Church of Barron after whom the parish is named. Saint Barron belonged to the north and is the celebrated patron of the parish of Kilbarron. He was a descendant of Conall Gulban, and a second cousin to Saint Colmcille. His father was named Muredoc and his mother Didhaut. He was a man who was well trained in youth and being so often in Saint Colmcille's company, he imbibed much love of God.

Saint Barron went with Colmcille south to Drumcullen, in Offaly, and we are justified in the conclusion that he at all events, visited Iceland and converted the Picts of the Hebrides. When Colmcille founded a monastery there, Barron remained as abbot, after having been ordained a priest in Armagh. Many ruins, are still there, mere traces of the foundations at Drumcullen, to mark what once was holy ground sanctified by the foot-prints of the two saints and many others who followed them, for Drumcullen was long a place of sanctity and learning. Later on Saint Barron came back to the north, no doubt, because there was work for him to do, and next we hear of him as the founder of a monastic settlement on the western seaboard of Tír Chonaill, in the place to which he was to leave his name as that of a parish.

Half of the town of Ballyshannon, that on the north bank of the River Erne, is to-day in the parish of Kilbarron —so does the remote past link on the Present—and nothing remains of the little church, but the four walls but are falling slowly but surely into decay. Standing on the rocky coast of Kilbarron, miles of sea stretch out there as far as an eye can reach, and there is a local pleasantry that on a clear day one can see [Algonquin Land].

No doubt, Barron stood there often, but, one day an urge came to him to go to sea. He set sail with a strong heart and a trust in God. Tradition tells of western

lands founded by Saint Barron.

Barron sailed west for fifteen days and found land, a land as beautiful that the chroniclers call it the Land of Promise of the Saints—so fruitful a land it was that hunger never troubled him or his companions.

Barron came back, his heart filled with joy that God had guided him safely and had permitted him to see so beautiful land. But, no doubt, he loved the beautiful hills of Tír Chonaill, the bay, and the little Island of Inis-Saimer which was the first place inhabited in Ireland by a man named Partholan.

At any rate Barron sought to leave Ireland no more and took up quietly the ruling of his monks, and led a life of prayer and austerity.

Barron lived and died in his seaboard monastery in Tír Chonaill, and though we know nothing of his resting-place, the fact that Kilbarron has kept his name, suggests, as tradition holds that he lies buried there, asleep within sound of the Atlantic, over which he once sailed to adventure. The chroniclers have kept the record of his feast-day.

May Gillespie Ballyshannon

Macha inghean Aodha ruaidh m Badhairn seacht mbliadna go ttorcair la
Reachtaidh rigdercc A.M. 4546. 59. Gan fhechain don réim riograidhe do cuaidh
cugaibh athaid o shoin tuiccidh gurab e so suidhiuccadh do connas do chach do
tabfairt] ar ord righe na riogh so, oir adeir Tochmarc Eimhire 7 na leabair go
coitcenn gurab sealaighecht doronsat[ar] imon righe. 60. Aodh RUADH m
Badhairn m Airgettmair m Siorlamha seacht mbliadna co rosleicc an righe iar sin
do Dhiothorba mac Démain iar ccaithemh an chédshel dé budéin,. uair robattar
ratha fair ima telgedh uadha a cciond secht mbliadain do Dhiothorba 7 ar
Dhiothorba beds ima léghadh do Chiombaoth -iar secht mbliadhnoibh oile (amhail
as follus isin Leabar Gabhala 7 isin leabar airis do sgriobamar) A.M. 4476.
GENEALOGIAE: REGUM et SANCTORUM HIBERNIAE BY THE FOUR MASTERS, Ó

Cleirigh, Walsh, 1918

Macha wife of Nemed son of Agnoman died there (on Mag Macha) and Was buried, and it is the twelfth plain which 'Was cleared by Nemed, and he bestowed it on his wife so that it might bear her name. Whence Mag Macha « Macha's Plain ». Otherwise: Macha daughter of Aed the Red, son of Badurn — 'tis by her Emain was marked out — was buried there when Rechtaid of the red fore-arm killed her. To lament her, Oenac/a Mucha « Machzys Fair » Was established. Whence Mag Macha.

Otherwise: Macha Wife of Crund son of Agnoman went thither to race against Chief Conchobar's horses, for her husband had said that his Wife Was swifter (than they). Thus then was the wife, big With child: so she asked a respite till her Womb should have fallen, and this Was not granted to her. So then the race was run, and she was the swiftest. And

— and she said that the Ulaid would abide under feebleness of childbed whensoever need should befall them. Wherefore the Ulaid suffered feebleness for the space of a nomad from the reign of Conchobar to the reign of Mál son of Rochraide « Great heart ». And men say that she was Grían Banchure « the Sun of Womanfolk », daughter of Mider of Bri Léith.

And after this she died, and her tomb was raised on Ard Macha, and her lamentation was made, and her gravestone was planted. Whence Ard Machae « Macha's Height »

Whitley Stokes, The Rennes Dindsenchas, p 45-46

Ní hAnsa. It was Aed Ruad, son of Badurn, [rí Erind], that was drowned there while gazing at his image and swimming the rapid. From him Ess Ruaid « Ruad's Rapid » is named. His gravemound, Sid Aeda, is on the rapid's brink.

Whitley Stokes, The Rennes Dindsenchas, p 31-32

Under James I and Charles I (1604-1648).—1606: Bernard O'Carolan, p., executed

by martial law, Good Friday; Eugene O'Gallagher, abbot, and Bernard O'Trevir, prior, of the Cistercians of Assaroe, Ballyshannon, slain there by soldiers; Sir John Burke of Brittas, County Limerick, for rescuing and defending with arms a priest seized by soldiers, executed at Limerick, December 20, 1606. The date is accurately known from contemporary letters printed in Hogan's "Ibernia Ignatiana". 1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F., beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone;

IN the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Assaroe in Tír Chonaill, the Abbot, Eugene O'Gallagher and Bernard O'Trevir, his Prior, and the other monks to the number of thirty, lived according to their rule, undisturbed from the first erection of the abbey till some years after the suppression of nearly all the other monasteries, while the power of O'Neill and O'Donnell lasted. But when they fled across the sea the monks too were forced to fly, and when they died at Rome in 1609, the English took occasion to seize on their vast domains and possessions, threw down the monastery, and drove out the monks.

The venerable Eugene O'Gallagher who happened to be away from his monastery, was slain by the aforesaid enemies through hatred of the faith. So too, Bernard O'Trevir, one of his monks, when flying from his persecutors, was slain near the monastery in the year 1606, in the same year and month as the Abbot, but not on the same day, and entered heaven wearing a martyr's crown. <https://www.mixcloud.com/ourmartyrspodcast/82-eugeneogallagherbernard-otrevir-ocist/?play=fb>

In the "Martyrology of Donegal," under 22nd February, we have :—"Mael brighde, son of Dornan, successor of Patrick and of Colum Cille; a man full of the grace of God, and a vessel of the wisdom and knowledge of his time. He was of the race of Conall Gulban, son of Niall. ... Saerlaith, daughter of Coulebaith, son of Baothghel, was his mother.—A. D. 925."

Monasticon Hibernicum, Archdall Vol 1, 1873.

There is a beautiful tradition connected with the great saint's visit to this district. The Apostle, in his progress through the island, after resting on Magh-Ith in Cuil-Chonaillhe, went in his chariot the next day to the stream which is called Daol.

The spindles of the chariot broke, were mended, and broke again ; and then Patrick, addressing those with him, said, through the spirit of prophecy, "Do not wonder, for the land from the stream northwards does not stand in need of a blessing, for that a son shall be born there who shall be called the Dove of the Churches (Collum-cille), who shall bless the land to the north, and it is in honour of him that God has prohibited my blessing this land."

Ath-an-Charpaid (ford of the chariot) on the Daol, is the name of that ford. St. Patrick also blessed the south side of the cataract (Eas) of Ballyshannon, and said that he left the north side to be blessed by Collum-Cille.

About a century afterwards this Dove of the Churches having gone out from Cinel-Conall, returned to give the blessing, which, according to St. Patrick, had been reserved for him.

He was a youth of princely descent. His name was Crimthain. His father was Felim, the grandson of Conal-Gulban, and his mother, Ethnea, a daughter of the royal house of Cahir-Mor, of Leinster. Born in 521, he was, according to the usage of the time, placed in fosterage with a relative at Kilmacrenan.

From boyhood he had been instructed in the love of Christ, and by the grace of God, and his zeal for wisdom, had so preserved the integrity of his body, and the purity of his soul, that, though dwelling on earth, he appeared to live like the saints in heaven."

... He traversed Cinel Conall, leaving monuments of his piety and zeal on the hill of Doire Calgaigh (Derry), on the rock of Torry, in the remote Seanglean, everywhere, on sea-cliff and in deep glen, and though these monuments, like all that is perishable, have yielded to the corrosive action of time, and in but too many instances, to the more destructive fury of man, the traveller of to-day will be able, from the traditions still clinging to the rude cross, or the blessed well, or the grass-grown remains of a chapel, to gather a better record of him than could have endured on inscribed stone.

His blessing went beyond the lands of Tyrconnell.

Monasticon Hibernicum, Archdall Vol 1, 1873.

CÚIRT BAILE-NUAÍO.

DO éualar an t-abrán ro ó'n saoi m. O Galléabair, atá i n-a
 cóinniré i Chicago anois. Dubairt ré go raib an t-abrán an éoit-
 éeann 'pan áit ann a rugaó é i gContae mhuigheo. ní'l ré pe págail in
 don leabair fíliúeácta Saeóilge eile ar a bfuil eolair agam. Tá an
 t-úgáir neamháiníge. Tá fonn áluinn iur.

Lá bheáí 'ar éirígear ar marom
 As truaill dom go cúirt baile-nu',
 Cía o'feicfinn aót Nellí dul éarim,
 A' r ba ró óear a leaca 'r a rnu'.
 Bí a bheáíro bán níor síle 'ná 'n eala,
 Nó 'n rneácta mín eadrom don lae;
 'S a céad gíadó, naé truaí leat mo cúire,
 'S laí lúbaé a o'fágaib* tú mé!

Muirie 'r truaí! cá nbeunfao amáíac
 'Nuairí feicfear mé i teaót a n-iar,
 Gan neairt agam dul in a láear
 Leir an meud a bí eadriann a muin!
 'Nuairí éimhnuigim ar a rúgíadó 'r a gáiríe,
 'Sur ar omeac a lámh do bí rial,
 Tuirim a líonroub 'r a noólar,
 Agus guilíó mé mórián 'n-a diaí.
 Atáimpe tinn bheónac le fada;
 Deir mo muinteair gur aéiríú mo rnu'

* "fhágaib," ionann agus fáí.

Le hionannairí gearr an -cailín
 Tá 'n-a coinníre le taoib' baile-nu'.
 Fásfao an áit mar a bfuil sí,
 'Súir eulochair mé 'mac ari teacht lae;
 Ceo r'lán go deo deo le mo muintir,—
 Ní beiríse mo bail-magair 'n-a déig!

Ir fada mo éora gan bíoga,
 Ir fada mo póca gan piúin,
 Ir fada mé ag ól le mnáib' óga,
 Acht ní feoaim beir ag ól le mo mian.
 Tá mbeirínn-ge seacht mbliana 'ra' talam,
 Nó i bfiabhuir 'r a' leaba mo luíre,
 A r'óirín! Tá r'óirín 'n a' baile,
 Éireóidinn de léim in mo fúir!

Uíón ari an té naé bfuil cionna,
 'S naé nseunann an nio mar i' cóir,
 Sul a gceangaltar na bannaire tá cinnce,
 'S naé féidir a r'gaileao ari óir;
 Acht ó éir mé mo gearr a' r' mo r'péir oi,
 Ní'l gar oo fíl eab' dam níor mó;
 Acht fíubailpinn cúig miana na hÉireann
 Leir an bpeupla naé breicreao go deo!

FÍOR CHLÁIRSEACH NA h-ÉIREANN, Russell, 1900.

from The Scholars Weapon, Rebecca Scott,
 Echoes from Tyrconnel, 1880.

[The Angel said] "Child of Earth, why weepest thou#

Then the scholars heart took courage

At that soft and silvery sound--
"I have wept, because oppression
And iniquity abound.

"All the world is full of sorrow,
And my heart is torn with pain
For the wrongs I see around me,
Wrongs I'm powerless to restrain.

"God's own image [humans] sold and shackled,
Not the limbs alone confined,
But the cruel chains of error
Fetter brain, and soul, and mind!"

"Wherefore [why] then," inquired the Angel,
"If such plague-spots stain the lands
Dost thou in thy fruitless sorrow
Sit with feeble, folded hands?"

"Up, instead of idly weeping;
Fierce unceasing warfare wage,
Thou thyself must be the champion
Against those blots which mar the age

"Yet thou shalt not strive unaided,
Heaven is with thee in the fight,
And let this be still thy watchword,
Victory yet must crown the right [the just]

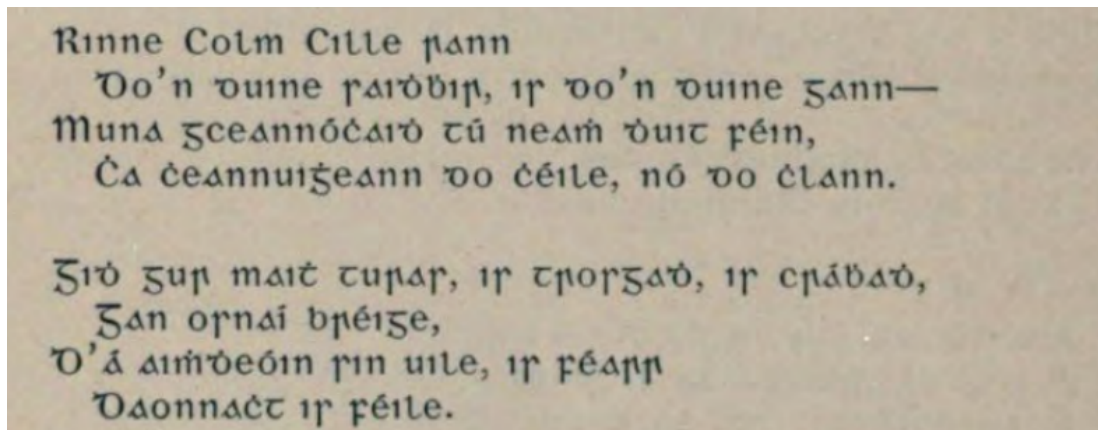
"And, behold! this magic weapon,
to assist thy cause I bring;
Wield it well, and it shall make thee
Far more powerful than a king.

"Used aright, in time thou wilt vanquish

All the burning wrongs of men ;"
Then the wondering scholar, waking,
Found upon his desk a pen!

And he learned with skill to wield it
Like some old magicians wand,
Till it grew a mighty weapon
In his pale and slender hand,

Till from out that cells seclusion,
With a giants force were hurled,
Words so thrilling and impassioned
That their echoes woke the world...



A Celtic Golden Age
Malachy Sweeney

These men stood tall
And fought the 'Gall'
In a Celtic Golden Age

In that fateful hour
They lost their power
Regrouped and still fought on.

The Spanish aid
Would come they said.
But a crushing blow
The Earls did know
When Aodh Ruadh died in Spain.

From Rathmullan Quay
They sailed away,
And rounded Fanad Head,
Past Arainn Mhór and Bun Glas shore
To the Stags at broad Mayo.

Astern they saw Tír Chonaill's hills,
Ahead was the great unknown.
As the vessel rose on crested waves,
They planned for another day.

But the sun had dimmed
On an epic time--
For this vessel tall, it carried all,
It carried our hopes and dreams.
A foreign hand had spoiled our land,
'Twas the end of a Golden Age.

Malachy Sweeney,
The Sands of Time: A History of Donegal Town and its Environs, 2006, The
Tir Hugh Press.

from Son of the Sun
Willie Dunn, Mi'qmaq First Nation, Laigin First Nation

Son of the sun
Son of the earth
The soul of life

Children of worth

Daughters of starlight
And daughters of mirth
Sisters of sunlight
Sisters of earth
Brothers of nature
Brothers of old
Brothers of legend
Like the story untold

I had a dream of my own accord
We laid to rest the gun and the sword
Buried the hatchet, buried the snake
Bowed to each other, peace to make
Fionn McCool:
Thou art not one of the Piasts of Éire,
Thou despicable thing without shape or form ;
Whence hast thou come to the glen ?
Asked Fionn the liberal and brave.

Piast
I have subdued every land,
Hosts have fallen by my prowess ; Unless from you I do obtain my wish (in
conflict),
I will not leave a remnant of you alive.

Fionn
By thy love for hospitality relate to us,
Though great thy feats and thy hideousness ;
The history of thy father and mother, Before we cast our weapons against
thee.

Piast
I entailed woe upon every country,

Ard-na-gCath is truly my name ;
O Fionn, whose repute and prowess is great,
I care not for thy hosts or their arms.

The Fenians all engaged in the fight,
It required great bravery to conquer it ;
They fought, though hard the contest,
Until the vital spark its body left.

Of all the Piasts that fell by Fionn,
The number never can be told ;
The exploits and achievements he performed,
There is no person who can recount.

In Loch Laeghaire there always was a Piast
That was wont to light fires ;
Despite all the treacherous means it used,
With his arms he beheaded it.

The monster of Drobhaois, proved in brave acts,
And the Fool of the mountain of Clare ;
Fionn slew with Mac-an-Luinn,
Though their conflict and battles were dreadful.

The monster of Loch Lurgan, though active,
By Fionn of the Fenians it fell ;
It shall not be recorded till the day of doom,
The destruction he dealt upon hosts.

The Piast of the murmuring Barm fell,
By the hand of Fionn of the hard conflicts ;
Numerous the losses we sustained by their strength,
Until they were destroyed by Fionn.

Excerpted Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn-Shleibe, 1855, Ó Kearney, from the

Laoi of the Chace of Sliabh Truim, from Mr. Ó Daly's collection of Irish Manuscripts.

The Bodach having accomplished this feat much to his satisfaction, now grasped Ironbones firmly by the middle, threw him to the ground, tied him hand and foot so that he could not stir, and addressed him in these words :

An Bodach

"Ironbones, justice has overtaken you: the sentence your own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself; and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of.

What a silly notion you did get into your noddle, surely, when you fancied that you, single-handed, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself ! ...

..and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself...

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

Written by St. Colmcille

Aoibhinn dom bheith air cnoc oileáin Ar barr carraige Go bhféacha mé minic ar an fharraige ciúin.

Go bhféacha mé na dtionta troma Os cionn an t-uisce geal mar canann siad Ceol chig a n-Athair go síoraí

Go bhféacha mé dtrá mín geal-chiumhaiseach, Ní caitheamh aimsire dorchá go gcloise mé glór na néan iasachta, glór taitneamhach é.

Go gcloise mé crónán na dtonnta fada in aghaidh na gcarraigeacha, go gcloise mé glór an fharraige mar chaoineadh ar taobh uaigh.

Go bhféacha mé na b-ealtaí é go hiontach Os cionn na farraige lán d'uisce, go bhféacha mé a míolta mora laidre, an t-iontas is mó.

Go bhféacha mé a thrá's tuile ina nimeacht Go raibh mar ainm orm - sé rún a n-innsím--; "Séisean a chas a chúl ar Eirinn."

Delightful to me to be on an island hill, on the crest of a rock, that I might often watch the quiet sea.

That I might watch it's smooth, bright-bordered shore, no gloomy pastime, that I might hear the cry of the strange birds, a pleasing sound.

That I might hear the murmur of the long waves against the rocks, that I might hear the sound of the sea, like mourning beside a grave.

That I might watch the splendid flocks of birds over the well-watered sea, that I might see its mighty whales, the greatest wonder.

That I might watch the heavy waves above the bright water, as they chant music to their Father everlastingly

That I might watch its ebb and flood in their course, that my name should be--it is a secret that I tell-- "he who turned his back upon Ireland."